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Yours truly
Thomas Luff

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β . It is shown that the system (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition

$$\alpha + \beta \geq 0$$

is satisfied. The case $\alpha + \beta < 0$ is not considered in this paper.

2. In the second part of the paper the problem of the existence of a solution of the system (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β is considered. It is shown that the system (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition

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THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
OF
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF
ODD-FELLOWS,
Manchester Unity Friendly Society.

EDITED BY
CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.,
Author of "Manual for Patrons and Members of Friendly Societies," "History of Preston and
its Environs," "Insolvent Sick and Burial Clubs," etc.

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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1863.

Mr. Thomas Wardley Luff, P.G.M.

THE subject of this memoir was born in London, on the 24th July, 1803. His parents, who were in humble circumstances, had a family of thirteen sons. He has been many years settled in Liverpool, as a licensed vic-tualler, and was, at the instigation of several friends, who considered him likely to make an efficient member, induced to join the Order on the opening of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge, on the 16th January, 1840. He was elected secretary on the night of his initiation. He duly passed the chairs, and, on the completion of his period of office, was presented (Jan. 27, 1842) with a handsome silver snuff-box, purchased by subscription, as an acknowledgment of the efficiency of his services.

At the March Quarterly Committee, 1842, he was appointed a delegate to the Wigan Annual Moveable Committee. At this meeting a deputation from America attended, with the view to ascertain if any practicable means could be devised by which the fraternal connection between the lodges in the United States and those in the mother country could be maintained for the future. Many conferences and discussions took place, but some of the difficulties were found insurmountable. The members of the deputation, however, were received with the utmost cordiality and good feeling. Mr. Luff accompanied the deputies (Messrs. Williamson and Ridgeley) on their return voyage to America as far as the Great Ormshead, and there bade them farewell.

Mr. Luff attended the A.M.C. held at Newcastle in 1844, and, in December in the same year, he was elected Grand Master of the Liverpool district. He was a deputy at the Glasgow A.M.C. in 1845. This was an anxious period for our Liverpool brethren, as numerous secessions took place. Mr. Luff and his colleagues, however, fully convinced of the value of the financial improvements then recently introduced by the legislative council of the Order, and loyal to the executive, contrived, by strenuous exertions, to save the district from dissolution.

Mr. Luff attended the Annual Meetings held at Bristol and Oxford.

At the latter he was appointed one of the Board of Directors. This was the year of the celebrated "Corn Exchange" meeting, when the threatened dissolution of the Unity was prevented by the integrity and indefatigable exertions of a relatively small number of the leading members, amongst whom Mr. Luff occupied a very conspicuous and very honourable position. He was elected Deputy Grand Master of the Order at Southampton, in 1848. During this year Mr. Luff's duties were most arduous, in consequence of the difficulties with the late Corresponding Secretary. He often received as many as fourteen or fifteen letters by the morning's post, from various parts of the country, earnestly enquiring whether the document signed by the late C.S. and others, or the one issued by the then G.M., Mr. Jno. Richardson, himself the D.G.M., and the present C.S., was to be considered official. These were troubled times; but the present position of the Unity affords the best proof that the destinies of our great society were confided to the care of honourable, intelligent, and zealous men.

Mr. Luff was elected Grand Master of the Unity in 1849, at the Blackburn A.M.C. He, in conjunction with Messrs. Bradley, Roe, Glass, and Barrow, was appointed to give evidence, on behalf of the Unity, before a committee of the House of Commons, on the then Friendly Societies Bill. Mr. Luff, on the 27th June, 1849, tendered most valuable information to this committee. He was under examination upwards of two hours and twenty minutes. He was afterwards actively occupied, in conjunction with the late respected P.G.M. Roe, in watching the progress of the bill through all its stages, until it became law, in Aug. 1850. Under this Act, the Order first became a legally recognized body. Amongst the many who laboured with so much enthusiasm for the achievement of this most desirable result, no one is better entitled to the grateful remembrance of the members than the subject of this memoir.

During his period of office, Mr. Luff was mainly instrumental in the bringing about an arrangement for the reception of clearances from Great Britain, in various parts of America. The following is a copy of a testimonial presented to him on this occasion, by our brethren across the Atlantic:—

"U. I. O. O. F. Board of Directors to Thos. Luff, Esq., P.G.M. New York, United States of America."

"Dear Sir and Brother,

"It is with pleasure we have to inform you, that at a meeting of the Board on Sep. 25, 1850, it was unanimously

"Resolved that a vote of thanks is due and hereby given to P.G.M. Thomas Luff, of the Manchester Unity and the Liverpool District, and to John Hasting, C.S. of this Order, for their successful efforts in bringing to a happy termination the treaty between the Manchester Unity and the Universal Independent Order of Oddfellows.

"And further resolved, that a copy of the above resolution be engrossed, and forwarded and presented to Thomas Luff, P.G.M., and to John Hastings, C.S.

"In testimony whereof we hereto subscribe our names and affix the seal of our Order.



"WM. SNOWDEN, G.M.

"DAVID PERRIN, D.G.M.

"JOHN HASTINGS, C.S."

On the completion of his term of office as Grand Master of the Order, several of Mr. Luff's friends determined to present to him some substantial token of the high opinion they entertained of his personal character, and of the great value of his services to the Unity at large. A grand banquet was held at the Wellington Hotel, Liverpool, which was honoured by the presence of the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, and Board of Directors, several of the members of the Corporation of Liverpool, and a number of brethren from surrounding districts. A handsome service of silver plate, bearing the following inscription, was presented to him on this interesting occasion :—

“Presented to THOMAS WARDLEY LUFF, Esq.,”

“By the members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, in grateful acknowledgment of his valuable services whilst filling the office of Grand Master, 1849 and 1850, and for his unwearied exertions in aiding to a successful issue the Act for Legal Protection to the Manchester Unity. 11th November, 1850.”

On the death of the much-respected P. Prov. G.M. Machin, in 1853, he was appointed treasurer to the Liverpool district, and at the Lincoln annual meeting, he was elected one of the trustees of the Unity; both of which offices he holds at the present time. Mr. Luff has been, for the last thirteen years, a member of the select vestry as a Guardian of the poor of the parish of Liverpool. He is one of the company of proprietors of the Liverpool Zoological Gardens, and personally superintends the business department of this extensive establishment.

Mr. Luff's uniformly urbane and gentlemanly deportment has gained him many personal as well as public friends in the Order, who will, doubtless, heartily welcome the appearance of his portrait in the present number of the Magazine.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Human beings are only secure from evil at the hands of others, in proportion as they have the power of being, and are self-protecting; and they only achieve a high degree of success in their struggle with Nature, in proportion as they are *self-dependent*, relying on what they themselves can do, either separately or in concert, rather than on what others do for them.—*J. Stuart Mill.*

Nature is the art of God.—*Sir Thos. Browne.*

OLD BALLADS.—The most profitless work on this planet is the simulation of ancient ballads; to hold water in a sieve is the merest joke to it. A man may as well try to recall yesterday, or to manufacture tradition or antiquity with the moss of ages on them.—*Alexander Smith.*

Friendly Societies and the Cotton Famine.

THE members of the Manchester Unity have nobly responded to the appeal made on behalf of their suffering brethren in the cotton manufacturing districts. At the meeting of the Directors in November last, it was announced that about £1,600 had been then received, and that further subscriptions were rapidly pouring in. Before our last sheet is put to the press, we anticipate we shall be enabled to announce that £2,000 have been placed at the disposal of the executive. Yet this large sum, satisfactory and encouraging as it unquestionably is, will, we fear, be utterly unable to pay even three-months' contribution for those members whose means are now, or shortly will become, utterly exhausted. But the Manchester Unity possesses another resource in addition to that furnished by the benevolence of its members. In conjunction, they will afford an amount of relief during the present calamity that few persons, unacquainted with the society and the past providence of its members, can possibly anticipate. To enable a large number of provident men to retain their right to relief in sickness, etc., from funds of their own subscribing, is indirectly equivalent to a large subscription in aid of the great national effort.

In round numbers, the brethren of the Manchester Unity, residing within the area of the cotton manufacturing districts, may be stated at 60,000. They subscribe about £65,000, and dispense about £45,000 per annum. Their reserved capital may be set down as £300,000. It is impossible to say what proportion of the members may be necessitated to apply for assistance before the resumption of labour. If one-third, the two thousand pounds will afford only two shillings per head, or about a month's contributions to their respective lodges. If one-half, but sixteen pence; if two-thirds, but one shilling!

It being evident that other steps must be taken, if the great bulk of the suffering brethren are to retain their membership, the granting of a temporary loan, so as to meet the lodges' demand for the members' contributions, as suggested in an article in our last issue, has been recommended to lodges by the Directors. This had previously been adopted, to some extent, in several districts. It will, no doubt, have become nearly universal before this meets the eye of the reader. Loans of this character can be legally granted under the thirty-second section of the Friendly Societies Act. A promissory note, (without stamp) including the assignment of a prior claim on the member's "funeral money," should the amount not be repaid at the time of death, is required by the Act of parliament as surety.

In consequence of the impossibility of raising the amount required for even three-months' lodge contributions of the distressed brethren, it was thought advisable by several friends, that the entire sum collected should be handed over, in the name of the Unity, to the central committee at Manchester, and the loan system alone recommended to the Order for the provision of the requisite funds. On the other hand, it was contended that our own ma-

chinery for its distribution was as perfect, if not more perfect, than that of any existing public relief committee; that much of the money was specially subscribed for the relief of our distressed brethren; and that the opinion, expressed at a meeting of delegates from the suffering districts held in Manchester, was unanimously in favour of its distribution amongst the members by means of our own district and lodge organization. After due deliberation, the latter course was adopted by the Directors. This decision will, doubtless, stimulate our brethren to still further exertion, and the amount realised may eventually exceed the magnificent sum which the Unity contributed to the national fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers slain in the Crimean war.

If one-half of our members were permitted to "go bad on the books," or, in other words, to forfeit their membership, in twelve months they would be prohibited receiving one-half of the sum annually expended in the relief of sickness, and in the payment of the sums insured at death; and this amounts, in ordinary times, to more than £22,500. If the cotton famine be prolonged until its action prostrates two-thirds of our brethren, the sum will be swelled, without including the amount required by the increased sickness—which intense anxiety, low diet, and insufficient clothing, will superinduce—to £30,000. Indirectly, the poor rates and the relief funds will be benefited, therefore, to this extent, by the simple determination of the members of the Manchester Unity, that no really deserving brother shall lose his interest in the society during the present crisis. Nay, it will do more. It will enable from 30,000 to 40,000 provident men to retain their future claims on the reserved capital, which their own contributions have mainly helped to realise; the very capital on which they have honourably relied for support in sickness, old age, and other domestic affliction. The loss of membership by 30,000 brethren, therefore, really means, to them, a loss of £150,000. The fact that this can and will be prevented, speaks volumes in praise of the great principles of Odd-fellowship, when contrasted with a mere business sick insurance office, where "lapsed policies" of a certain class are regarded as a source of profit, and not as a cause for regret.

Some societies have, with a view to relieve their members during this sad extremity, suspended the collection of all contributions for a given time. This, to say the least, is a great mistake. No benevolence, however praiseworthy in itself, can alter the relation existing between the payment of contributions and the reception of benefits in a friendly society. The latter is as absolutely dependent upon the former, as is animal life on the presence of a certain amount of oxygen in the air we breathe. Truly, it is but a sorry piece of information to give to a famishing man, that his future comforts will certainly be decreased if he draws a little on his reserved funds to supply present necessities. The apostolic injunction, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," in such a case is, alas! as imperative as the relentless laws of friendly society finance. It is certainly scarcely worth while to starve oneself to death, in order to provide funds for a respectable interment, or to insure provision for a future, which, under such circumstances, for us, could never exist. The want of the time present *must* of course be met; but if it can be met without jeopardising the members' future interest in their provident institutions, so much the better. Each member's share of the reserve fund of his lodge is a *bona fide* capital which he can

legitimately impawn or mortgage for the supply of this pressing necessity; but he must be prepared either to repay the sum borrowed when better times return, or suffer the inevitable consequences of his disregard of the unerring laws of simple arithmetic. It must not be forgotten either, that each member is not necessarily entitled to an *equal* share in a lodge's reserved capital. The individual amount of interest is materially affected by the length of time during which membership has existed. A young man initiated last year, may not be the owner of ten shillings in the funds of a lodge where an elder member's interest is worth twenty pounds. Therefore, some discrimination and care will be necessary in granting the loans, should the cotton famine continue for any very great length of time to paralyse the industrial energies of our brethren in Lancashire and its neighbourhood.

C. H.

HYMN:

Written for a Service compiled by the REV. ROBT. AINSLIE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

LET hope and trust for ever dwell
 Within the human heart;
 Believe in Him who worketh well,
 His wisdom to impart.

He may not give all things we ask,
 Nor grant each strong desire;
 But though He sets a heavy task,
 The Christian will not tire.

The breath that mourns a cherished friend,
 Must own God's will is right;
 The tears we shed may often lend
 A future rainbow light.

"Look up! look up!" should be the cry,
 'Mid darkness, doubt, and woe;
 We see a Life-star in the sky,
 That does not shine below.

Remember! He who died for men—
 The kind, the just, the pure—
 Remember "Jesus wept," and then,
 Be patient and endure.

Flats and Sharps.

BY H. OWGAN, L.L.D.

It is about an even chance in these days that any newspaper, taken up at random, will be found to contain a history of the trial and condemnation of some too knowing gitana, by a bench of most orthodox and enlightened magistrates, for the offence of having too hastily arrogated to herself a knowledge of the black art, and having beguiled some too curious and credulous maid-servant into the imprudence of parting with too much silver of her own, or somebody-else's, wherewith "to rule the planets." His worship—intelligent or otherwise, as the chance may be—informs the complainant from the bench, that she is a silly girl, and, having attended a Sunday school, ought to know better; and the prisoner, being altogether beyond the pale of Christian indulgence, is sentenced to four months' confinement, with hard labour.

Prisoner :—"Please your worship, I have three young children, and no one to care 'em but myself; don't be so hard on me, your worship."

Magistrate :—"Really, my good woman, I cannot help that—you should have thought of the consequences before you defrauded this girl by an impious deception. The public must be protected against such persons as you are: my business is to administer the law, and not to allow any feeling of commiseration to interfere with that imperative duty."

Very well! everybody knows, or ought to know, that, any time since the thirteenth century, the law and its administrators have been at war with all pretenders to superhuman knowledge: they have been hunted down like beasts of prey, burned alive, and racked by tortures, slow and fast, in order to compel them to confess what they and everybody else have been utterly ignorant of—that is, whenever such pretenders have belonged to a low class of society—while those same vigilant safeguards have been powerless against, or acquiesced in the the assumptions of, the great, plausible, bare-faced, impenetrably mysterious charlatans—those consummate adepts in the knowledge of human nature, if not in that of the spiritual world—who have, from time to time, unmercifully cajoled, and fleeced, and St. Bartholomew'd the prophecy-buyers and amateur necromancers of the upper strata of society. Alessandro Cagliostro was never arraigned before any magistrate for demanding money "to rule the planets." The planets which he ruled, saved him from any such ignominious indignity. Lilly was never placed in a dock for circumventing maid-servants; because he could circumvent duchesses—hoops and trains and all—but he was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons, to give his advice respecting the position and prospects of the nation. And, after all, how much worse than theirs is the offence of the card-shuffling, cup-tossing gipsy, or the street-wandering astrologer who casts a horoscope for a shilling?

Let us suppose a case or two. The man or woman whose life is—as they express it in France—"discoloured;" for whom the realities of existence are somewhat less than nothing, and who, therefore, feels the want of something artificial, something adventitious, to induce even a momentary oblivion of the actual present, and some faint reminiscence of the long-lost courage and enthusiasm of former years—such a person applies to the vendor of spirituous drinks for a draught of forgetfulness, or recklessness, or merriment; to be followed—like a miserable deception, as it is!—by a reaction in the form of a deeper and more comfortless dejection than before. Another similar applicant resorts to the card-shuffler or the shilling necromancer, and says, "I am

melancholy and despairing, poor, contemned, and forlorn! Sell me some dreams—hopes—illusions! Deceive me! persuade me that I shall yet become rich, powerful, and happy.” In this case there may, possibly, be more value for the money, than in the other; for we all know what persuasion the imagination can exert, even when totally unsupported by any foundation of fact; and that there are some who believe, not altogether erroneously, that, in order to succeed in any speculation, it is only necessary to fancy that success is predestined.

The vendor of wine and spirits, who is never punished for selling a transient illusion, is tolerably sure to have sold with the alcohol—poisonous as it is, at the best—something more poisonous still which mars the effect and aggravates the reaction; and at the same time—which is, so far, a mitigation of the evil—to have dealt out short measure: but, it may be assumed for certain, that no deficiency of quantity or quality will be perceptible in the fortune-teller's merchandize—money and love—which she draws from the Ace of clubs and the Knave of hearts; and, if it should so happen that the Queen of diamonds—that wicked woman!—or the nine of spades, should unfortunately turn up uninvited, she will not want sufficient dexterity to substitute the Ace of diamonds, to counteract the untoward influence of her majesty: so that, while the consolation-hunter will probably turn homeward from the glaring and glittering tavern, with brain stupified and heart compressed by the dull pain that still throbs around it, he leaves the fortune-teller physically uninjured, and hailing with a smile the future that he sees rising brightly above the dark and unheeded horizon of the present. What golden dreams and hopes may he not have brought away for his money! and why not have some indulgence for those who sell such hopes, in consideration of all that they promise and make one believe for a few pence?

“But,” says the magistrate, “all those promises are falsehoods—it is all a deception, a delusion!” Most probably, your worship, it is all a delusion; but, if you expunge and strike out of human life all that is imaginary and delusive, how much will remain, and what will be its value? Take your own experience, for instance! Have love and friendship, and even your own stern devotion to duty, ever yet realized for you half of what you expected from them? Do you not know, sir, that scarcely anything in this life turns out either as we desire or fear? Besides, you cannot surely deny that, if one class of impostors is to be rigorously and conscientiously punished, for the public safety, it would be no more than justice to have up before you all the great and multifarious humbugs that civilization invariably hatches, as naturally as wealth calls parasites and sycophants into existence. Here is a real Augean stable for you—get your shovel and broom! The first accumulation lying in your way and most necessary to be removed, in mercy to the lives of a most gullible public, are the quacks who profess—and with more truth than they intend—to cure all the diseases with which human nature is afflicted. Here is one man who, after spending some ten thousand a-year in proclaiming his own infallibility, can devote ten thousand more to his own personal enjoyment. You may not be aware, perhaps, that this large income is realized by selling bitter aloes and Castile soap in wholesale quantities; that a similarly extensive traffic in ground horse-beans—which, you must know, is another panacea—turns in an equal income to another; and, that a third has become a millionaire upon the medicinal virtues of gamboge. Then, if you cannot induce the public to learn a little physiology, any more than they can be persuaded to instruct themselves in psychology and metaphysics, why not send the dealers in these nauseous compounds to keep company with the gitana? Because they are rich; and, therefore, if not morally, at least—which is more to the purpose—

financially respectable; rich enough to shelter themselves behind "letters patent;" and, still further, because a large number of wealthy dupes, who dare not acknowledge any faith in horoscopic science, are devout believers in these several *antipanalgia*.

What is your worship's opinion of the electro-biologists, and other dealers in the supernatural? You do not, surely, believe—you who go regularly to church, and are a grand juror, and a judge in a small way—that the spirits of the dead, whether happy or miserable, can be called back from another world, to gratify a morbid curiosity, or, to minister to a money-gripping traffic. You know that the guineas which are paid for admission to spirit-rapping and mesmerising *seances*, are as unquestionably obtained under false pretences, as that half-crown which you locked-up the gipsy for extracting from the servant girl, "to rule the planets." You know, also—having some idea of the unchangeable laws of matter, and of the limited extent to which our senses act upon external objects—that it is utterly and hopelessly impossible that any human being, shut-up in a drawing-room in London or Paris, can know and describe what is, at that moment, taking place in Calcutta. You may, however, possibly answer, that you are not aware of any such impossibility; that some highly-intelligent and learned friends of yours—professors of various sciences—have "assisted" at those *seances*, for the express purpose of watching the performers, and have actually heard and seen things for which they could find no plausible solution other than spiritual agency. Very good! but let me ask you, have you or any of your learned friends ever done so silly a thing as to go to see Frikel, the juggler or the Wizard of the North; and, if so, have you or they been able to account for all the startling wonders you have seen? Do you know how it is that your gold Geneva has been pounded up into a bullet, fired from a rifle, and handed back to you perfectly uninjured? What is there in spirit-rapping or mesmeric clairvoyance more miraculous than this? But the juggler makes no pretension to anything more mysterious than a highly-cultivated dexterity; and tells you plainly that you are mystified, only because his hand is quicker than your eye! and he receives your money honestly. The clairvoyant, on the other hand, who is far from being so skilful in his way, and makes fatal blunders under cross-examination, is an impostor of the most dangerous sort, because he trades upon an irrational and most demoralizing superstition. Why do you not have *him* in the dock? Because he can defy you. He professes to be experimenting in psychology; he is visited by the curious and the speculatively superstitious; and you cannot incur the imputation of barbarously and fanatically suppressing so interesting a search after great, though undefinable, results.

These instances, though more prominent, are however infinitely less serious than other deceptions, which, as being long and firmly established, are less generally noticed, and of which it may be said—in the words of an ancient writer who blended much philosophy with his very sparkling wit—that we have been so long looking upon the masks only—having never seen the faces themselves—that we naturally mistake the counterfeit for the reality. But these time-honoured deceptions are so much a portion of the conventional net-work—though it be a net-work of lies—by which society is held together, that one may as well go tilting against the few windmills that improvements in machinery have left still in the country, as entangle himself amid the meshes which he would certainly fail to break. Let any Quixotic reformer only attempt to expose the wide differences between justice and law—between theology and religion—between honesty and trade—and he will find all the infuriated and frightened conventionalism of civilized and sophisticated human nature, howling a universal anathema against him. He will also discover that,

even if there were any engaged in those several pursuits, who wished to be perfectly sincere, and honest, and veracious, the attempt must inevitably result in discomfiture and financial ruin. Truth, in the present state of society, is so unable to maintain any competition whatever with falsehood, that it is not too much to assert, that any man who resolved to adhere strictly to the bare and simple statement of actual facts and real feelings, would, within a week, find himself at enmity with all his acquaintances, and would, not improbably, be regarded as an eligible candidate for lodgings in a lunatic asylum. There are none of us altogether averse to being deceived in some way congenial to our idiosyncrasies—so little averse, indeed, that when we can find no others to deceive us, we are only too ready to deceive ourselves.

It seems, then, that guilt—that is, liability to punishment—is measured, not by the intrinsic criminality of the act, but simply by the ease or difficulty of coming at the criminal, over the barriers which laws and conventions have built up around him. On this principle it is that a debtor, who cannot pay five shillings, may be imprisoned for forty days; and, when that term has expired, for forty days more; and so on, during the term of his unnatural life; while the large bankrupt, who has plunged fearlessly into deep water, or rather, who has soared up like Icarus and come down with a heavy crash—heavy with the weight of some tens of thousands—and spread ruin and destitution in a wide circle all round him, not only suffers no degrading and inconvenient durance, but is made comfortable on a liberal weekly allowance from other people's money. It may probably be asked, if there be any remedy for such anomalies, more immediate and certain than the result of the long struggle through which every item of truth has hitherto fought its way upward and outward to the light of a reluctant and inevitable recognition; and to this question the most probable answer would be the old, effete, and erroneous maxim, that the diffusion of education must in time raise the public intelligence above the level of such blind credulity—all an ignorant mistake! No system or amount of education has ever or anywhere dispelled superstition. All through history, one set of superstitions and illusions has disappeared—even where the human intellect has been most elaborately cultivated—only to give place to another neither more rational nor less tyrannical. The spirit-rapping, for instance, and the mesmeric clairvoyance of the present day, are in no degree more worthy of intelligent and educated minds, than the alchymy, and astrology, and *elixir vita*, of times which we regard as darkly and pitifully ignorant. Always and everywhere, the minds that have been proof against superstition have constituted so very small a minority, their characters have been so exceptional, and their influence on cotemporary opinion so slight, that it may almost be taken for granted, that superstition of some sort is an instinct of human nature, and therefore ineradicable. Superstitions, however, though they cannot be altogether banished from society—any more than the many other delusions that supplement the insufficient realities of life—any more than those who create for themselves a vested interest in their perpetuation can be supplanted in public opinion—may be very considerably mitigated, not by forcible measures of suppression, for these have never been successful against any crime, or any abuse of reason; while they have, on the contrary, only endeared many superstitions to those who suffered for them—but merely by suffering them to die out unmolested, and, as far as possible, unnoticed; because, influenced by the spirit of opposition that works so pertinaciously in human nature, they resemble a fire that perishes of stagnation when one forgets to stir it, and burns more briskly the more it is ventilated. If superstitions be only ignored by the contemptuous indifference of the intelligent and well-informed, it will be found to be a more effectual remedy than to

invest them with all the dignity and all the romance of martyrdom ; but, in any case, it is as unjust as it is absurd—because every absurdity in legislation involves a corresponding cruelty and injustice to some party concerned—to punish the more humble and harmless phases of superstition, while its more expensive and demoralizing forms are patronized as a fashionable pastime.

LINES

Written for one who maintains that present sorrows are rendered still more bitter by the remembrance of past happiness.

[ORIGINAL.]

Yes! I still hold, let whose lists deny,
Sweet is the thought of happy days gone by!
Sweet are the mem'ries of life's sunny hours,
As the young breath of morn to dew-bow'd flow'rs!
When present ills dark shadows round us cast,
When the weak heart bows trembling to the blast,
'Tis good to own, with gratitude and praise,
Clouds do not *always* veil the sun's bright rays:
To turn with thankfulness to bliss long flown,
To all the good that we through life have known,
And, e'en when bow'd beneath a load of care,
Humbly to praise our God that "such things were."
I have known joys that ne'er again may be,
There have been dear ones I no more may see,
Voices, sweet voices, I no more can hear,
Words that still linger in my willing ear,
Moments, bright moments, I would fain recall,
Hid from my gaze, 'neath time's o'ershadowing pall!
All these *have been*—but shall I dare repine,
Because through life *all* may not still be mine?
True, the bright past hath now for ever fled,
True that we mourn the chang'd—the lost—the dead;
Doth God then cease to bless, because His love
Sees fit sometimes our idols to remove?
Are there no blessings left for future years—
No joys to reap for those "who sow in tears?"
Is not our God, the Merciful—the Just—
Doth He not bear in mind we are but dust?
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right,"
Whose ways are order'd as the morning light?
If in our cup He mingle joy and woe,
Oh, let us own '*his best it should be so*.
Thus may we view "the changing scenes of life,"—
The Past, the Present, be they peace, or strife,
Knowing that "all things work for good" at last,
To those who on the Lord their burthen cast.
So can His Word securely we shall rest;
So grief and joy shall both alike be blest;
And leaving all things to our Father's love,
His hand shall guide us to our home above:
There shall our lips the joyous chorus swell,
"Good is the Lord—He hath done all things well "

Y. S. N.

Ancient Egypt and the Egyptians of Olden Times.

A few centuries ago, anybody who dared to pry into the history of Egypt, Asia Minor, and the adjacent countries, and seek to learn more than was to be found in the book of Genesis, would have been considered contumacious by the heads of the church; and those who sought to trace back the history of the first civilised nation of which we have any consecutive data before the time of Joseph, would have stood a good chance of experiencing the tender mercies of the inquisition. Now, however, that mankind is guided by the light of common sense, the short-sighted policy of those who endeavoured to enhance their own power, by working on the credulity of the multitude who put faith in them, gives way before scientific research and careful investigation. Already have the explorers of Mongolian archives discovered, that long before the adventurous Genoese sought the Western World, before, indeed, it is supposed that Europe was in any way civilised, Chinese merchants, or more probably pirates, found their way to the American continent, and introduced certain arts of China to the Aztec nation, which was then probably a very powerful people, but had passed away before the conquest by the Spaniards, leaving vast ruins, and other signs of former greatness. As yet, however, we are unable to form any correct idea of the period of the visit, or the extent of their intimacy with the strangers. We must wait until time enables us to look as clearly into the hidden history of China as the sculptures in the tombs in the Pyramids, and the Temple round Thebes, enable us to read that of the Egyptians. That this extraordinary people were acquainted with the art of writing is proved, beyond doubt, by the inscriptions on very ancient tombs; but that only a few manuscripts, and those of comparatively modern date, should have been preserved to us is not to be wondered at, when we consider the many changes of dynasty and successive conquests, which the country has experienced during upwards of five thousand years.

Egypt is remarkable as being the first great nation of whose history anything distinct is known. It was once the greatest in the world, and has in the end fallen, not as others, to rise under new auspices, or, like many of its early contemporaries, to fade away into oblivion and leave no trace behind. Egypt remains. The Egyptian peasant is still the same; he has only changed masters, although now experiencing the deeper degradation of being the bondsman of a stranger. In early times he was a slave to national despots. They were

“ — tyrants, but his masters then
Were still at least his countrymen.”

In his country's brightest and grandest days, a feeling of pride in the greatness and glory of his people might have sustained him; but now that greatness has departed, and it is only from the sepulchres of her early kings that we can read the history of this once great nation. It is not our object in this paper to enter into any details of so extended a history; we only purpose to draw the attention of the reader to this interesting subject. There are many works, written by able and distinguished travellers, well worthy of perusal, which furnish a very succinct account of the various dynasties which have, from time to time, held sway over Egypt. Our purpose now is to give a

slight sketch of the character and habits of the people, as far as can be gathered from the elaborate pictures and sculptures which abound in the recently explored tombs. Yet that history, however imperfect the glimpses we may obtain of its earlier portion may be, all coincides with Holy Writ.

Under different names, we meet with the Hittites, the Canaanites, and other nations, dwelling in walled cities, and contending with the princes of Egypt. Captives, in various costumes, are depicted in the tombs of some of the most celebrated of the Egyptian kings, laboring under taskmasters in the erection of great architectural works; which show clearly that prisoners, made in time of war, were reduced to a state of slavery, and turned to account as domestic or public servants. Thus war, in olden times, had certain advantages over our more civilised and humane mode of homicide. Every feature that we meet with betokens a nation rising to power and greatness on the ruin and destruction of its neighbours. All the great kings are represented as gigantic, and destroying their enemies by the dozen (poor puny wretches in comparison), whose conquest, if the sculptor is to be trusted, could furnish but small gratification to the victor. Under many hardships the people seem to have been contented, working hard for their masters, glorying in their greatness, feeling not the shame of slavery. But as, until a recent period, even in the civilised world it was tolerated, and at the present moment over three-fourths of the globe it is a domestic institution, why should we wonder that the Egyptian looked upon his state of servitude as an ordinance of the Divine will, and patiently submitted to the decree of Providence. But although the great bulk of the people were slaves, many of them were possessed of considerable property. The vast treasures which the Persians took away from Egypt, some 500 years before Christ, could never have been obtained from the palaces of the kings, or from the great men of the country; it was from private sack and pillage that the vast army of Cambyzes obtained their prizes. Such was Egypt in olden days; but as time advanced, and the empire extended, the curse of ambition and despotic sway came upon the once prolific land.

No longer a united people, internal discord superseded universal rule, and the vast empire became divided into distinct and contending kingdoms. This internecine warfare gradually but surely so weakened the once powerful state, which for centuries had been the mistress of the South, that she yielded, with hardly a show of resistance, to the Persians, a people which for many centuries they had obliged to pay them tribute. Cambyzes gave the last blow to the gradually sinking independence of Egypt, some five hundred years before Christ. From this date the history of the country is closed. It is no longer a great nation, but mixed up in the history of other countries; and we would rather draw a veil over what follows. We wish still to think of the Old Egyptians as a race *per se* unconnected with the degenerate race who still inhabit the country. The most peculiar trait in the Egyptian character, was the extreme care that they bestowed on the preservation of the dead. This fact is patent to all; but few, who at a museum examine an Egyptian mummy, consider the real object of all the care bestowed upon it, and how great was the faith and hope that induced this singular people to take such pains with the body when the vital spark had fled. They thought that after a certain period the body would be reanimated. Their priests inculcated this doctrine, and it was firmly believed in. It was this belief that induced the kings and nobles to build such vast and costly tombs for the safe custody of their bodies after death. The length of a reign may be estimated, to a certain extent, by the size and magnificence of the sepulchre of the king; for the royal tomb was commenced as soon as the monarch ascended the throne, and all his great

deeds were depicted on the walls of the various chambers of his last resting-place.

What their exact ideas of a future state of existence may have been it is impossible to determine. The departure of the soul from the body is typified in some of the sculptures in the shape of a bird. They seem also to have believed, to a certain extent, in the transmigration of souls, and that the wicked were doomed to live on the earth in the form of a pig or other inferior animal, while the good retained their human shape and consorted with the gods. Their religion possessed the germ of every other succeeding creed. They had sacred animals which might not be killed, similar to the Hindus; they had gods of every description, to each of whom some animal was sacred, or rather of whom a certain animal was a type. The sun was worshipped under one denomination or another during all ages; and when the government became weak, and the rulers no longer able to maintain order, petty wars broke out between neighbouring districts, because, forsooth, the one worshipped the crocodile and destroyed its enemy the ichneumon, and the other worshipped and preserved the ichneumon, because it destroyed the crocodile's eggs. The latter parties, we opine, took the most sensible view of the matter. The veneration for the sacred beasts was so great, that the people would suffer death rather than injure one of them, and when any particular one died, it was considered as a great calamity. Yet with all this idolatry, there was always a fixed belief in the one supreme being, and a vague sort of feeling, that the sacred animals were but symbols of the god.

The Pantheon of the Grecian mythology has been derived from the Egyptians; indeed much of the Egyptian history is derived from the writings of Herodotus and other eminent Grecians, who from time to time visited that country. That their accounts are to be relied on as the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—nobody, who has read the writings of these wise men, will for a moment believe; but knowing as we do that Egypt flourished long before Greece had any existence as a nation—before indeed the country was known to be populated—it is only natural to think that the first notions of European civilisation emanated from the Egyptian merchant traders, who, it is known, navigated the Mediterranean at a very early period. It is not surprising that the foundation should thus be laid for the worship of certain deities, or that custom and circumstance, together with a higher intellect and the requirements of a different class of individuals, inhabiting a more circumscribed country, should cause the worship to be varied and accommodated to the requirements of the people. But while we may ridicule the superstition of the Egyptians, we must do justice to their polity and practical management. Every large proprietor maintained a complete establishment. He had his mechanics of every class. Did he require a new building, he did not, as people do now-a-days, consult an architect or contractor, he simply said to his steward, I require so and so to be done; and the steward forthwith called the builder, the brick-makers, and others, together, and gave his orders. The idea of paying for labor never seems to have entered into the minds of the Egyptians or their conquerors. In fact, it seems that war was made to conduce to the arts of peace. The greater the conquests of a monarch, the more captives he had at his disposal to erect pyramids and temples, and increase the glory of the country.

Although the able-bodied men might be called away at any time, at the caprice of a tyrant, to attack a neighbouring nation or build some stupendous edifice, the natural bent of the people was always visible; and whatever the vicissitudes of fortune, however they may have been exalted or humbled, the true type of the race has always been conspicuous in their love and veneration of domestic animals. The cat was at one period held so sacred, that when a house was on

fire, says Herodotus, the first care was to preserve the feline inmates, regardless of more material property. One would fancy that the Egyptian cats were not so active as those of our northern climate. London firemen are active and devoted to their duty, but it has never been recorded, to our knowledge, that a London cat owed its preservation to the kindly intervention of a fire-escape.

That the upper classes had a good idea of enjoying themselves is demonstrated by many carvings of feasts and entertainments, to be found among the tombs around Thebes, Memphis, and other places. We find the invited guests received at the entrance by obsequious attendants. We are led onward, picture after picture, from the reception room through the drawing room, where various entertainments are provided to amuse the guests and kill time, until all are arrived; and then the dinner and its accessories follow. The Egyptians knew how to make wine, and how to enjoy it; for we find both ladies and gentlemen requiring the aid of servants to enable them to beat a steady retreat.

With all the genius displayed in the elaborate designs of the stupendous monuments which still exist of Egypt's primeval greatness, and which give us an idea of what once has been, we can find nothing to show that civilisation, or the interests of mankind, gained any thing from the knowledge and science of the Egyptians. They used their knowledge, in early times, to conquer surrounding nations only to enslave them. What the Grecian travellers learned from them in later times had so much of fable blended with fact, that it only led astray the minds of men. Astrology, which among the early Chaldeans only tended to draw the soul of the shepherd nearer to his god, was, among the Egyptian priests, used to influence the government of the state, or promote private ends. Such was Egypt. What is it now? A tributary to an empire which cannot maintain its independence without the aid of nationalities whose religion it despises. And such must eventually be the end of all countries, no matter how long they may have existed, the fortunes of which are governed by the will of one man, and not, as all communities of men should be, by the deliberate decree of the many.

Y.

ROUTINE.—It is a universal law that whatever becomes a routine loses its vital principle, and having no longer a mind acting within it, goes on revolving mechanically though the work it is intended to do remains undone.—

J. Stuart Mill.

SATIRE.—The young and the pure reject satire, and they do well to reject it; for satire is the disease of the heart.—*Hepworth Dixon.*

GENIUS AND MEDIOCRITY.—The uses of mediocrity are for every-day life, and the uses of genius, amidst a thousand mistakes which mediocrity never commits, are to suggest and perpetuate ideas which raise the standard of the *mediocre* to a nobler level. There would be far fewer good men of sense if there were no erring dreamer of genius.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

GOVERNMENT.—Which is the best government?—That which teaches self-government.—*Goethe.*

TRUTH.

BY EDMUND TEESDALE.

OH, seek for Truth!
Win thou a home within her hall;
In age or youth
Seek her still whate'er befall.
Rich is the feast she freely spreads,
And round her board, time-honour'd heads
Who sought her long, and won her well,
In peace and joy for ever dwell.

Shrink not from toil!
Truth rich and lovely oft upsprings
On poorest soil;
O'er deserts she her perfume flings.
Sweet the reward by labor won,
And calm the sleep when day is done
Of those who toil the Truth to find
With ready hand and earnest mind.

Heed not the scorn
Of worldly men who dwell around:
But night and morn,
Worship the Truth where'er 'tis found.
Truth seekers ever were reviled;
But honest face and accent mild
Prevail against ignoble pride,
And turn the venom'd shaft aside.

Fear not to scan
The deep profound or mountain height.
Heed not the man
Who draws old creeds to keep thee right.
Examine all creeds, old and new;
Test all with reason through and through:
For God in bounty reason gave
From error's gloom our souls to save.

Swerve not aside!
Thy rule of duty sketch aright:
Then steadfast bide,
Enquiring still with virtuous might.
Like mirror'd cloudlet on the stream,—
Like shade of grief in childhood's dream,
Shall be the passing woes of earth,
To him who knows of Truth the worth.

Raising the Wind; and How to Do it.

BY JAS. S. BORLASE,

Author of "Alone in the World," "Our Fellow-Lodger," etc.

"White Lion! Now then, any more to get out here?" shouted the conductor of a Bath omnibus. A fashionably dressed traveller, whom they had picked up at the railway station, with great coat on arm and umbrella in hand, stepped out. "Any luggage, sir?"

"Nothing," replied the passenger; and slipping a coin into the man's hand, he followed an obsequious waiter, who had just made his appearance, towards the coffee room.

"Shall I hang up your coat, sir? Cold day out, sir, very cold. I will order them to bring in some more coal. Take dinner, sir?"

The stranger turned round. He was a tall, fair, middle-aged man, with curly hair, a profusion of whisker, and eyes grey and piercing; he was plainly and genteelly dressed, and his voice was deep and mellow, as, drawing off one glove, he handed the coat to the waiter, saying, "Thank you; yes, you may; and I will dine also—what have you?"

"Anything you may please to like, sir. Soups—vermicelli oxtail; fish—salmon, sole; and of meats, roast beef, veal, and boiled mutton."

"Stop, my good man: I will have oxtail soup for the first course, then salmon, and lastly roast beef: bring up a bottle of dinner sherry, also, and a choice one of old port."

"Yes, sir, certainly; now at once, sir?"

"As soon as you can; but first send the coals, the fire is nearly out."

"Yes, sir." The servant was about to leave the apartment, when the gentleman called him back, with "John, I want a room here for the night, a good one: I expect my wife and lots of luggage by the next down train, the five-fifty, I think it is; so if I am not here when they come, say that I shall be in not long after six. I suppose you aren't full?"

"No, sir; some good rooms not taken, sir; No. 26 as comfortable as any. Will you walk upstairs and look at it, sir?"

"No, John; I will take your word for it, No. 26 let it be. Now quickly with the dinner," and taking up a copy of the *Times*, the stranger was soon lost in its columns.

We do not consider it requisite to sit down at table with the gentleman, suffice it to say that he did justice to the dinner, and, after it was concluded, put on his great coat, and taking umbrella in hand, moved towards the door, apparently with the intention of taking a stroll to view the town and aid digestion.

"Beg pardon, sir; little account, sir; dinner, wine, etc., thirteen and six."

The stranger paused, then said with a smile, "I will settle that the day after to-morrow, along with the rest; charge it in one bill."

The waiter scratched his head, shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, and then answered, apparently with some hesitation, "Beg pardon again, sir; very sorry to be pressing, sir; but it is our rule, that if a gentleman takes his dinner in the coffee room, and has no luggage with him, to present him with our charges before he leaves the hotel; we never break that rule, sir."

"My good man, you talk nonsense," returned the gentleman, with a laugh. "I have ordered a room here for the night, my wife and all my luggage are coming by the next train, and I shall return within an hour."

"Can't help it, sir; we have our orders, sir, and 'tis as much as our place is worth to break them."

"Well then, John, I simply can't pay the bill now; I only put enough money in my pocket to bring me to Bath. My wife is my banker; she will be here, as I said before, by the next train; until she arrives I am short of the ready. Lay this ridiculous rule aside for once, you shall not lose by it, and your master need not know."

"No, sir! don't wish to appear rude, sir, but if you can't pay, sir, you must leave your watch or your great coat; you don't leave this room without, sir. I don't doubt your honor, sir, for a moment, but you are a stranger, and 'tis our rule."

"Confound you," retorted our hero, losing his temper and becoming irritable at the obduracy of the domestic. "Confound you and your rule! this is impertinence, gross impudence! I am convinced that your master would never sanction it. I will see Mr. Ellis immediately—I will report your conduct to him—go at once and ask him to step this way."

The man was rather staggered at this sudden change of tone; for a moment he began to fear that he had been too importunate, and shifted his white napkin nervously from one arm to the other. Then recollecting that his conduct was authorised by his master's orders, he turned round to summon that master to his assistance. He was about to leave the room, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he turned back.

"Well!" said the traveller, imperiously, "well, what are you waiting for? I thought I told you to call Mr. Ellis."

"I don't exactly know where he is, sir; I will ring for Mary."

Our hero bit his lip, and the waiter smiled inwardly at his own cleverness in depriving the stranger of the chance of running away during his absence. He rang the bell, and a moment later Mary appeared upon the scene, a dapper little chambermaid, all smiles and smirks, with a bewitching pair of blue eyes, and a smart Jenny Lind cap, whose pink ribbons fairly vied in colour with the roses on her cheeks.

"Mary," said John, "is master in the bar?"

"No," was the reply; "but I think he is in the billiard room."

"Then just go as far as the billiard room, my dear, and ask him to step this way; say that a gentleman wants to see him particularly in the coffee-room."

The ensuing five minutes appeared an embarrassing time for both traveller and waiter. The former amused himself by walking about the room, gazing at some clumsy oil paintings in massive frames, that represented impossible landscapes with their various *et ceteras*.

Had our hero been a judge of the fine arts, he might have gazed at these talented productions longer, but he only honoured each with a stray glance, and opening an antique piano, ran his fingers over the keys. Even this did not appear to give him satisfaction; the piano was gifted with peculiar notes, the upper conveying a correct idea of the melody of a Jew's-harp, the middle ones giving the exact tones of a bronchially-affected cochin china fowl, and the base, rendering a perfect imitation of the groans of the dying at the "Battle of the Prague," as performed by a trombone and a kettle drum in a duet.

It is doubtful how long this might not have engrossed his attention, had not the opening of the door, and the sound of a man's voice, awoke him from his reverie. He heard the waiter say, "Well, Bill, where is master?" and then another voice rejoined, "Missus says as how he's gone to Bristol, and

that the gentleman must pay for his dinner before he quits the hotel, or else leave something as a security." As he concluded the sentence, another waiter, almost a counterpart of the first, appeared in view from behind the large folding screen that kept away the draft from the door.

"Where is your mistress, my good man? I must see and reason with her," said the traveller: "really this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"Mrs. Ellis is but poorly and can't be seen, and master won't be back from Bristol until the last train. I am very sorry to be so pressing with a gentleman, sir, but you are a perfect stranger, and we have been done by strange gents walking away without paying for their dinner, two or three times afore now."

"What! do you mean to class me with such dishonourable rascals as those who would behave thus? Do you think that I am a mobsman, or fancy that I want to cheat you?"

"No, sir; heaven forbid, sir; but if we enforce the rule on one, sir, we must on all; we never break the rule with any stranger."

"Confound your rules! I shall take care to avoid this hotel in future, but I suppose that for once I must yield to your preposterous requests. There is my umbrella, keep that and let me be off."

"Beg pardon again, sir," said Bill, "the umbrella is alpaca, scarcely worth three-and-six, your watch or great coat would be better."

"Watch!—great coat!" retorted the gentleman, angrily; "great coat, indeed, I would sooner leave you my trowsers than my great coat—sooner leave my trowsers, sir!"

Now both overcoat and inner jacket of the traveller chanced to be unbuttoned, and his trowsers were consequently exposed to view, they appeared to be quite new and were of fine black cloth.

Bill for one moment surveyed the unmentionables with a critical eye. He fancied the stranger was in jest, but he answered gravely, "Well, sir, if you would prefer leaving us your trowsers, we will take them instead of the coat."

John laughed heartily at what he thought to be his fellow-servant's greenness; but to the astonishment of both, the stranger sat down, divested himself of his trowsers, handed them over to their keeping, and then rising again to his feet, he buttoned up his great coat, which, being a very long one, reached to below the tops of his Wellington boots, and without another word took up his umbrella and stalked out of the hotel, and into the street.

Passing St. Michael's church, he walked up Argyle Street, turned into Milsom Street, and a few minutes later found himself in front of the Corinthian pillars of the "Golden Fleece," the first hotel in Bath. Assuming a nonchalant air, he entered the coffee room, where he was accosted immediately by a richly liveried black man, one of the waiters of the establishment, with, "Dinner or tea, sir; what can I have the pleasure of serving you with, sir?"

"Nothing at present," was the reply, "I want a private room, the best you can offer me, with a good fire and candles."

"Yes, sir, certainly; will you step this way, sir?"

He then rang a bell that stood on a marble side table, and in quick reply to the summons, a second flunkey appeared on the first landing, candlestick in hand.

"Richard, show this gentleman to No. 84, there is a good fire there, and take in some wax candles. Richard will attend you, sir," and with a bow his first conductor vanished.

A few minutes later, our hero found himself the occupant of a magnificently furnished sitting-room, with two wax candles burning on the table, and one more on each side of the immense mirror that surmounted the mantelpiece.

A bright coal fire blazed merrily in the polished steel grate, and an easy chair stood temptingly beside it.

"Shall I help you off with your overcoat, sir?" asked the attendant, laying his hands on the collar as if it were a matter of course.

"No, thank you," replied our hero, hastily; "I will do that myself directly. I want a bedroom here for the night, and bring me up tea in an hour. I will have a bottle of champagne with it, and any little delicacies you may have ready—lobster, oysters, potted meats, cold venison, anything will do."

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir; can I do anything more for you, sir?"

"Yes, bring me writing materials, and ask your master to come to me at once. Tell him that Sir Robert Burrowton wishes to speak with him."

E'er many minutes had passed, the landlord of the Golden Fleece entered the apartment. He was a tall, thin man, with a profusion of red locks, and a pair of small grey eyes, that glanced keenly out from beneath thick brows of a still warmer tint than the hair. His lips appeared ever to rest in a smile; his figure was slightly bent, and he was attired in a black suit, with a very high shirt collar, and a bright blue necktie. He bowed in reply to our hero's haughty nod, and said, "You wished to speak to me, Sir Robert—happy to see you at the Golden Fleece—I hope my servants have done all in their power to make you comfortable."

"They have been as attentive as I could desire, landlord; I wished to see you to ask if you could supply me with a horse for the hunt to-morrow, a first class animal, I mean?"

"Yes, Sir Robert, I can. I have a capital hunter in my stables, who won the sweep-stakes at the races last year; a five-year-old, bright bay, with black points, stands fifteen hands, and very quiet. He is a splendid leaper, and I was offered three hundred for him last season."

"The deuce you were; he will suit me exactly I've no doubt. Where do the hounds throw off?"

"At Bath Easton; there will be a large field to-morrow, Sir Robert."

"Well, there, confound it, and I have not got my pinks. By-the-bye, has any one called to see me here to-day?"

"I will enquire."

"No, don't trouble; I only thought that young Sir Harry Talbot might have dropped in *en passant*, as I wrote him that I should be here this morning, which in fact would have been the case, had I not got into the wrong train at Swindon, and gone on to Gloucester. Ah! that puts me in mind, too, that the Viscount Derville promised to dine with me here after the hunt to-morrow, at six in the evening, so we shall want a very *recherché* collation, the very best that you can put on the table. I shall stay with you some days, and keep my present apartments; I have not visited the Golden Fleece for two years, landlord; how much better you look now, than you did then."

"I was not very well two years ago, Sir Robert, as you remark, but am quite myself again now. I very well recollect your being here, Sir Robert. You stopped with us some time, did you not?"

"Ten days, or thereabout," replied our hero, with a smile that he could not repress, for he had never before entered the Golden Fleece in his life, nor beheld the face of its landlord; "and I liked the place so well that you see I am come again—indeed I have some idea of purchasing a house and settling in Bath; are there any good ones selling in a fashionable locality?"

"Yes, Sir Robert, there is a very nice house in the Royal Crescent going to the hammer next week. I know of one in the Circus, also, and there are two first-class houses to let in Pultney Street."

"The latter will not suit me—Pultney Street is too low; I think the Royal

Crescent is more to my taste; but there will be plenty of time to think over that matter after to-morrow's hunt. Thanks for your attention, landlord. I must write a few letters now. Remember the dinner to-morrow at six, and if Sir Harry Talbot still calls, let him be shown up. What time does the next mail leave?"

"Half-past nine, Sir Robert, but the letters must be posted by nine. Shall I help you off with your heavy coat, Sir Robert, and send you a pair of slippers?"

"No, thank you," replied our hero, with a smile; "perhaps you will think me eccentric, but I always wear such a coat as this in the house, and what is equally strange I never put on slippers." And as he spoke he drew down his coat tails as far as possible over his Wellingtons, so that nothing peculiar should be observable.

"Very well, Sir Robert. I will myself see that all your commands are properly observed. Good evening, Sir Robert," and, with an almost oriental salaam, he departed.

Our hero chuckled to himself when he was left alone, and then, seating himself at the table, rapidly wrote off a few letters, made them up, and directed them. Amongst these epistles was one addressed to "Messrs. Bennets and Craige, Royal Naval Bank, Southampton," and another, "To the Honourable Lord Viscount Falkland, Clifford Castle, Warwickshire," and marked in the corner "private." He placed these in a conspicuous position on the mantelpiece, sent the others to the office, and, after making a famous tea, and doing full justice to both champagne and shell fish, again rang the bell and suffered the waiter to light him to his room.

* * * * *

Our traveller had requested to be called early on the ensuing morning, as the "Vale of White Horse Hounds" threw off at eight, and he had a smart ride to perform before he reached the field; so, punctually to the stroke of seven, the servant tapped at the door.

"Boots and hot water, Sir Robert—just gone seven, sir."

"Oh! ah! yes, all right, bring them in—I've no time to lose. What sort of a morning is it?"

"Mild and damp, Sir Robert, slight fog."

"Capital! capital! the scent will lie all the better. Tell one of the grooms to bring your master's hunter round to the door in half an hour, the bright bay five year's old, with black points; and to look that his shoes are all right, and the girths secure. I shall want breakfast as soon as it can be got ready, strong coffee and a mutton chop, it is the best thing for riding on."

The man was quitting the room, when our hero suddenly exclaimed in rather an irritable tone, "John, you have forgotten to bring up my trowsers."

"Oh! Sir Robert, beg pardon, Sir Robert, trowsers, sir?"

"Yes, with the rest of the clothes; you took the trowsers down to brush last night and have not brought them back."

"My lord—Sir Robert I mean—I never took down your trowsers, Sir Robert—I never touched them."

"Well, then, some one else must have done so, for they are not here. Go and make enquiry, and quickly, or I shall be late for the hunt."

The man departed in mute amazement; every servant in the establishment he questioned and cross-questioned, but no one had taken down Sir Robert's wardrobe to brush, or seen aught of the missing garment. Five minutes later he again stood in the presence of the now furious baronet, who, stuck before the looking-glass in shirt and drawers, was apparently striving to master his irritability by brushing his hair with two immense brushes.

"Where are my trowsers?" was the first question, as the half frightened domestic paused at the threshold with one hand on the door handle.

"Really, Sir Robert, the most extraordinary thing, but your clothes were not taken down to be brushed, none of the servants have set eyes on the trowsers, Sir Robert."

"No one seen them, idiot! Do you think I am such a fool as to believe that they walked out of the room of their own accord? If they can't be found some one has stolen them, that is clear. Stolen them, waiter, together with my pocket-book and a purse containing £100 in bank notes, that were in the pockets."

"Heaven forbid, Sir Robert, you must be mistaken, Sir Robert."

"Mistaken! do you think that I came here without a trowsers, waiter? and if they are not here, where are they? The police shall investigate that matter within another hour. Go, bring your master here at once."

In a mingled state of astonishment and consternation, the waiter set out to seek the landlord, and in an incredibly short space of time they returned together.

The landlord looked heated and excited. "Sir Robert," he said, "I am astonished at what John has just told me. The loss of your trowsers and its contents is the most inexplicable thing I ever heard of; are you quite sure that you have not mislaid them yourself?"

"Quite, landlord. When I went to bed I put them on this chair, when I looked this morning, they were gone. If they have not been taken down to be brushed, they must have been stolen. As the matter stands, I must send for the police to sift it to the bottom, perhaps they will solve the mystery."

"Nay, Sir Robert, I beseech you not to take that step, not at least until all other ways have failed," said the landlord, excitedly. "If this affair were to get wind—if the papers were to get hold of it—if the police were to interfere, it would do the house incredible damage, I assure you it would."

"Well, but landlord, you don't imagine that I can suffer myself to be robbed thus with impunity. I should be sorry to take steps that might in any way be injurious to the reputation of your hotel; but the loss of my trowsers, the only one I have with me, my purse, which contained all the ready-money I brought, and pocket-book, too—you can't expect me to bear such a loss without making some efforts for their recovery. I can't do without the money, for I have left my cheque book at home, and the trowsers, why, bless me, I can't even leave the room until I get another pair."

"Let not the loss of money or trowsers trouble you, Sir Robert; I can let you have a pair that will, I think, exactly suit you, for you are just my height. They have never been worn, having only arrived from the tailor's last night. As for the £100, Sir Robert, I shall be happy to lend you the sum until you recover your purse, that you may feel no temporary inconvenience. A strict investigation shall be made for the missing articles. But I would rather lose £200 altogether, than that this unlucky and mysterious matter should be made public."

The baronet hesitated; but after a momentary pause, said, "Well, let it be as you say. Make such investigations as you may think proper, and I trust that you may be able to discover the missing articles without the aid of the law. Circumstances compel me to accept the loan of £100 and the trowsers, send the latter to me at once."

In a few minutes the hundred pounds were counted out and handed over, a receipt given, and, as he pocketed the sovereigns and bank notes, Sir Robert said, "Whether you recover the missing articles or not, I shall return this loan in a few days; but I hope you will spare no pains to recover them, as the

memorandum book is of great value to me. By-the-bye, don't forget to have these letters posted in time for the next mail—one for Lord Falkland, and the other to my bankers at Southampton, as they are of consequence. I shall be back with Derville at six: you will oblige by seeing that dinner is served punctually to the time. Ah! there is the neigh of a horse; it is your hunter, a fine animal truly. I've no doubt that he will carry me bravely; and, by Jove, there's no time to lose, for it is ten minutes to eight. Good morning; I hope e'er I see you again that purse, pocket-book, and trowsers, will be found." And with the landlord's favorite hunting whip in his hand, Sir Robert Burrowton ran down stairs, sprang into the saddle, and cantered away towards Bath Easton.

A smile crossed his lips as a turn in the street hid the hotel from his view. He murmured to himself, "*A Golden Fleece*, indeed, and a glorious one," and turned the horse's head towards Bristol.

It is needless to add that Sir Robert Burrowton was never seen again; and the good-natured landlord, whom he had so cruelly gulled, never more set eyes on hunter, trowsers, or £100 loan; but one pair of trowsers he did see on the following day, when in the snug private parlour of the White Lion, the two landlords met, compared notes, and each perceived the VALUE that may be attached TO A PAIR OF UNMENTIONABLES.

KINDLY WORDS.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE wild rose, mingled with the fragrant bine,
Is calmly graceful, beautiful to me,
And glorious are the countless stars that shine
With silent splendour over earth and sea:
But gentle words, and hearts where love has room,
And oordial hands that often clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers that bloom,
Or the unnumbered stars that ever shone.

The fostering sun may warm the fields to life,
The gentle dew refresh the drooping flower,
And make all beauteous things supremely rife,
In gorgeous summer's grand and golden hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness and love,
And genial smiles, that we are sure are true,
Are warmer than the summer sky above,
And brighter, gentler, sweeter than the dew.

It is not much the selfish world can give,
With all its subtle and deceiving art,
And gold, and gems, are not the things that live,
Or satisfy the longings of the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round the hearth
Sincerely soothe us by affection's powers,
To kindly looks and loving smiles give birth,
How doubly beauteous is this world of ours.

Zips: a Tale of the Tyrol.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

OLD Zips was a famous hunter. Trained from his youth by a father as ardent in the sport as his son afterwards became, he had grown up to manhood in kinship with crags, chasms, and chamois. There was more music to him in the crack of a rifle, the beating of the hoofs of the chamois, and its strange sibilations, than in the chant of monk and chorister, or all the riot of feast-days.

His home was a rude log hut, after the peasant fashion, with a staircase and balustrade outside leading to the upper storey. Sheltered by a jutting rock, and a few hundred yards from a wild and narrow glen, there was an air of solitariness about it, which was relieved by a small cow-pasture in front, and a patch of land, where the fine ears of the Indian corn were beginning to swell upwards from the soil, and the blue flowers of the flax faintly gave back the blue of the sky. Beneath the rock was a rudely carved bench, commanding a fine view down the valley of the Inn, where the grey-haired old man, weary with his morning's hunt, would sit him down, and taking his long pipe, on the head of which was carved a chamois sniffing the air, as though just catching the sound of some one approaching in the distance, he would smoke and muse there by the hour.

His wife was by no means an extraordinary woman. In dress she was like other peasant women, excepting that, if anything, her cap was wider, narrower, and higher, and her petticoats more numerous and bulky. Other married women, according to their cosy but somewhat cumbrous fashions, generally stopped at the tenth petticoat, but she, good soul, had somehow managed to hang a dozen around her, and moved with some agility notwithstanding. Her stockings were sober in colour, but ample and plentifully puckered around the ankle, as all fashionable peasant-wives declared they should be.

He had two children, Blanche and Carl. The first was a wild, rollicking, half-sunshine and half-tear kind of girl, who ran from one mood to the other ere you could well say which she was in; but was a true, tender-hearted, brave-minded girl. And when she cleared away the wooden breakfast bowls, put on her round beaver-hat, and tripped out to feed the hens and talked to them in the most motherly manner, or loosed the cow and led her to pasture, and glanced from beneath her fair brows at the distant cupolas of village churches, the white snowy peaks above them, and the dark belts of pine and beach around, that man must have been a Mephistopheles, or some one scarce out of his chimpanzeehood, who could not have loved her at first sight, and have lingered, watching this fair child of nature and lowly life, as the sick and pining soul leans over the first primrose or violet.

Carl, the son, was clever, mechanical, and robust. He stayed at home,

attended to the small farming matters, and made himself generally useful in most things. All his early inclinations towards his father's bold but dangerous mode of life had been carefully weeded out and pruned off by Zips, who was anxious not to leave his family without a small protection in his lengthy and frequent absences on the hills, and who, himself anxious to be released from such exhaustive and hazardous adventures, still clung to his chamois-hunting, like a man bewildered, infatuated, and inspired.

A free air, and a continuous life in those wild heights where nature ever sleeps grandly in her cold marble forms, had moulded in him a fervid and patriotic spirit. So that when the Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria, by the Treaty of Presburg, in 1805, in exchange for the Duchy of Wurtzburg, as the treaty set forth to be enjoyed "in the same manner, and with the same rights and prerogatives as the Emperor of Germany and Austria, and the princes of his house, enjoyed them, *and no otherwise*," and the Bavarians immediately commenced *not* to fulfil these conditions, by confiscations, taxes, robberies, and the general spoliation of monasteries, convents, and religious houses, this daring though old hunter was not the man to be passive and non-resisting. We may be sure the Tyrolese were many removes from organising a Peace Society just then, and set to work with all true men's brave trust and will to see whether there was not such a thing as justice to be had, even if it were carved out of stubborn enemies by very sword-blades. Haspinger, the monk—better known as Relbeard, with his brown friar's garment, rope girdle, and ebony crucifix—Speckbacher, an ex-robber, Hofer, and others, well known to history, were leaders in this movement. Zips was one, too, and from his cautious, trusty nature, was selected by them to take despatches to Anderl Hofer, the innkeeper of St. Leonards, in the valley of the Passeyr.

It is with this journey that our tale opens. Taking the road by the river Sill, gurgling amidst narrow rocks, he passed through fine old woods of beech, larch, walnut, and pine; by solitary cottages, each with its well-cultivated plot of land; by roadside crosses, images, and goat-dotted pastures, until he came to the pass of Mount Brenner, whence Theodoric, Odoacer, and Attila, poured their wild hordes upon the regions of the south. Tired and anxious, Zips remained at the village of Brenner, or Scönberg, for the night, determined to push on to St. Leonards early on the following morning. A few peasantry, in their blue smocks, sat in the only inn the place contained; and no sooner had he refreshed himself with some cheese and bread, and a glass or two of Meran wine, than his chamois girdle and braces attracted attention, and, glad to escape their ceaseless scrutiny, he soon complied with their request to narrate an adventure for their delight. When he had finished, they plied him well with queries about everything, until he accidentally let fall the name of Hofer, when they were immediately set on fire. He tried to restrain them, but it was useless; and so he was forced to consent to their plan. They meant to escort him all the way in military style; and after again expostulating with them, as they presented themselves, rifle in hand, the next morning, he good-humouredly said, "Come along, then." And away they went, joking, gambolling, and and flashing ever and anon into invectives against the beer-drinkers, in an exceedingly unmartial manner.

Hofer met them, and chiding them for the risk of venturing out in such a fashion, but complimenting them on their zeal and discipline, he dismissed the guard, and entered the house with Zips.

"And so, Speckbacher tells me," said Hofer, "you are a right good fellow, although only a novice in these efforts of ours."

"I love my country, sir, if that is what he means."

"And you would join love for your country, and hate for her oppressors, and let your rifle speak out?"

"I have sworn to do so; and what a Tyrolese swears, he does."

"What's the feeling your way, eh?—supreme love for Bavaria, I guess!"

"A love that can be depended upon anyhow—a steel-and-lead-affection that is very true, I can tell you."

"Bravo! that's well said." And pointing to several targets on the wall, pierced in their centres, Hofer continued, "You see my rifle speaks to the point, too, and may show as much love that way also. But to our plans. We are to rise on the tenth of next month. Bale-fires are to be lighted on hills and ruined castles as a signal for the Landsturm to collect. Whilst we act on well-matured plans in this neighbourhood, Haspinger, Speckbacker, and yourself, will join Teimar in attacking Innsbruck. I myself will light the first bale-fire, whose fiery tongue shall announce the resurrection dawn of our country!"

Their intercourse was most brotherly, and embracing ere they separated, and cheering each other with holy thoughts and brave counsels, Hofer, glancing at the crucifix he ever wore upon his breast, burst out, "Farewell, old man; we are all brothers now; and is not God our father, and will he not help us? And shall not our country be free, and he be most blessed, who, dying, shall be the first to bear to those whom cruelty and shame have driven to death and heaven, the glad tidings of its emancipation?" It was a holy moment; and could a painter have rapidly dashed on canvass their rapt seraphic looks, both the painter and his heroes would have gone down to an immortality more lasting than their own iron-ribbed and white-browed hills.

On his return home, Zips again reposed at the village in the pass, and this time more peaceably than before. By sunrise he was making his way down the north side of the Brenner. Already the peasantry were astir, and the white wood smoke wound from their cottage chimneys, and was blown into a hundred fantastic wreaths by the cold morning breeze. And many a *Guten morgen* followed him from musical lips and warm kindly hearts. A hundred familiar scenes dawned upon him as he neared his home, and reveries, in which the sweet countenance of Blanche moved and floated, buoyed up his mind. His step was on the threshold, and he was soon in the house. What a sight met his eyes! No fire burned on the hearth—no human being was visible—no sound fell upon his ears. All was solitude, sadness every-way. He went from room to room, and the same desolate air pervaded them all. Wondering, bewildered, dumb, and almost blind with tears, he went out of doors, and looked everywhere, but could find no wife, no Carl, no Blanche. The cow, too, was gone, and the hay uneaten in the manger; and the pig, voracious and desperate, roused him from his snores, and set up a squeak that for the moment made Zips start and tremble from head to foot. Upon the bridge leading to the loft, skulked the fowls, unfed, in the most melancholy and dejected manner. A dismally cold aspect prevailed wherever he cast his eyes. Even the crags, like white clouds against the blue, were dim and uninspiring. Entering the house, he caught sight of the cow down in the meadow, and fetching her up, he milked her as well as his despondency would allow, and immediately set about preparing him a meal. Taking his pipe from its accustomed corner, where it still remained, he strode out upon the balcony, and smoked in solemn silence, gazing across the wild and beautiful valley. His hand rested on the rails, and he was lost in saddest, profoundest musing, with moods alternating between a savage mirth, a tender sorrow, and a fierce, gloomy, diabolical hate. At length his eyes fell upon some roughly-scrawled words, and eagerly bending over it, he read, or rather spelled out, "*Bavarians—Innsbruck.*"

CHAPTER II.

A **WEARISOME** trudge to the old trysting place among the hills, and Zips delivered his message to his companions in arms. He met with much sympathy and rough affection on account of his loss, and six stalwart peasants, headed by Rothbard, immediately volunteered to dare an entrance, even into thrice-guarded Innsbruck, although it would be nightfall ere they could reach the city.

They were away the whole night.

The morning sun rose brightly and beautifully upon the old castle, where Zips impatiently awaited their return. It shot its arrowy beams of light through its narrow embrasures and ruined chinks, and poured a golden flood upon its top and sides, that brought out every lichen and crevice and tuft of grass in delicate artistic outline. Zips was soon on the turret, and the freshening breeze swept amongst the feathers of his cone-shaped hat, whirled by him in many tricksical puffs, and seemed bent on putting him in good humour. But even Puck himself could not have done it. With eyes fixed on the narrow path leading down the gorge, he remained in an attitude of the sublimest sorrow.

The ring of footsteps on the broken shingly path catches his ears. He rushes past the guards, and confronts Haapinger ere he was aware of his approach.

"Have you found them?" he asked, with pale compressed lips.

"We have discovered some traces, we think," the monk softly replied.

"What?"

"Why, some prisoners are reported to be in Innsbruck that may be them; but I very much doubt it. I saw one woman who may possibly be your wife, but I could make nothing out concerning her. She lay on the floor of the guard-room, very ill; but her face was so worn with grief and constant weeping, that I could not recognise her from your description. I heard her broken confession, absolved her, and inquired if I could do anything for her, when, looking up kindly at my face, and then at the soldier who stood near me, she murmured, 'My daughter, my daughter!' I asked the guard, but he professed to know nothing; and so I left her in her sorrow."

The old man was dumb; and although a smile passed over his countenance, as if he recognized in her exclamation more than the monk did, he said nothing, but passed into the castle, to loose his grief anew in manly silent tears. Running over again his counsels to Carl ere he left, he imagined all sorts of possible and impossible things. Could Carl have been absent, and the two women left defenceless? The thought took forcible possession of him. It must have been so. He could restrain himself no longer: "O Carl! Carl!" he burst out, "where wast thou, my son! O God, my child—my child!"

"I am here, father," answered a husky voice in the doorway, and rushing in, with disordered dress and frantic gaze, his son leaped up, clung round his father's neck, and wept until it seemed as if his heart would break.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" cried the agonized son, "and let me die here, since I have caused so much misery by my thoughtlessness."

Zips heaved and sobbed audibly.

"Will you not forgive me?" again cried the passionate youth in despair.

"I do, I do, my son; and may God bless you." Carl knelt in a moment to receive both Heaven's blessing and his father's.

"You will remember," Carl continued, amidst broken spurts and gushes of feeling, "you will remember your last advice for me to stay at home during your absence. I tried hard to do so; but Blanche grew impetuous and overawed me. She burned to be doing something for our country.

How she had got to know of any of our plans, I know not. She saw visions of strange portents, and talked wildly but coherently. I must go and get a rifle. What could I do? She implored me, clung to me, and vowed she would venture forth herself, and trust to Heaven and the Virgin, if I wouldn't. I went. On my return I found the house desolate, and have since been wandering everywhere to find traces of their whereabouts in vain. I knew it was time you should return, and passing by, I heard your voice, rushed past the guard, and the rest you know."

Zips then told him of the rough lines he found on the hand-rail, and the result of Haspinger's search.

These incidents were sufficient to inflame the ardent patriotism of this little band to an almost intolerable pitch. They could scarce wait to complete their plans, but longed to rush at the foe and beard him in his den.

The eve of the rising drew on, and the preconcerted signals were given. Sawdust was thrown into the Inn and the Eisach, and little children—bright harbingers of liberty—ran with their mothers from house to house with little paper balls, on which were written the words, *S'ist Zeit*—"It is time." A thousand beacon-fires leapt up from castle and crag, and ran from height to height until the whole land seemed on fire. Zips lit one with his own hand, and as its light flashed afar over Innsbruck, he murmured both a defiance and a prayer; the latter not for himself, but for those dear ones of whom he had been bereft.

Whilst Hofer marched on Sterzing, Haspinger and his band were to attack Innsbruck and Hall. They secured the latter by a *coup de main* under cover of night. Here came a pause. The peasantry were gathering fast towards Innsbruck, in their picturesque, semi-martial attire, and a decided blow at the city was fixed for the morrow.

Zips grew very anxious and care-worn. To-morrow! it might reveal a joy immeasurable, or a woe unfathomable. He spent most of the night in sorrowful watching and careful preparations.

Meanwhile all was disunion within the city. Such of the burghers as were not already in the field, were a dangerous element to deal with at the hands of Kinkel and Dietfurth, the Bavarian commanders. There were only some 15,000 soldiers in garrison; and as no relief could be expected for some time, they were resolved to gallantly hold out to the last.

Morning came, and with it the order to advance. On towards the barriers moved the excited peasantry, champing and chafing like untamed steeds under their cooler and more deliberate leaders. A wild tumult arose. The Bavarian cannon thundered forth against them. Yet on they swept. The barriers were carried, and a short conflict began at the bridge over the river. Speckbacher, Teimar, and Haspinger were animating their men, and the chamois-hunter was fast losing the sworn and trusty band who had vowed, under his leadership, to recover his wife and child, or revenge them. The Bavarians fought as furiously, and no headway was made.

Zips grew fierce and desperate. He thought of his wife and Blanche, and his sad and desolate home. Rushing up to his old friends, he yelled out almost, "Give me more men, and I'll charge the bridge." "Hurrah!" answered a hundred peasant voices, as they crowded around him. They were part of the Innthal militia, and fell into rank and file simultaneously. Waving his hat, he cried hoarsely, "Now, my men, forward! Clear the bridge! and let us teach these beer-drinkers a lesson." They gave a loud shout, and poured in a well-directed fire, and ran forward like tigers upon the soldiery. Some they tossed into the river, others they impaled on their bayonets, whilst the butts of their muskets were used with terrible effect. "Aha! they waver, these Bavarians; at it again, my men!" It was a

sharp struggle—a fearful hand to hand fight, and the gunners left their weapons and fled. Some ran into the city, and others dropt on their knees and begged for quarter. The militia spread upon every side, and took all the Bavarians prisoners, with the exception of a few cavalry. Kinkel was slain, and his companion-in-arms, Dietfurth, severely wounded. It was a brave, well-gotten victory.

As soon as things softened down, and all the little knots and parties of the enemy were subdued and secured, Zips set forth to seek his Frau and Blanche. Passing through heaps of slain and wounded, here a Bavarian dying in the death-clutch of a more athletic foe, and there a group of peasant women soothing the last moments of a patriot, where Zips himself must pause to catch the old man's tender smile and murmur of "victory!" A white shaggy dog pressed its nose into his hand. He caressed it lovingly; and looking up at him wistfully and affectionately, it seemed as though it would lead him somewhere. He followed, and it trotted on gently before, ever and anon looking back to see if his friend was behind. After a circuitous route, they came upon the barracks. The dog scratched at one of the doors, and it was slowly opened by a Bavarian soldier, who, evidently badly wounded, at once faintly and sorrowfully saluted the new comer.

"My poor dog," he said, "would go out and find some one, and he seems to have brought death to me after all. Yet shall you be welcome."

"Nay," replied Zips, "foe as thou art, and much as I have cause to hate your race, I won't murder you. You can help me, perhaps, and at least I will you."

"You are good and brave."

"I am a Tyrolese, and they are both. Let me staunch your wounds, and then we'll talk."

Applying some rough cloth that lay near at hand to a fearful halbert thrust in the arm and chest, he tore up some sheeting he found in an adjoining room, and having administered to him a dose of the best Botzen from his flask, he came to business.

"Have you any prisoners here? I mean women."

"We had several, but I am afraid they've been sent away."

"Sent away—where?—to Salzburg?"

"No; perhaps farther than that. At anyrate I think they've gone from here."

"Hadt'nt you a woman here the other day that was ill?"

"Ah, yes, I remember we had."

"Well; what have you done with her? If she is shot, it will go hard with you, for I may not be able to restrain myself."

"I can't say. I have my fears. Our masters have been very severe of late."

"Ah! and you see what you've got for it. They've made fiends of us, and if we devour them, theirs be the crime. If they've shot my wife, and carried away my child, I'll not give quarter to a single Bavarian soul."

Somewhat cowed and surprised, the soldier was evidently trying to recollect something, as well as his weakness permitted.

"Ah, I remember now, that poor woman mourned very much for her child."

"Ah, ah! Blanche, my girl," broke in poor Zips. "She may be confined somewhere here, after all, for anything I know; let's see."

A sad bootless search followed through devious passages and desolate cells.

"Come with me," at last the chamois-hunter replied; "I'll see *you're* well cared for."

Delivering him over into the charge of Speckbacker, a consultation was held. Might she not be still with the Bavarians in the convent of Volders yonder? suggested the ex-robber. Would it not then be wise to wait over the morrow, when they would attack it? and then, if they did not find her there, they would send on to the Bavarians a message that would make them quail. If she and Blanche were not delivered up in twenty-four hours, alive or dead, Dietfurth should be immediately shot. Zips was forced to be content. Pale and anxious, he strode hither and thither, wishing for the dawn.

(To be concluded in our next).

A REVERIE.

BY MRS. M. A. COMPTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

'Tis years—long years
Since we have met,
And still that smile
Doth haunt me yet.

The sad, but sweet remembrance
Of a love that could not last!
Yielding to its memory,
I now dwell upon the past!

It was a pleasant phantasy,
That first pure dream of love,—
Still in our young hearts lingered
The Spirit from above.

We thought not—knew not then
Of cares and sordid strife;
One long sweet dream of love
To us—was life!

What a strange witch
Does memory seem!
Scenes of the past come thronging
Faintly as in a dream.

Who would have thought that falsehood
Lurk'd 'neath that fair young brow!
Well! it is long since past,
And—I am wiser now!

Still 'tis a pleasant phantasy
To dream of days of yore;
But, 'tis a *bitter* waking,
And *know* they'll come no more.

Glimpses of Shropshire.

PART II.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

A BRIGHT morning, with a breeze just fresh enough to bend the osiers that monopolise the aits on either side of the English bridge at Shrewsbury, and ripple the surface of the Severn. Behind me, in the level, the dark sand-stone walls of the Abbey, that no amount of sunshine seems to brighten. To the right, on the opposite side of the river, the beautiful spire of St. Mary's Church, and that of St. Alkmund, cutting sharp and white against the clear morning atmosphere, under a sky blue as a celestial Mediterranean, with a few fleecy clouds adrift upon it, but which grew thinner and thinner as the day advanced, and were wholly dissipated before noon. I can still see, shutting my eyes (a means of introvision, by the way, which I have never heard accounted for), and standing, in imagination, on the summit of the bridge, the few factory chimneys, and tall poplars, and houses and gardens by Severn-side, and the green trees clustering about the Castle walks, and the solitary tower standing out amongst them, after the fashion of the stone pulpit in the wall of the Dean's garden, and preaching, but in another voice, from that exquisitely æsthetic relic of gothic architecture, and conventual rule of the "dead past."

In the High Street, the ancient timber houses, with their sharply-pointed roofs, projecting balconies, and magpie colours, looked quainter, cleaner, and more picturesque than ever; and I felt some doubts as to the thoroughness of my acquaintance with the old town, and absolute regret at leaving it. But then I recollected the bells, and for the time my regrets vanished.

Now bells are pleasant things at proper seasons, and under certain conditions—chiming or ringing into church, provided they be at a little distance—or wildly and joyously throwing out airs and rapid sequences of sound, emptying as it were metallic caps-full of congratulations, as when weddings and triumphs are concerned; or, better still (I am speaking of the sound), the village ringers playing triple majors in an old belfrey, on a moonlight-night—especially if a river intervene. But there are *bells and bells*, and those to which I allude were none of these. Imagine the ghostly passing bell of bygone times, without the apology of the intention with which superstition then endowed it, waking up children and the genus "*canis*." Thrice in the course of a single week, at ten o'clock at night, just as wearied with a hard day's pedestrianism, and desirous of renewing it on the morrow, I had resolved on going early to bed, had I been thoroughly startled out of all inclination to sleep, by the cold clangour of these sepulchral bells. "Yes, sure, always at ten o'clock at night," said my landlady, "on the day of a parishioner's death, and again at ten o'clock at night on the eve of the funeral." Whether this practice extends beyond the capital of Shropshire, I had no opportunity of learning. I am happy to say I did not personally meet with it elsewhere.

Two customs, which I had previously noted, repeated themselves several times on my road to the railway station: first, that fruit and fish (substantives antipathetic in such conjunction) are always sold at the same shop; and secondly, that women take coals round for sale, and unload and carry them into the cellars. The price at this time (Sept., 1860) varied

from 7s. to 10s. a ton, or from 9d. to 10d. the cwt. ; and the people complained—"Dear heart, it is a price!" What would poor housewives in London think, if their fires could be purchased at such prices? A wider knowledge of the provinces has since shown me that neither of these customs are special characteristics of Shrewsbury; but at this period they were quite novel to me.

I found my kind friends waiting my coming on the platform, and with only just sufficient over-time to admire the pleasant view from it. I shall pass over our short journey by rail, in which the grand old Wrekin made the most conspicuous figure, to the melancholy little town of Wellington, where we exchanged the line for an open carriage, in order that I, the stranger in the land, might have the opportunity of observing the country, and especially the scenery of the Dale—Coalbrookdale, the simple cradle of our most stupendous works—the scene in which the first tramway or rudimentary railway was laid, the first iron bridge raised, and the first iron vessel floated. The country from Wellington to Lawley-bank, boasts none of the usual pleasant features of English rural scenery—no hamlets, no grey-wall'd homesteads; no orchards, or grass meads with cattle in them; no ripening corn-fields, or barns overflowing with last year's grain. Far away, on either side, were woods and hills; but our road lay along a wild district of treeless, hillocky ground, over the mineral treasures of which Nature had stretched a sparse covering of coarsest herbage. I believe we did pass through one scattered village before arriving at Lawley-bank (or bonk, as the miners call it), with its mounds of slag and cinders, its tall furnace shaft, and dusky engine-house. It occupies some slightly elevated ground, a short distance from the road on the left, and is one of the smallest of the many iron works in the district, and, like the greater number of them, a dependent of the monster works at Horsehay, whose congress of high chimneys, with their black pennons of thick smoke, came shortly after into sight.

By way of inauguration to the greater spectacle which I hoped to see during my projected stay in the vicinity, my friend proposed leaving the carriage, and taking a peep at what was going on at Lawley. We found ourselves some hours too late to see the tapping of the furnace, that process had taken place in the early morning; but the moulds were not yet broken up, and the pigs of iron remained lying about ready for removal.

I do not know whether it was owing to "Odd-fellowship," or to the free-masonry of a sympathetic intelligence, and genial manner, that in this and other instances of our coming in contact with workmen, my guide, if not absolutely known to them, appeared perfectly at home, and to set them at home with himself, till I could not help thinking "Odd-fellowship" should be *universal fellowship*; if without loss of respect on either side, it leads men to a larger share of real sympathy in each other's individual well-being, and a manly interest in each other's working craft. Evidently the then D.G.M. had visited Lawley-bank before, and knew all about it. The two men in charge of the engine received him as if glad to see him, and with much intelligence and alacrity, exhibited and explained its machinery, and the whole process of smelting iron ore. The engine itself was in the most exquisite condition of brightness, and the men had the freshness of Sunday still clinging to their clear complexions, and unsoiled canvass overalls. But the women and girls, a number of whom were busy, with some workmen on the bank, sorting the iron-stone, and wheeling the lime and coal; in proper proportions, to the furnace, with their tanned faces and wind-dried, sun-scorched, roughened hair, and careless clothing, made one pity the necessity which calls for such unwomanly employment. Leaving this isolated scene of industry, a turn of the road soon after brought us to the brow of the

hill, down which it dips quite suddenly to Coalbrookdale, between sloping hills on one side, covered with woods from base to summit, and the tree-fringed steeps of Benthall edge, across the Severn Valley, on the other. Here the river, which has been meandering from Shrewsbury in the most fantastic sinuosities, between hills, and amongst rich water meadows wholly out of our sight, joins us, and flows slowly on in an almost straight course to Coalport. The transition from the arid moorland track over which we had driven, to the rich verdure of the hanging woods, in the midst of which the village and the Works of the Coalbrookdale Company are situated, made one of the loveliest surprises in landscape I had ever witnessed. Passing these, upon an open piece of ground, and at a good elevation from the road, the eye is attracted by a really elegant structure, the "Literary and Scientific Institution," erected by the Darby family, for the relaxation and education of their work people. Schools, also, and a church, of their endowing, adorn the village, and help to maintain the orderly and decent character of the inhabitants, which I subsequently learned, was farther assisted by the efforts and example of the manager (Mr. C. Crookes) and the other officials at the Works, for none of the proprietors reside on the spot, or take any present active share in the business.

Leaving Coalbrookdale, the road runs in a straight line through Ironbridge, which takes its name from the picturesque piece of metal-work spanning the banks of the river at Broseley. The straggling line of dull-looking ugly houses, of which the river and roadside portion of Ironbridge consists, has little to recommend it; but a superannuated posting-house and hotel, that, contrary to the genius of such places generally, proved infinitely superior within, to its dingy promise on the outside. Here, our drive having provided us with that "*sauce piquante*," a good appetite, we thoroughly enjoyed the well-dressed mutton chops, fresh vegetables, capital ale, and fruit tart, to which the impromptu nature of our demand for dinner limited the landlady's bill of fare.

Subsequently, we set off to explore the "Quaker Walks," another gift of the Darbys to the locality, which traverse and surmount the cliffs and hills enclosing Coalbrookdale, and overhanging Ironbridge. From these walks there are some lovely points of view, and the beautiful situation of the town becomes conspicuous. The houses crowd up the hill-side, out of the way of river mists, and smoke of the lime-kilns and brick-works on its opposite margin; and the prospect ranges from the pointed-arched, picturesque bridge, and the steep hill rising precipitately from it, along the whole face of the scarred cliffs and wood-crowned heights of Benthall-edge, at the foot of which runs the Severn Valley Railway, now completed. I strive in vain, however, to obtain lodgings at this elevation, there are none to be had; but my friend, who seems to have friends and acquaintances everywhere, remembers a jeweller, who is newly married, and whose wife may possibly accommodate me. Her apartments are occupied; but two doors off I may hear of some. Two doors off is a tailor's, with vague appearances of disgust to the shop board, and an attempt to create a bran and flour business—evidences of which exist in empty bins, and scales thrown out of balance. Here I am more fortunate; the mistress of the house, primly neat, exhibits an apartment as scrupulously clean, and equally formal; and as I glance round the sitting-room, the sight of an over-crowded, unlocked bookcase decides me. The keen eyes of my future landlady have noticed the direction mine have taken, and she hastens to disabuse my mind of any misapprehensions on the score of her encouragement of literature, by informing me, in a key evidently sharpened by certain associations with the subject, that she has something better to do with her time than to waste it in reading; but she adds, that

her husband, Mr. Ophrah Reford, is a rare man for books. For her part she thinks that everybody should be able to read their Bible and Prayer Book, but these should be books enough for them; they were for her. Of course, she spoke of people like themselves, "as had their living to get." And having thus qualified her opinions in deference to the probabilities of my position, Mrs. Reford followed me down stairs, having revealed to me, in five minutes, some of the secret disturbances to her domestic content, and the settled occupation of her husband. But all this time the sun has been shining, and Mr. H.— (*Madame* having declined the walk) is waiting to introduce me to a friend at the Coalport China Works.

We take the path by the river-side, the barren-looking hill—behind which I shall, by and bye, find the way to Madeley and John Fletcher's grave—rising on our left; and across the river, to the right, the irregular outlines of Jackville, with its factory furnaces and chimney shafts, and tumble-down houses under a local mist of smoke and steam. The whole of this district presents a curious contrast to the beautiful river-scenery above and below it. The face of the hills is scarred with excavations, and grey with cinder-heaps, and refuse from iron and brick-works, while the smoke from the furnaces and kilns hangs, day and night, over the rude, repulsive, dreary-looking congeries of rust-coloured houses, whose very name, perhaps, is typical of the general class of the population. We can hear the clanking of machinery at this distance; but with the exception of the ferry-boat, which is in mid-channel, the river bears no sign of the busy industry upon its banks. One of the accepted wonders of the vicinity, is the inclined plane, some hundreds of feet in descent, at present only used to furnish the Coalport China Works with coal, but which, before the railway destroyed the significance of its name, supplied the place with its special staple. An incident, which might have been attended with very serious circumstances, had occurred here a short time previously. The chain which passes round a cylinder—and by means of a winch and lever regulates the descent of the loaded wagons, and draws up the empty ones—had snapped, and the wagons, driven by the force of their own impetus over the banks of the canal into the river, had dashed into the ferry-boat, which had fortunately landed her passengers, and was moored abreast of the shore, completely uplifting her. We had now arrived at the narrow causeway leading from the canal to the China Works, the precincts of which is strewn with great heaps of fractured porcelain and broken "seggars," as the fire-clay cases, in which the china is enclosed when subjected to the furnace, are called;—while our path grew white as the approach to a flourmill, or huge bakery, of which many of the interior preparations and operations subsequently reminded us. Flour, or its appearance, blinds the windows, strews the ground, smears the ladder-like steps, and splashes the floors. Flour, or what looked like it, in great oaks, or mixed and ready for kneading in huge troughs or tubs, only that in place of hand labour there is an upright cylinder with a revolving vertical shaft, fitted with horizontal knives, that follow each other as the latter revolves, and so mingles and amalgamates the clays and other substances used in making the paste or biscuit for which this factory is famous.

Our new friend, an artist, whose pencil is not more facile than his pen, and whose geological knowledge renders him a most valuable and interesting exponent of the locality, receives me with a native courteousness, and good-breeding, which at once sets me at my ease, and makes me feel that no questions I can put to him, with a view to information, will be deemed troublesome or peurile. He begins at the beginning, leads my attention to the seeming cakes of flour, which contain pulverised Cornish stone and Cornish clay, calcined bones and flints, felspar, and sand—shows me the manner of grinding and

mixing them—describes the purpose for which each ingredient is used—and then illustrates (by actual specimens in course of formation) the various processes of the manufacture, from the primal shaping and moulding of the paste on the potter's wheel, or in casts, to the firing, painting, and burnishing of those exquisite services and articles *de Luxe*, for which the house of Rose & Co., has acquired a world-wide reputation. Up and down narrow ladders, into long, many-windowed rooms, clean and light, and occupied by men, women, and children workers, all neat, and cheery-looking also. No traces of the sickly pallor and weariness one so often meets with in the streets of great manufacturing districts, and in the manufactories themselves. The children who come in at an early age, and serve a sort of unarticled apprenticeship for a certain number of years, are employed in simple manipulations, as assistants to the potters, and in painting and colouring the most ordinary articles. The women, too, are chiefly employed in grounding, colouring, and printing; but I was not shown any really artistic work of theirs. They copy, but as far as I heard or saw, have no designers amongst them. In one of the painting rooms I was shown specimens of a landscape-pattern dessert service, each piece presenting a different view, and every view a finished picture. Another, the subject, birds—birds caught in bush, and brake, by wood and marsh, stream and sea, in all the brightness of their summer plumage, and fixed, each with some characteristic accessory, in their most natural positions. One has but to remember the pretty attitudes, and graceful piquant airs of the “winged people” of the woods, to conceive the beautifully varied appearance of this service of ceramic gems.

The reproduction of the famous *rose du barry*, *bleu torquoise*, and *bleu de roi*, those rich colours for grounds, which gave such supremacy to the productions of *Sevres* in its palmy days, has materially added to the value of the Coalport porcelain; though the new dyes threaten to throw the resuscitated tints into shadow by the hitherto unapproached brightness of their hues. Much of the work is taken home to be painted, and piecework is permitted—an arrangement that cannot be too much valued where women, whether married or single, are in question; for no amount of money-earning can compensate for the wrong done to the home, to herself, to man, and ultimately, through the ramifications of families, to society, by the sundering of maidens or matrons from home duties—home affections—and the sanctity and dependence of its shelter.

The works at Coalport afford employment to several hundred persons, and in this manufactory, as in every other, one is struck with a vivid impression of the dependence and relation of labour. How one process waits upon another, and unites in the *whole*; so that if looked upon in the widest and brightest light, each achievement of a great Firm is also the triumph of its humblest workman, and in this sense, in the instance of the exquisite “Paul Potter Tray,” the recent *chef d'œuvre* of this Seven-side factory, the hand that mixed the pulverized ingredients used in the paste for its foundation, had its share in its perfected beauty, and, better still, in the thousand times thousand repeated joy which the sight of it had imparted before the closing of the International Exhibition of 1862, scattered its companion works of art on the Coalport stand, and made it over to a velvet-lined case in the collection of its ducal purchaser.* I think the time is coming when working-men will find their way up to this point of view, and drink in the healthful, vigour-giving atmosphere of its moral elevation. It is worth arriving at, if only for the sweet air of content which pervades it, and the clearer vision it imparts: making those who approach it nearest, return to toil with the spirit of the old monk's rhyme swelling their hearts, *Laborare est orare!* “to work is to pray.”

* The Duke of Manchester.

Fine Art Influence on Civilisation.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

Author of "History of Preston," "Manual for Friendly Societies," etc.

HARD, "matter-of-fact" philosophers, or "practical" men, as they sometimes style themselves,—men who regard the accumulation of material wealth as the *summum bonum* of human existence—are occasionally heard to sneer at the pretensions of fine art and artists to the respectful consideration of an enlightened community. In their opinion, art culture, in any form, tends to the enervation of the mental and moral stamina of a people, rather than to its healthy development; that, while it polishes the surface, it saps the sterner energies of man's character, and renders him comparatively unfitted to the wear and tear of every-day life. In their estimation, the grandest, the noblest epoch in the march of human civilisation is the iron one of material production; while the golden age of poesy and the arts is but the foster-mother of the period of luxuriant effeminacy which usually heralds the advent of national decay.

Well; there may, perhaps, be *some* foundation in fact for the support of this "utilitarian" theory; but, I fear, very much less than its propounders imagine. Truly, man's material requirements demand immediate attention. Nature is inexorable in this respect. The finest picture of fruit by William Hunt, George Lance, or Miss Moutrie would prove but a sorry substitute for a substantial dessert, especially to a hungry epicure. The most gorgeous landscape by Claude, or Turner, or Linnell, would scarcely compensate for the loss of the actual earthly corn-fields, pasture lands, and browsing flocks and herds represented. But who ever seriously contended in favour of such a position? Certainly, not the artist, be he poet, painter, sculptor, or musician. Too many of this class of philosophers, from hard experience (some of the most successful included, in their early life), know full well the superiority of such kitchen pictures as hams and flitches of bacon, to glowing colour, graceful form, or flowing melody, in the sustentation of the physical man. But there is a limit to human necessity even in this direction; and I suspect that excessive development of the propensity to *animal* enjoyment has infinitely more relationship to the luxurious effeminacy referred to, as the precursor of national decay, than fine-art culture of any class.

It must not be forgotten that art itself is subject to human influence. It is the *creature* and not the *creator*, of man's characteristics, except in so far as it reacts upon them. It receives its "form and pressure," in the first instance, from the temper and disposition of the society with which it is domesticated. Every commendable human effort is subjected to human perversion; but the abuse of any faculty, either intellectual, moral, or sensuous, cannot ignore or invalidate its legitimate use. A confiding faith may relapse into credulity, or even superstition; but this fact, however lamentable, cannot elevate universal scepticism into a virtuous impulse. Self-esteem sometimes becomes turgid, and degenerates into the most contemptible vanity; but a proper self-respect still remains inscribed in the catalogue of human virtues. Before fine art aided in the degradation of the nations of antiquity, the national manners and immoralities had *previously* degraded it. The best examples amongst the ancients were produced *before* wealth and luxury had enervated the people.

Of course, fine art being generally an expensive commodity, some wealth is indispensable to its extensive cultivation; hence the necessary priority in point of time of the direction of human energy towards material production as a means for the advancement of civilisation. With this proviso, however, it may be safely asserted that the artistic emanations of the most virtuous epochs are the most elevated in character and the purest in taste. The works of succeeding degenerate ages, nursed in the lap of physical luxury and licentiousness, but ill conceal the want of original power by debased mannerism, elaborate but meaningless ornamentation, and ostentatious material display. The character of a period is ever faithfully reflected in the aggregate of its artistic effort, though some skill is requisite to correctly interpret its language.

But, granting it innocent of *evil* influence; still fine art is regarded by a certain class of material philosophers as of no *practical* value in the economy of human existence. Its products are classed amongst the toys of a matured childhood; frivolities calculated, at the best, but to beguile away agreeably an idle hour; the means of luxurious intellectual enjoyment, too often consuming unproductively, time and intelligence which they think might be otherwise far more *profitably* employed.

If, in the satiric language placed by our great poet-priest in the mouth of Hamlet, man were merely a "beast" and "the chief good and market of his time but to sleep and feed," this view of the question might perhaps be endorsed without much logical impropriety. But man is not merely an animal; neither his necessities nor his duties are circumscribed by the laws governing "the beasts that perish." To his corporeal structure is superadded a marvellous spirit, which enshrines an ever active and ever aspiring intellect, a boundless fancy, and a subtle sensibility to, and sympathy with, the co-existences by which it is surrounded. His perfect and healthy development depends upon the equitable cultivation of *ALL* the items of his physical, intellectual, and moral composition; in the abnegation of no one inherent quality, and in the discouragement of all forced, unnatural, or disproportionate exhibition of any other. To the ignorance of this primary law may be, to a great extent, attributed the relatively miserable harvest which has yet resulted from the well-intentioned labours of numerous one-ideaed philanthropists who have industriously plied their vocation from time immemorial. Hard labour and didactics are well enough in their way, but the *whole* nature of man is not nurtured by their unaided influence. No section of the work of the Omnipotent can be ignored by his creatures without peril, however humble or insignificant that section may apparently be. A modern physiological writer truly says:—"If the influence which the brain exerts be prevented from travelling in one direction it takes another; but it never fails. Thus it is that controlled emotion, or passion, which finds no outward vent, is so powerful, and often so disastrous in its effects upon the health. The will has a certain power to direct the action through one or other set of nerves, but some equivalent action it cannot avert; manifest or hidden, every mental state will have its full proportionate effect." By his rational or logical faculty, man analyses the facts with which his intellect comes in contact, but his *acts* generally originate in moral or sensuous impulse. Unbiased reason does not so much originate or dictate the *end* to be attained, as the *course* to be taken to assure its successful accomplishment. Shakspeare has truly said:—

"Affection,
Mistress of passion, sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes."

The wise cultivation or direction, therefore, of the human impulses and the human passions, forms a most important element in the daily education of

humanity, or our gained knowledge may be employed, not in its advancement, but in its degradation. It has been well observed, that "the heart has its arguments with which the understanding is not acquainted." The philosopher may reason to the *brass*, but the artist, whether he be poet, painter, orator, sculptor, or musician, appeals to the imagination and the *moral sentiment*; and the education of the imagination and the heart's impulses is of infinitely higher import in the development of civilised humanity than is often frankly acknowledged. The example of great deeds, fervent patriotism, dignified self-denial, unswerving integrity, indomitable perseverance, or kindly human sympathy, resplendent with the immortal light thrown over it by creative genius, appeals not so much to the logical faculty or reasoning power, as it excites to enthusiasm the imagination and the moral sentiment, and stamps indelibly upon their plastic material its own glorious impress; which, continually reacting, through the will, reproduces kindred examples of kindred virtues. It is in this teaching, this education of the impulses of the heart, that fine art holds the highest rank. The true *practical* value of all poetry lies in its power over our sympathies. So it is with all fine art, of which poetry is but the highest embodiment and conventional representative. By its action, the unlettered savage is, for a time at least, denuded of some of the more revolting features of utter barbarism; and, although in an imperfect manner, feels something akin to the more refined enjoyments of cultivated intelligence. Keats has happily said, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and it may be safely averred that the general diffusion among a people of that joy which results from the contemplation of beauty, either in a material, moral, or intellectual form, must of necessity tend to the subordination of the lower, debasing, or merely animal propensities, and in the truest and most comprehensive sense, promote the civilisation and happiness of mankind.

There is, moreover, a species of intellectual culture, without the pale of strictly recognised science, which forms a legitimate domain of art. Nature constantly presents glimmerings of truth as yet too delicate for the manipulation of rude practical materialism—truths cognizant but to the subtle sensibility of creative genius, yet teeming with beauty and future utility to man. Daily intercourse with that truth which lies upon the surface destroys novelty, and produces indifference. Numerous objects of surpassing beauty and wondrous combination lie scattered around us without recognition by the popular mind, till their discovery and re-presentation by the magic power of genius. Frequent contemplation of the productions of art exercises the senses, the taste, and the judgment, and furnishes the most legitimate stimulus to the closer investigation of the natural phenomena by which we are surrounded. A practical art education not only guides its possessor to the storehouse of natural truth, but acts as the interpreter of many of its most hidden mysteries. The study of art may thus be truly said to render Nature herself *practically* more beautiful, and to enlarge the boundary and deepen the character of man's communion with her.

A profound thinker and acute reasoner thus eloquently refutes the notion that the influence of the imaginative faculty is inimical to philosophical research:—"In England, especially, there is, among physical inquirers, an avowed determination to separate philosophy from poetry, and to look upon them, not only as different, but as hostile. Among that class of thinkers, whose zeal and ability are beyond all praise, and to whom we owe almost unbounded obligations, there does undoubtedly exist a very strong opinion, that, in their own pursuit, the imagination is extremely dangerous, as leading to speculations, of which the basis is not yet assured, and generating a desire to catch too eagerly at distant glimpses before the intermediate ground has

been traversed. That the imagination has this tendency is undeniable. But they who object to it on this account, and who would, therefore, divorce poetry from philosophy, have, I apprehend, taken a too limited view of the functions of the human mind, and of the manner in which truth is obtained. There is, in poetry, a divine and prophetic power, and an insight into the turn and aspect of things, which, if properly used, would make it the ally of science instead of the enemy. By the poet, nature is contemplated on the side of the emotions; by the man of science, on the side of the understanding. But the emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding; they are as truthful; they are as likely to be right. Though their view is different, it is not capricious. They obey fixed laws; they follow an orderly and uniform course; they run in sequences; they have their logic and method of inference. Poetry, therefore, is a part of philosophy, simply because the emotions are a part of the mind. If the man of science despises their teaching, so much the worse for him. He has only half his weapons; his arsenal is unfilled. Conquests, indeed, he may make, because his native strength may compensate the defects of his equipment. But his success would be more complete and more rapid if he were properly furnished and made ready for the battle.*

Again: Humanity does *not* merely exist to labour, nor labour simply that it *may* exist! If the converse of this proposition be affirmed, then truly, as Shakspeare says:—

"Man's life were cheap as beast's!"

But no! All Nature abundantly testifies that the design of the Omnipotent includes the *enjoyment* of existence by the *whole* of his creatures, from the intellectual being fashioned in his own image to the tiniest insect that hums its hymn of praise in the morning sunbeam and perishes with the light of a single day! The *legitimate enjoyment* of existence by any one class of created being may, nay certainly does, present features directly repugnant to, or inconsistent with, the nature of that of another. The true sphere or condition of each is determined by unerring laws which spontaneously evolve from the functions or faculties pertaining to each specific organism.

Humanity, therefore, pants, thirsts, for enjoyment, in accordance with the omnipotent decree! Man, it must be remembered, is a compound being; a celestial spirit planted in the soil of a terrestrial animalism! If we prune the delicate shoots, the graceful foliage of playful fancy; if we destroy the budding flowers of spiritual intelligence; we not only rob the tree of humanity of its fruit, but, by forcing the sap *downwards*, we develop in excess the propensities and passions of its grosser or material constituents. The cultivation of the graces of the intellect, including the healthy enjoyment resulting therefrom, is, therefore, not only essential to the development of a complete humanity, but a necessary and natural check to the undue preponderance of the inferior elements of its composition.

Thus it is that, notwithstanding considerable and occasionally powerful antagonism on the part of a section of the self-styled "utilitarian" philosophers, fine-art culture has justly secured the countenance and regard of the wisest men in every civilized age.

* Buckle: *His. Civ. in Eng.*, vol. II, p. 502.—"There is something exceedingly interesting in looking back to the infancy of science, and tracing the foreshadowing of great inventions in the mind of an ingenious man, whose imaginative and poetic intellect was enabled to overleap the mechanical difficulties that for centuries prevented the successful carrying out into practice of the ideas he entertained. It may be very doubtful whether such guesses and vague fancies really assist the more matter of fact discoverer in after times, but there is no doubt that they prepare the minds of men, and keep alive an excitement which may often tend in its operation to promote discovery."—"Dr. Wilkin's Prophetic Dreams." Article in "*All the Year Round*."

Under a Cloud.

BY A RELIEVING OFFICER.

A GREAT darkness has come over us. It is as a cloud, which not only overhangs all, shutting out the light and warmth of the blessed sun; but, filling, also, our streets and public ways, it penetrates into our dwellings and searches with its damp breath even to the very marrow of our frames. It is not only an ever-present gloom; but it is, also, a perpetual chill which moves with us wherever we go. It is a pervading and ever-constant incubus, and its name is *Want*. This beautiful Lancashire of ours, with its grand brown hills, and its bonny green valleys; its noble, hard-working men and women, and its bonnylasses in enforced idleness, live and move in this all-pervading gloom.

Oh! for the sturdy men of Lancashire! Oh! for their poor wives and the little ones round the cold, cold grates, living and breathing in this deadly cloud! Well may my hand falter when I attempt to write about it; well may I sob as I put down my pen and think of my brethren round about me, and seek for the chink which is to admit the first ray of comfort and hope in this terrible strait.

I was speaking to a dear and valued friend the other day about that which now forms the staple of every man's talk in Lancashire, when the conversation turned upon the fearful condition of his native town: for there are degrees in this misery, and his native town is certainly several degrees below the one in which I write. He spoke of many a one he knew in better times being reduced to the very parish: when I remarked, "it would be a melancholy visit if you were to go now to the old spot," and I shall not readily forget the response which he gave me: it was an outburst of genuine feeling, straightforward and honest, and in these words, "I could not do it, I *dare* not go. It would break my heart!" And the tears gushed out of his eyes and ran down his cheeks. And yet no coward is this gentle soul. Rest well assured he is doing his portion of the work in his own way. We each have a road open for us to the great end, to travel each in our peculiar way. What then shall we do, is the great question, and how to do it? I am not a Lancashire man born, but I am one from education and from long residence. During a term of years, between the far-off schoolboy days I spent by thy hills and streams, old Lancashire! and the days of manhood when I returned full of hopes, too many of them destroyed,—resolves, alas, too many of them broken, I was in the constant habit of looking upon the Lancashire character with admiration. I had many personal friends in the county, whose worth I knew from test and trial. I constantly read of its public men, and was proud of them. Every newspaper told of their deeds, both in the public arena of politics and in the almost as public mart of commerce. Their liberality and openness of purse became proverbial, not only over England, but over the whole world. Never came a beggar with a good cause who went away empty-handed from Lancashire. The subscription lists for all manner of charities from all parts of the world attest the liberality of Lancashire men. And now for the first time in this year of grace, in this sad year of gloom, 1862, are we taxed with uncharitableness and with want of feeling for our own distress! A greater libel was never uttered than that which a leading paper has propounded during the cotton famine, with

regard to the conduct of the mill-owners. The public at large will not need to wait long before they are convinced of the truth, though, perhaps, the coiner of the falsehood will never acknowledge his error.

I have, from my position as relieving officer, an extensive knowledge of the Lancashire poor—perhaps no one has much greater—for I am with them every day and all day, sometimes nigh all night. It has been my pride now for months to observe the manly attitude of the unemployed in their sufferings; and if I have done anything to lower that attitude, I pray God forgive me. I was not surprised at their aspect of calm endurance. Some of the writers on this subject have used the idea *ad nauseam*. It came upon them as a new light, and fairly dazzled them by its brilliancy. I am sure the operatives of Lancashire have little to thank such scribes for, on the score of compliment. They evidently expected an exhibition of intemperance and riot—for their astonishment at the quiet which prevails can have no other explanation. Now we who live in Lancashire know the metal of the people, and are not at all astonished, for instance, that a man should spend his savings before he applied to the parish for relief. We learn, with grief, of the deposits being withdrawn from the savings bank (and it is a bitter draught to take this saving from years of toil): yet we say, if this is not the time to spend the prudent hoard, when will that time arrive? If when the parish stares me in the face, whose money so right to be spent as my own? It is mine, and so is the parish dole—when the other is done—not before: no, as I am a man and know my dignity as such, not before! Yes, here is the pinch—it has come at last—his whole store is consumed. What shall we do with this poor man? Relieve him liberally, and give him something to do, say I. Give him employment—defend him against himself—prevent him brooding over his misfortune. Take him out of the idle streets, and from the children of idleness, in which are all manner of sins, and let him not feel his degradation. For after all that has been written and said about the poor man's *right* to the property of the country to prevent him starving, and which *right* no one pretends to deny, yet I say there is a degradation in the unfortunate necessity, which most of my readers will, I dare say, acknowledge.

A great deal has been written and said about "the odious labour test," as it is called, and men have grown angry over the discussion; but I, in good temper and with my eyes open, declare I would not do away with the rule which compels the able-bodied poor to give some labour for the public money. Few things please me more in the performance of my duties (onerous as they unfortunately are) than the manner in which the more respectable of the applicants ask for relief. They put it in a way which is absolutely irresistible, saying, "I want you to put me to work, sir,"—and here I may emphatically state that I never knew one of this class of men shirk the labour. As to the nature of the work to which these men are to be put, I say, give them something *useful* to do. Above all, do not insult a man (as a sailor friend of mine hath it) by setting him "to grind water for the ducks to eat." Let him have real corn to grind, and let him see and handle the flour he has made; in other words, keep up his dignity as a workman. It is a more difficult matter than many imagine to find useful work for all applicants, taking into account all varieties of trades, what will suit the men, and interfere, by competition, as little as possible with the tradesmen who find the bulk of the rates. And first, as regards the men: you do a most unprofitable and bungling piece of work if you spoil your *men*. You will want them afterwards, and take care you do not get a deteriorated article. On the contrary, try if out of this great calamity may not be made to spring some element of improvement. Try if some seeds may not be sown which, in happier times, may grow unto the majesty of trees, and bearing flowers of beauty and fruit rich in blessing.

What more likely to do this than education? What can be better adapted for a factory population? I should enforce attendances at school, by regulating the relief each week according to attendance. Let the amount of relief be generous, and let the men by all means eat their meals at home, if possible. Much in this direction has actually been done by certain Poor Law Guardians in Lancashire, and I am comforted in the belief that their generous interpretation of the law will be still more extensively brought into action. Let the men who clearly have been brought upon the public funds by our present national policy, be employed in labouring to improve themselves, and thus give honest value to the commonwealth in return for food. In the anticipation of witnessing a still greater extension of this my favourite scheme, I plainly perceive a ray of light ready to break through the pervading gloom.

Let us grope about for a few more glimpses of light, and try to find what comfort we can even under this appalling darkness. We find in Lancashire an immense amount of personal philanthropic exertion exhibited amongst a class of men, who, when closely engaged in the pursuit of their legitimate gain in trade, have been unable, perhaps, to give much of their time to the mental culture of those immediately depending upon them for subsistence. The very want of work has acted upon the employers of labour in a way which I am sure would astonish some of the dwellers in the southern parts of the country. I can go to-morrow to more than one charitable institution, where I can see men, who hold very high positions in the mercantile world, who now under this great grief devote their time to the management or personal supervision of all the arrangements. I see every day ladies of gentle nurture and good position, whose way of life is fortunately smooth enough, if they chose not to step into the rugged paths voluntarily, devoting the whole of their days to the culture and improvement of their humbler and poorer sisters. And it gladdens my heart to see these "sisters of mercy," performing their gentle womanly work in this wise; for I know well that there is a blessing following their exertions, and, in this action, I am brought to see another gleam of light through the dense black cloud of brooding want. Much that has been done will never be recorded, but this we accept in the regular order of things. It matters little to the truly generous whether or not their goodness finds a public acknowledgment. Such find their own reward within, and need no extraneous praise. That there are churls in Lancashire, in whose hearts the appeal of charity finds no echo, we are obliged to admit; but in doing this, we but acknowledge the common frailty of human nature. There is a certain amount of rascality in every grade of society. There are rank weeds luxuriating in the social soil, whether the locality be high or low; but I utterly abjure the notion, that because some small number of the body politic is foul, that the whole mass should bear the odium which attaches to the fractional delinquent. The sturdy "weeds" of pauperism are now, as they always are in extraordinary times of pressure, flourishing. Many persons in poor Lancashire, I fear, with all our exertions to prevent imposition, are reaping a good harvest; but still the good and noble hard-working men must not be placed in this category. We are working hard here, as a community, to dispel the terrible cloud which has fallen over us—a cloud so dense, that no poor law or other law anticipated its actual gloom. We are all working here I say; and it is from our united exertions that the great mass of the people live under the gloom. The necessities of the case require nothing of exaggeration to give them a claim on the national bounty. The people are *not* met at street corners in starving groups, as our friend *Punch* depicts. Thanks to the arrangements made by the "good men and true," who have administered to their brethren in their adversity. People are *not* absolutely starving in Manchester for want of bare food, and the

dwelling of those who have been commonly provident in good times, are not such as are depicted in certain illustrated papers; yet things are bad enough, in all conscience. And, above all, no public man should do anything which might have a tendency in the slightest degree to check the flow of warm-hearted benevolence, which, if unimpeded, promises to flow in rich streams from every corner of the land. The gloom is dense, and the thickness of it enters into our dwellings, and touches even the marrow of our bones; yet, enduring, our eyes accustomed, we see the occasional gleams of light, and feel the warmth of the awakening beam which tells of a happier future. We see, under this great sorrow, a beneficent arrangement, which has truly brought into closer relationship the different grades of society. The great heart of the nation beats warmly, as of old; and whatever certain writers may say, I assert that, as a whole, the more fortunately situated portion of the people of Lancashire are nobly doing their best in this house of trial.

As far as I can see, the people have not deteriorated much physically as yet. But King Frost has already, even as I write, stretched his iron sceptre over the suffering land, before so cold and so cheerless. His arrows are half forged, which are doomed to strike down many a noble worker in this great industrial hive. Many men in Lancashire, as well informed and as well nurtured, as either the writer or the reader of this article, who never yet applied to a relieving officer, or to any charitable fund, are suffering much more than the factory operatives ever felt. I speak of a class of men who have been employed in situations of trust in the large warehouses and other mercantile establishments, and who, I have been informed, have been discharged at the rate of sixty in a day, to walk about without *hope* of any employment; without any prospect whatever, through the thick dark cloud which overshadows us. This class of men will have to be dealt with shortly, my readers may rest assured; the men who must appear with decent coats on their backs abroad, even if they pine in hunger at home. Then we must remember these men have wives and children looking to them only for support, for warmth, for comfort, and for consolation under this deep affliction.

Oh, for poor noble old Lancashire and her stalwart sons! What shall we do now in endeavouring to dispel the cloud which hangs over us? Active and hearty exertion is in some cases more valuable than money itself; and every man, if he really desires to find a way to doing good, may find a road open for him. I am powerless to point out the road, for no two men see with the same vision. I only say, *Give!* If no money be in store, it is easy to give money's worth for those who live "under the cloud." They may send a ray of consolation into many a desolate household, by kind word and gentle action; they may make themselves loved and honoured, by the exercises of the beautifully simple grace of Christian charity in a hundred ways besides the giving of money. We want it all. Give it us in its fulness, and your reward will come even if you do it without hope of return.

This is not the time exactly appropriate for preaching doctrines of providence, but it is impossible to say how much the provident habits of the Lancashire operatives have tended to mitigate the tremendous pressure of want which has come over this noble section of the British nation. It is, however, beyond doubt, that but for the lessons inculcated by such societies as that of which this Magazine is the organ, much more might have been told than is at present possible to be told of thorough destitution and positive pauperism. I speak not without authority; for I have absolute evidence arising from the fact that, in my wide district, I very seldom meet an applicant for relief who is a member of an Odd-Fellows' lodge. This is a most gratifying fact to record; the more gratifying to me, because it evidences that not only do such societies

promote a thrifful habit of mind, but that they also nurture amongst the members, as a body, something beyond even the commendable provident action which they lay claim to nurture. I mean that from such societies springs a feeling of brotherhood and sympathy, owing to the confessed and practical union for a common cause, the result of which is, up to the most extreme necessity, almost surely preventing a member becoming a recipient of parish relief. I attach more importance than is usually given to the gathering of oneself together for the furtherance of a common end. I believe that many of the finest feelings of the human breast are brought into active operation by the mingling together, at proper times, of the various classes of which society is composed. What fact more strongly corroborative of this view could be exhibited than the fine sympathetic glow which has spread from end to end of the world, on this sad need of ours! The very differences of race, creed, and colour, appear to have vanished, except in rare and discreditable instances. The dry "isms and ologies" have positively retired, or been, for the time, annihilated by the strong necessity for present action in a cause which appeals immediately to the great latent fund of brotherly love, which embraces the whole human kindred. We have not time now (thank goodness!) to quarrel over the question, "How many angels might dance on the point of a needle;" for a tremendous calamity, affecting one of our most noble corporeal members, has brought about most healthy action in the curative process. Health will follow, and the rays of light will increase in brilliancy; and the great cloud will be removed from over us, and about us, and within us. Our homes and our public ways—our meadows and our vallies—our noble brown hills, and our streams will again rejoice in the light of the glorious sun! And the men of Lancashire, who have so nobly done their duty in this great sorrow, will have a time to thank, in fitting terms, those who have so grandly answered to the call of their distress. In anticipation, and in longing, for the possibly far-off consummation of our desires for a return of material prosperity, let us rejoice that thus far our people have not been allowed to fall into the "slough of despond"—that the heart of the country has not ceased to beat whilst its right arm has been suffering a partial paralysis—that the great heart of humanity has been stirred by the sufferings of a worthy member stricken in its very prime.

Old fancies and old loves! How powerful your influence is over us for good or for evil! How much of this article may have been prompted by your suggestions! How many instances may I have neglected to record in which the designing knave and the professional pauper have fattened on the distress, and lit unhallowed lights under the cloud which environs us! How easily I could have told of idle knaves, dressed as they never were dressed before, and of brazen villains cheating you, and laughing at you! But I know that unclean things always abound in darkness—that wreckers pace the strand, and watch upon the rocks in time of storm—that vultures brood o'er battle-fields, and that lurking rogues love London fogs. And I also know that the light will surely arrive, that the calm will come, and that peace will come, to the discomfiture of wreckers, vultures, and rogues. May we, each of us, try to the utmost of our power to assist the gallant strivers, toiling under the present gloom, in that hardest of toil, "enforced idleness." In this fight, all laggards will be deservedly despised.

The Lancashire Distress Fund.

THE response of the Unity to the circular of the Directors has already more than realised our most sanguine expectations. At a special meeting of the executive held on the 18th December, it was announced that upwards of £2,200 had been received. At this meeting, the Directors applied themselves to the onerous and delicate task of distributing the bounty of the Unity in the most equitable manner amongst our suffering brethren. They have since issued a circular, in which they state that they have endeavoured to dispose of the fund placed at their disposal in the most satisfactory manner, "keeping in view the wishes, so far as they could be ascertained, of the donors." The circular informs us that "the propriety of giving a considerable amount to the General Fund was discussed, but after much deliberation," the directors "arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the money received up to that time," (Nov.) "unless otherwise specially desired by the subscribers, should be applied entirely for the relief of the members of our Order."

From returns received by Mr. Ratcliffe, it appears that lodges numbering 34,000 brethren had made application for relief on behalf of 7,000 of their members who were totally unemployed. The directors, therefore, determined to appropriate the money at the rate of six shillings per member *totally* unemployed, which they consider will realise an average of about five shillings per head on all who require relief. This grant will dispose of the sum of £1,898 12s. The directors have wisely left to the local officers, etc., unlimited authority as to the mode of its distribution in detail. The circular says: "In remitting the above sum to the treasurers of the respective districts, we by no means wish to bind the officers or committees charged with the distribution as to the mode of its application. The superior local knowledge necessarily possessed by those resident amidst the prevailing distress, renders it most desirable that large discretionary powers should be vested in the hands of those who have accepted the responsibility of the actual distribution of the money." The directors further state, that at their February meeting they "shall be in a position to make a further appropriation of money, and to correct any error that may have occurred in the present distribution." They will require a clear statement in February of the manner in which the money has been distributed, and express a confident hope that the liberality of the Order will, by that time have placed in their hands the means by which they will be enabled to remit an additional sum for distribution amongst our suffering brethren.

The members generally, in all parts of the country, have entered into the question with great zeal and enthusiasm. We have many communications from various districts on the subject, which our printing arrangements and limited space, compel us reluctantly to refer to only in this general manner. One communication from Canada, however, deserves especial mention. The Simcoe Lodge called a public meeting, presided over by A. Walsh, Esq., Member of the Provincial Parliament, at which stirring addresses were delivered. Mr. Potts, of the Port Down Woollen Mills, liberally presented a piece of woollen cloth, as well as the money prizes awarded him at the County Show. Although the Simcoe Lodge only numbers twenty-one members, the sum realised was one hundred and fifty dollars, or £30 sterling. As our

correspondent says, this is "a noble example, clearly showing the old adage to be true, 'Where there is a will there is a way.'" We fully endorse the opinion of the worthy C.S., who writes to us as follows:—"I have this day forwarded a draft to Mr. Ratcliffe for £100, from seven lodges, whose members only amount to 317; so that I think you will agree with me that the Odd-fellows in Canada have given a noble response."

A worthy past officer from Cambridge offers the following suggestion: "From calculations I have made, there cannot be less than 12,000 brothers of the Order in those districts unable to pay the contributions due to their lodges, which, at 6d. per week per member, requires £300 per week to keep them good upon the books of their different lodges. I think, when this matter becomes fully known throughout the Order, there is not a lodge but would willingly supply its quota. In order to meet the above, there requires as follows:—

		£	s.	d.
30,000	Volunteers at 1d. per week	125	0	0
50,000	" 2d. " month	104	3	4
70,000	" 1d. " "	73	15	0
150,000		£302	18	4

"I am happy to inform you my own lodge has entered into a voluntary weekly subscription. Other lodges in this district are taking steps in the matter, and I am confident, that out of 340,000 members of the M. U. I. O. F., the 150,000 will voluntary come forward and aid this work of Faith, Hope, and Charity."

C. H.

Literary Notices.

A Christmas Gathering, or Leaves for the Little Ones. By Y. S. N. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

The Sparrow and the Primrose. By the same Author.

Much more artistic skill is required to write good stories for children than is generally supposed, and especially for the elder or more thoughtful section of juvenile humanity. In our youthful days, tales of terror, real sensation stories, such as, "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Raw Head and Bloody Bones," and others, more or less combinations of the grotesque and the horrible, formed the staple of the "light literature" of the then rising generation. We had, certainly, in addition, some good fairy tales, chiefly adapted from the Arabian Nights, and occasionally a simple story which called forth a healthy, because a truly human, emotion in the youthful heart, such as, "The Babes in the Wood." We had likewise, in a condensed form, the ever fresh and invigorating "Robinson Crusoe," the best story-book that can be placed in a boy's hand; so very attractive is the narrative, and so thoroughly healthy is its influence. The greatest fault of many modern children's story-books, is the small amount of entertaining matter served up as condiment to such an immense quantity of certainly the most orthodox, but nevertheless to children, most unintelligible and unpalatable didactics. A good juvenile story-book, should treat of subjects with which children are familiar, and, as

near as may be, in the manner that children themselves might be supposed to treat them were they capable of literary exercise. The moral, where a pointed moral is necessary, should glitter a single gem, and not form, in a diluted condition, both the warp and woof of a tale, the chief object of which is to attract attention and interest the youthful sympathies. Children will not take physic (however necessary to their corporeal comfort) unless it be accompanied with or partially concealed amongst, large doses of sirup, honey, treacle, or saccharine in some shape or other. Ethics likewise, (though equally indispensable to the spiritual requirements of incipient manhood) are not acceptable to the juvenile intellect, or adapted to its digestion, unless thickly encrusted with something entertaining and attractive to the youthful imagination. The author of the works named at the head of this notice, has evidently written her stories with a thorough determination to add to the happiness as well as to the stock of worldly and unworldly wisdom of her juvenile readers, and, we doubt not, this fact will tend both to further the great educational purpose she has in view, and ensure the "success" of her work in the sense in which alone a publisher understands the term. These stories are not merely adapted to the capacity of very young children; we have read them ourselves with considerable interest, and have been much gratified with the unaffected genuine love of nature and natural objects, and especially flowers—the child's first natural love—which pervade many of them. There is much quiet artistic beauty and true pathos in the sketch of the blind child at its mother's grave, in the story entitled "Isa's Disobedience and its Results!" It is a capital book for a Christmas or birthday present. We not only recommend it as such to others, but we intend surprising, in a few days, a fair-haired, bright-eyed, intelligent little friend of ours, with a copy on her eighth birthday, and thus, demonstrate that we can, and at least do sometimes, put in practice the precepts we recommend to the moral digestion of others. The "Sparrow and the Primrose" is fully equal to the rest of this lady's stories; and, as it is published for the benefit of that most excellent institution, the "Hospital for Sick Children" in Great Ormond St., London, it ought, and no doubt will, command an extensive sale. *The Ladies' Companion and Monthly Magazine.* London: Rogerson and Tuxford.

The December number of this favourite serial fully maintains its previous reputation. Many of the tales, and there are several, are above the average of such productions. There is an agreeable and intelligent summary of Guarini's poem, "The Pastor Fido," and the Edgeworth Letters from the Croker Correspondence, will be read with great interest by the admirers of that amiable and gifted lady.

The Manual of Oddfellowship; for the Use of the Members of the Manchester Unity. By James Spry, Prov. C.S., Plymouth. London: Pitman, Paternoster Row.

The development of the great Assurance principle of modern Oddfellowship has, during recent years, somewhat thrown into the shade much of its ancient ceremonial characteristics. There are thousands of young members, who gaze upon our emblems and insignia, who know little or nothing of their import. Some of the ancient ceremonials too, are rapidly falling into disuse. Mr. Spry has, therefore, published his interesting little pamphlet, with a view to the enlightenment of his younger brethren, especially, in the "ancient mysteries" of the Order, by whom, we have no doubt, it will receive a hearty welcome.

The Boy's Own Book (for 1863) of Popular Pastimes and Entertainment. By W. F. Peacock. Manchester: John Heywood.

Mr. Peacock is known as the author of many such volumes, in addition to his works for more matured minds. The present is one of the best gift-

books of the season; and when we remark that its price—sixpence—places it within the reach of everybody, we predict for it a large circulation, and a reception in accordance. The matter includes Poetical Charades, Enigmas, Rebuses, Puzzles, Transpositions, Anagrams, Anecdotes, Diversions, Facetiae, &c. &c. In addition, the author supplies many well-written stories and poems, some serious, and others comical. The entire contents have an elevating tendency, and, while amusing, must instruct. The ingenuity displayed in the formation of the Charades and Enigmas is great. Several of the "Pastimes" were prize contributions to leading Magazines, and defied solution until Mr. Peacock chose to cut the Gordian knot and remove the difficulty. One very beautiful poem—descriptive of the feelings excited by visiting his birthplace after many years—is entitled "Now, and Then." In prose, may be particularized "Mr. Wickles's Device,"—"That Night!"—"Charley Duval," a story as singular as exciting—and the "Wonderful Yarn of Ben Burlington." No boy could have written the volume; but any boy may appreciate its miscellaneous fact, fun, and fiction. The author, in an interesting preface, announces a companion volume for *Girls*. We shall look out for it!

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

IMPORTANT FRIENDLY SOCIETY CASES.—Mr. Tompkins, chief clerk in the office of John Tidd Pratt, Esq., Registrar of Friendly Societies for England, on November 6th, attended the Magistrates' Court, Brighton, to prosecute on summonses previously obtained against the Secretaries of various Friendly Societies established in Brighton, "for unlawfully neglecting to transmit to the Registrar a general statement of the funds and effects of each society during the past twelve months, or a copy of the last annual report of such society." These returns should be sent in yearly, and if not sent in by the 1st June, the officer neglecting is liable to a penalty not exceeding 20s., and costs. The persons summoned were as under:—Terry, Secretary of Court Lansdowne, Ancient Order of Foresters, Montpelier Inn, Upper North Street; Barnard, Court Little John, Ancient Order of Foresters, London Tavern, North Street; Robt. Barber, Original Hearts of Oak, William IV., Church Street; Marsh, Dolphin Lodge, United Ancient Order of Druids, William IV., Church Street; Mitchell, Court Sherwood Forest, Ancient Order of Foresters, Carpenters' Arms, West Street; Hatton, Brighton and Sussex Mutual Provident Society, 11, Prince Albert Street; Charles Beves, Court Maid Marion, Ancient Order of Foresters, Royal Oak, St. James's Street; William James Dubbins, Loyal Brunswick Lodge, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Odd-Fellows' Hall, Brighton; Redman, Prince of Wales Lodge, London Unity, Nelson Inn, Trafalgar Street. The summonses against M^r. Barnard, M^r. Hatton, and M^r. Mitchell were previously withdrawn on payment of costs, the neglect not being considered intentional. The first case called on was that of Robert Barber, Hearts of Oak Society. Defendant pleaded not guilty. Mr. Tompkins stated that he attended on behalf of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, and these summonses were taken out on public grounds. The Act of Parliament requiring this return to be forwarded every year, but, every year

it was found that above one-third of the societies neglected to make it. Defendant appeared to think he had complied with the provisions of the Act because he had forwarded the quinquennial return. Mr. Biggs said defendant seemed to have made a mistake, and Mr. Tompkins assenting, the summons was withdrawn on payment of costs, the Magistrates advising defendant to get the rules altered, so that the accounts might be made up to the end of the year. George W. Terry, Secretary of a Foresters' Court, was the next defendant. He pleaded guilty, and said: "I was not aware that anything of the sort was required, being a young secretary." Mr. Tompkins—I am instructed, in every case where there are no exceptional circumstances, to press for penalties, the number of defaulters through the country being so numerous, amounting to 12,000. I can inform Mr. Terry that in the rules of every Foresters' Court appears a law requiring the return to be made. Fined 5s. and costs. Redman, a London Unity Secretary, was the next defendant. He owned that at the present time he was Secretary of his lodge, but said, "I did not belong to this lodge before the 1st of June." This case was dismissed. William James Dubbins, Secretary of a Manchester Unity Lodge, was the next defendant. He pleaded guilty, saying, "I suppose, from the fact of my being summoned here, I did not send the return at the proper time." Mr. Tompkins—We have received no return, even up to the present time, or we should not have summoned him. Defendant—I posted it I can swear most positively. I am willing to be put upon my oath. Mr. Tompkins—We have so many statements of lost in the post, that we cannot accept them without some proof. Clerk—Well, you will probably withdraw it on payment of the costs, and his promising to send another statement. Defendant—I have another in my pocket. Defendant paid the costs, 5s., and the case was withdrawn. Charles Beves, Secretary of a Foresters' Court, was the next defendant. His plea was that he was not Secretary at the time the returns should have been sent in. Mr. Tompkins—I hold it to be quite a right view that when a person takes office, or has anything to do with books, he undertakes to carry out the duties. Defendant—When I was elected, I was not aware but that the return had been sent up, therefore I hold I am not to blame. Mr. Biggs—You must take a summons out against the person who was the secretary. You cannot carry this further. Much amusement was now created, a decision having been given, by Beves evading the questions of Mr. Tompkins as to the correct name and whereabouts of Lintott. Having escaped himself, he evidently did not wish to involve his predecessor. — Marsh, Secretary to the Druids' Lodge, was the next defendant. He pleaded guilty. Fined 5s. and costs. The fines, under 23 and 24, Vic. c. 58, sec. 7, were handed over to Mr. Tompkins, towards defraying the expenses of of the proceedings.—*Abridged from the Brighton Gazette.*

FAILURE OF INSURANCE COMPANIES.—The *News*, insurance journal, furnishes the subjoined statistics with regard to the winding-up of insurance offices during the last fifteen years. Some of the vacancies thus created have been met this year by the creation of large new establishments:—In 1848, four insurance companies ceased to exist; in 1849, seven; in 1850, three; in 1851, none; in 1852, two; in 1853, eight; in 1854, six; in 1855, ten; in 1856, sixteen; in 1857, thirty-four; in 1858, twenty-five; in 1859, fifteen; in 1860, six; in 1861, ten; while during the year 1862, so far as it has gone, (Sep.) eleven have disappeared, or are disappearing. Certain philanthopists, who occasionally indulge in violent denunciation of the "working classes," on account of the failure of some of their efforts for insurance against sickness, may ponder over these figures with profit. We may fairly claim the most charitable interpretation, *as to motive*, for humbly educated working men on the collapse of a friendly society, when highly cultivated directors,

secretaries, and actuaries, of the upper class insurance companies, are occasionally in error with respect to the lasting qualities of some of their loudly-puffed and respectably patronised provident institutions.

CIRCULATION OF UNREGISTERED RULES AS REGISTERED.—Joseph Hazel, of 9, Black House Place, Lower Road, Deptford, the secretary of the Deptford Provident Coal Society, was summoned by the Registrar to appear before the Magistrates at Deptford Police Court, on the 7th November, 1862, charged with an infringement of the 29th Section of the Act 18 and 19 Vic. c. 63., by unlawfully issuing rules for the said Society purporting to have been certified by the Registrar, when they had not been so certified. It appeared that the defendant, in his capacity of secretary, had caused a new edition of the rules of the society to be printed, and to this edition, four new rules were added, which had not been certified by the Registrar, his certificate, however, being put after these four rules, thereby causing any person reading them to suppose that they had been so certified. Two of the members proved that the rules had been circulated by the defendant, although upon cross-examination and examining the minute book of the society it seemed doubtful whether the secretary in this matter had acted on his own responsibility, or with the consent of the committee. After some remarks from the Registrar, the defendant was bound over to appear within four weeks to answer any charge that might be preferred against him.

NEGLECT OF BENEFIT SOCIETIES TO PRESENT ANNUAL REPORTS TO THE REGISTRAR.—Mr. Edward Blunt, the secretary of the Sir William Wallace Lodge of Odd-Fellows, held at the Royal Trent Tavern, Silver-street, Golden-square, was summoned before Mr. Knox for neglecting, before the 1st of June last, to transmit to Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar, the annual report and general financial statement of the said society as required by the Friendly Societies Act. A plea of "guilty" being made, Mr. Tidd Pratt's chief clerk said he was desired to press the law in these cases, the neglect in question proving a very serious evil, and many such instances having occurred. Mr. Knox said he was bound in justice to enforce the law, and should fine defendant 20s. and costs. Mr. Jackson, secretary of the Carlisle Lodge of Odd-Fellows, Queen-street, appeared for similar neglect, and was also fined 20s. and costs. Mr. Parncutt, secretary of the Countess of Darlington Lodge, Manchester Unity Friendly Society, Morland's Tavern, Dean-street, Soho, and Mr. Mitchell, secretary of the Morning Star Lodge, Curzon-street, Mayfair, were summoned for the like neglect, but these were settled before coming into court.—*Friendly Societies Journal*.

BRANCH SOCIETIES.—Mr. Pratt appears determined to persevere in his interference with the making of by-laws by district committees. A deputation from the executive of the Manchester Unity having failed to convince him that he is both theoretically and practically in error on the question, their solicitor has been instructed to draw up a case, and submit it to eminent counsel for a legal opinion. Should this favour Mr. Pratt's view, which is highly improbable, the members of the affiliated bodies should immediately obtain audiences of their parliamentary representatives, with a view to procure an amendment of the Act, and to more clearly define Mr. Pratt's authority in these matters. The right to the entire management of their internal affairs was either conceded to the members when they accepted legislative protection, or they have been most cruelly and shamefully deluded by some one or another. They have, however, the remedy in their own hands. Mr. Pratt is a public servant, and must either conform to the wishes of the legislature, or cease to hold the office of registrar. It is very right that Mr. Pratt should enforce the law, but it is equally the duty of all lodges to resist to the utmost any usurpation of authority on his part.

CAUTION TO DEFAULTING TREASURERS.—At the City Police Court, Manchester, on the 26th November, Giles Sanderson, described in the summons as member, secretary, and trustee of the Osborne Lodge, No. 475, Nottingham Ancient Imperial United Order of Odd-Fellows, was charged with having, in that capacity, received £105 5s. from the members, which he had applied to purposes other than those directed in the rules; and also with having received certain sums from the members, without entering them in the books of the society, or accounting for the same. A meeting of the members was called, and the defendant was ordered to be there with his books. He, however, did not make his appearance at the meeting, but merely sent a note, accompanied by the books, which, on being examined, showed that he was deficient £105 5s. A long discussion about the right wording of the summons relating to the word "trustee," and also with reference to the law of the case, here ensued. Several witnesses were called for the prosecution, after which Mr. Cottingham called two of the witnesses for the prosecution, to prove some facts on his side. Mr. Ellison said, he should convict the defendant as member, secretary, and trustee. The defendant would have to pay the money, with costs, or go to prison for three months.—*Manchester Examiner*.

DEFAUDING A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—At the City Police Court, Manchester, in Nov. last, Thomas Lucas was charged, under the 24th section of the Friendly Societies Act, with obtaining money by false representation of age. In 1840, the defendant was entered as a member in a non-enrolled society, and he represented himself as being 32 years of age, which was true. In July, 1860, he became a member of the Court Glory of Lancashire, No. 3,642, of the Ancient Order of Foresters Friendly Society, and represented himself as being 39 years of age, whereas he was 54. During the time the defendant remained a member of the society, he was sick, and received 10s. per week for four weeks. One of the rules states that each member, becoming infirm, shall receive 10s. per week for a period not longer than 26 weeks; but another rule says that no one can be a member if he be over 40 years of age. This money he was charged with obtaining by the false statement of his age. There was also a sum of £1, which the defendant admitted having appropriated to his own use, and also £1 6s. 6d., which he owed to the society. The defendant had made an offer to pay them £2 6s. 6d., but this the members would not accept, unless the remaining £2 were sent along with it. These sums, the prosecution urged, were improperly and fraudulently obtained.—Mr. Ellison said he should make out an order for the whole amount to be paid.—*Manchester Examiner*.

ALLEGED LIBEL.—PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATIONS.—*Court of Queen's Bench, Nov. 4th. Kirk v. Anderson—Slander.* This was an action for slander, tried at York before Mr. Baron Wilde, when the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, 1s. The plaintiff, who is a surgeon, and the defendant are members of an Odd-Fellows' society at Middlesbrough. It appeared that the members of the society were in the habit of granting certificates of merit to those who had passed through certain offices. Both parties had filled the office of treasurer (the plaintiff in 1841). The defendant had had a certificate of merit conferred upon him, and at the district committee in December, 1861, it was proposed at a meeting of the members to grant one to plaintiff. The defendant, who was present, opposed it, and on being pressed said the plaintiff "is the only man who attempted to rob the society, and if it had not been for my interposition, by standing over the doctor for seven hours with a brace of pistols and extorted the money from him, he undoubtedly would have done so." Mr. Price on behalf of the defendant now moved for a rule calling upon the plaintiff to show cause why he should not be *non-suited*, or why the verdict

should not be *set aside and entered for the defendant*, on leave reserved by the learned judge. At the trial the learned judge ruled that *the communication was privileged, the words being spoken as a confidential communication at a meeting of the members*; but to show malice, which went to the jury, the plaintiff called evidence to show that the defendant made a similar statement on another occasion. The Lord Chief Justice said the question was the *bona fides* of the defendant's statement. Mr. Price said the plaintiff, Kirk, admitted on the trial that he had on one occasion, when the defendant, Anderson, called on him, £20 of the society's money in his hands, but that he told him he had not 20s and could not give it up to him. He further admitted about the loaded pistols—of the defendant remaining with him several hours, and that after he had repeatedly denied having the money in house he pulled it out and gave it to him. (Laughter.) The Lord Chief Justice said that altered the case. The Court granted a rule for a nonsuit.—*Middlesex' Times*.

LECTURE.—On Tuesday, the 16th Dec., Mr. C. Hardwick, P.G.M., delivered a lecture on Friendly Societies, at the Literary Institution, Witham, the Rev. John Bramston, M.A., vicar, in the chair. The lecture was listened to with marked attention and interest by a highly respectable audience. Mr. Hardwick in the lecture, specially referred to the conduct of the operatives in Lancashire at the present time, as evidence of their advancement in the knowledge of, and the necessity for, laws for the security of person and property. He attributed much of this improved tone to the action of friendly societies. The vicar paid a marked compliment, both to the lecturer and to the Manchester Unity, which he recommended as the best society for working men. The proceeds will be given to the Lancashire Relief Fund. Mr. Hardwick delivered a similar lecture on the 20th, at Chelsea, to a numerous audience.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

BOLTON.—Wednesday, September 24th, will long be remembered with pleasure by the inhabitants of Bolton. On that day they paid honour to the memory of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning mule, by the inauguration of his statue in bronze in Nelson-square. The town never before presented so gay an appearance, or contained so many human beings. Processions of every class were formed, including handicraftsmen at work on luries, as at the recent Preston Guild. The friendly societies made a splendid display. The *Bolton Chronicle* says:—"These valuable social, fraternal, and provident societies formed a most interesting procession, and in portions exhibited some of the most pleasing features of the great demonstration. The members in procession would number between 7,000 and 8,000, and, with their vehicles and equestrians, they would extend over two miles of ground." The following is the order of the procession, and the number of members belonging to each society: Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, Ashton Unity, upwards of 1,700; United Order of Free Gardeners, about 400; Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, about 2000; Grand United Order of Odd-Fellows, between 400 and 500; the Ancient Order of Druids, about 1,200; the Ancient Order of Foresters, about 1,000; United Odd-Fellows, Bolton Unity, about 1,200. Referring to the Man-

chester Unity, the *Bolton Chronicle* says:—"This part of the procession comprised the representatives of the most numerous, the most important, and valuable of friendly societies in the world. The brethren numbered upwards of 2,000, and though their object evidently was not to make a mere display of emblems and regalia, the effort to subdue the gaudy tended to bring out more fully the rich and substantial character of the insignia they wisely and appropriately displayed on this memorable occasion. The officers of lodges wore their distinctive collars and honours, and the brethren white gloves and rosettes, those of the officers and past officers being distinguished by an ornament in the centre, and by ribbon streamers." After the procession, the members enjoyed themselves at their different lodge houses, whence they separated, having spent a most delightful day.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Loyal Brunswick Lodge, celebrated their 40th anniversary by dining together in the Odd-fellows' Hall, on Monday evening, Dec. 1st. Additional interest was imparted to the proceedings from the opportunity being taken to present a testimonial to Mr. W. J. Dubbins, who, for upwards of 17 years, has effectively discharged the duties of Lodge Secretary. The testimonial, value £20, consisted of a silver lever watch, a gold chain, and a small purse of money. Accompanying these was a record of the same, neatly engrossed, framed, and glazed. The watch bore the following inscription:—Presented to P.P.G.M. William James Dubbins, as an acknowledgement of his valuable services for a period of 17 years, as Secretary of the Loyal Brunswick Lodge, I.O.O.F., M.U. Dec. 1st, 1862. Mr. Thomas Aucock presided, and Mr. T. Gates, the Deputy Grand Master of the District, acted as vice-chairman. The usual loyal toasts were given from the chair. The toast of "The Board of Directors" was acknowledged by the C.S., Mr. J. Curtis, a member of the Board, and, in turn, he proposed "Prosperity to the Brunswick Lodge." This was acknowledged by Mr. Child, the presiding officer of the lodge, who stated that during the past year they had initiated 46 members, had lost by death and other causes 31, their present total number being 511; they had received contributions from members during the year amounting to nearly £1,000, had paid for sick relief £390, and for funerals £100, and now had a capital of £2147 11s. 2d. The presentation of the testimonial was ably made by Mr. G. Pike, a very old member of the lodge, and acknowledged in feeling terms by Mr. Dubbins. Mr. E. Saunders (Secretary) acknowledged the toast of "The Widow and Orphans Fund," and stated that it had been in existence 21 years. It started with only 80 or 90 members, but now numbered above 3,500; the subscription (one penny per week only) had enabled them now to be worth £27,000, in consideration of which they had lately materially increased the benefits of the fund. The toast, "Prosperity to the Odd-Fellows' Hall," elicited information from Mr. Sayers, chairman of the hall committee, that the hall was gradually freeing itself, by paying back the amount advanced by the lodges.

BRISTOL.—The 21st anniversary of the Widows' Hope Lodge was celebrated on the 22nd October. About fifty brethren sat down to supper. Mr. W. Thomas, P.G., occupied the chair. Mr. Adams, Prov. C.S., in responding to the toast, "The G.M. and Board of Directors," said, he was sorry to say that they had lost by death one of their oldest members, Mr. James Roe, but he was happy to inform them that the Unity generally had taken up the case of the widow in that spirit which, as Odd-Fellows, they ought to do. He had no doubt that such a contribution would be made on the widow's behalf as to show that they were grateful for his valuable services to the Order, and to place her in a position that would enable her to maintain herself comfortably for the rest of her life (hear, hear). The speaker then referred to the distress prevailing amongst the operatives of Lancashire, and said that

at the late district meeting the sum of £50 was voted on their behalf, and would be forwarded as early as possible. He likewise referred to the distress amongst their own operatives in St. Philip's, and said he thought the Bristol district would not be behindhand in contributing towards their relief. From addresses by other gentlemen, we learn that the district now numbers more than 2,000 members, and is on the whole in a very flourishing condition. About 1,300 members contribute to the Widow and Orphan Fund, which now amounts to £2,300. P.G. Watts, secretary to the Widows' Hope Lodge, said, in the last September quarter they were worth £496 18s. 6d., independent of the lodge property; being a clear gain upon the year of £61 11s. 4½d. During the past year, they had paid for sickness £53 18s. 6d.; besides £21 1s. 6d., their proportion for the funerals of the district. In the last seven and a half years they had more than trebled their funds. Last year the number of members was 67, now it was 74; and they had only had two deaths. An extra funeral fund had been established in the lodge, which enabled them to give £3 more on the death of a member or his wife (cheers). Prov. C.S. Adams then presented, in a very able and eloquent address, past grands' certificates, elegantly colored and framed, to P.G.s Thomas, Matthews, and Watts, for their valuable services to the lodge. The recipients of the testimonials acknowledged the compliment paid them in appropriate speeches. At the anniversary of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Clevedon, near Bristol, the chairman (C.S. Adams) announced the gift of £50 by the district to the Lancashire distress fund, and expressed a hope that some further exertion would yet be made for so benevolent an object.

BRISTOL.—The Loyal Benevolent Lodge held their 20th anniversary in their lodge-room, at the Pine Apple Tavern, Limekiln Lane, on Monday evening, 17th November, when fifty of the members partook of an excellent supper. The chair was taken by N.G. George Davidson. V.G. Francis Owen filled the vice-chair. After the usual loyal toasts had been duly honoured, "The Officers of the Order and Board of Directors" was given, with three times three. Prov. G.M. William Foot, in responding to the same, said, they were the right men in the right place. They were well known for their integrity, and he believed they had the confidence of every member of the Order. "Prosperity to the Benevolent Lodge" was responded to by Past Prov. G.M. John Bidgood, the permanent secretary. He stated that, after paying for sick and funeral fund calls for the past ten months the large sum of £166 6s. 6d., there was a balance in favour of the lodge of £62 11s. 10d., and the total reserved fund of the lodge was £1,095 8s. 1d. P.G. Samuel Robinson was then presented with a coloured past officer's diploma, richly framed and glazed, as a token of respect for his past services. There was some excellent singing during the evening, P.G. William D. Bidgood ably presiding at the pianoforte. He received a cordial vote of thanks for his gratuitous services.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—The 21st anniversary of the St. Edmund's Lodge was celebrated on Monday the 8th September. The members, in the morning, formed an imposing procession, displaying the new banner lately purchased, and numerous other colours. They marched to St. Mary's church, where an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Richardson, M.A., Incumbent. After service they promenade the principal streets, and amused themselves in various ways until the hour fixed for dinner in the old Corn Exchange. The chair was taken by the Mayor (Charles Beard, Esq.); P. Prov. G.M. Hogg filled the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and other toasts had been duly honoured, the vice-chairman responded to the "Grand Master and Board of Directors" in an eloquent address; in the course of which he observed, they were all men of business,

who brought their business habits to bear upon the interest of the Order. The whole cost of the working executive amounted to something like one farthing per member per annum. (Applause.) The number of appeals the Directors had had to hear was about 160, and he thought their decisions had given general satisfaction, if not they would not have been re-elected. The vice-chairman then read a letter, wherein Mr. Daynes expressed his regret at being unable to attend, in consequence of being called to London on a deputation to Mr. Tidd Pratt, upon some points raised by that gentleman on being asked to register some district laws. P. Prov. G.M. Carter, secretary, in responding to the toast of the St. Edmund's Lodge, stated that in the last twelve months they had received in contributions, etc., £541 18s. 6d. They had expended, in sick pay to 37 members, £96 2s. 11d.; share of district funeral expenditure, £33 4s. 3d.; paid into management fund, £130 18s. 3d.; and saved during the year, £281 13s. 1d. They had initiated 75 new members, and the total number now on the books was 337. The capital of the lodge amounted to £1457 13s. 10d. The Mayor, in responding to his health, said, he considered that in presiding at the anniversary of a club of this sort the Mayor was quite in his place. He regarded clubs of this kind as calculated to raise the independence and character of the members; any young man made a great mistake in not belonging to a well-organised and well-managed society. In his opinion they were teaching the world a lesson, for they were doing what every Englishman prided himself in—they were helping themselves; and he believed any Englishman would rather have one shilling that he earned, than receive five in charity. (Applause.) Other toasts followed. A ball afterwards took place at the Town Hall, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—EXTENSION OF ODDFELLOWSHIP IN TURKEY.—Tuesday, September 2nd, being appointed by the officers of the North London district for the opening of the New Armenian Lodge, "*The Loyal Orion*," the members of the Star of the East Lodge met for that purpose in their club-room, Pera. Past Grand S. Whaley, acting for the Pro. G.M., opened the new lodge in a very distinct and impressive manner. Every one appeared gratified with the ceremony. The officers for the new lodge were then installed, and the lodge duly closed. Afterwards, a number of Armenians, candidates for admission into the new lodge, sat down with the members of the Star of the East Lodge (in all about sixty persons) to an excellent dinner. P.G. Whaley having been elected to the chair, proposed the health of Her Majesty the Queen, which was heartily responded to, and some bars of the National Anthem sung. He next proposed His Majesty the Sultan, which toast was very enthusiastically responded to. The chairman then proposed, in a very appropriate speech, "*The New Armenian Lodge*;" coupling therewith the name of Br. S. Asnavour, the N.G. elect of the new lodge, and the enthusiastic promoter of Oddfellowship among the Armenians. N.G. S. Asnavour replied in good English, thanking the members of the Star of the East Lodge for their cordial assistance towards obtaining the dispensation for the Armenian Lodge, alluding, in special terms, to the exertions of P.G. Whaley and N.G. Arnold, the founders of Oddfellowship in Turkey. N.G. Arnold replied to the toast, the "*Star of the East Lodge*," and spoke in touching terms of the pleasure he felt in beholding the first native lodge opened in Turkey. He regretted that an error had got abroad with regard to the number of Armenians likely to join the Order. For 50,000 should certainly be read 5,000, which was a number he had every hope a few years would realise. The chairman next proposed the health of Br. A. A. Fry, Esq. This toast was very warmly received. Br. Fry replied in a speech worthy of the occasion and of his sympathy with societies such as ours. He is the founder of, and

lecturer at, the Literary and Scientific Institution. Br. Fry concluded by proposing the health of the Armenians, to which Br. P. Mamorian replied in English. He believed that his fellow-countrymen would prove all the English brethren could hope, and more than they could expect. They would preserve intact all the rules and secrets of the Order. N.G. Arnold then proposed the "Officers of the Order and the North London District;" in doing which he particularly mentioned the services of P.G.M. the late Mr. James Roe, who was the C.S. of the North London district, when application was made for a dispensation for the first lodge in Turkey. This reference to Mr. Roe called forth expressions of sincere regret for the loss sustained by the Order. He referred likewise to the services of P. Prov. G.Ms. Rough, Filsell, and Harris, to whom a vote of thanks was carried unanimously. P.G. Whaley, who had acted for the district officers on this important occasion, replied to the toast of his health in his usual pleasing style. The meeting passed off most harmoniously, and evidently gave great satisfaction to all present.

DISS, NORFOLK.—Our brethren at Diss have inaugurated a movement with the view of raising, by subscription, a fund wherewith to purchase and endow a life-boat, to be called the "Odd-fellow," or some such appropriate name. They propose, if successful, to present the boat, in the name of the Unity, to the National Life Boat Association. The great service rendered by this, one of the noblest of the many noble philanthropic institutions of this country, during the past few months, in the salvation of human life exposed to the mercy of the warring elements, can never be over-estimated. It is to be regretted that more means have not been placed at the disposal of this institution, as it is a demonstrable fact that scores of human beings annually perish on our coast, whose lives would be saved if our gallant life-boat fleet was numerically strong enough to guard the entire extent of our sea-board. Our brethren may perhaps not immediately succeed in their truly benevolent purpose, owing to the appeal now being made throughout the Order for funds for the relief of the Lancashire distress. But, when the factories of the North are again in full operation, doubtless the object will commend itself, especially to men banded together to comfort the widow and the orphan, and to relieve misfortune and distress; and what distress, or what misfortune can exceed that of the shipwrecked seaman vainly struggling for life in the sight of a friendly shore?

HARTLEPOOL.—The anniversary celebration of the Havelock Lodge, came off this year with great *eclat*. A numerous company of the brethren dined together on Wednesday evening, Oct. 15th, at Mr. Brown's, the Raby Hotel. The chair and vice-chair were filled by Mrs. J. C. Botham, M.D., surgeon to the lodge, and J. J. Armstrong, D. Prov. G.M. After the usual loyal, patriotic and other toasts were duly honoured, Br. Ragg, secretary, stated, that the Havelock, though a young lodge, is a promising and so far a prosperous one. It numbers at present upwards of 100 members, and possessed a total accumulated fund, at the end of June last, of £150 1s. 6d., after having paid £62 16s. 4d. towards the relief of sick members, and £27 to the relatives of deceased brothers from the commencement of lodge to present time.

HOBART TOWN.—On Monday evening, August 11, a tea meeting was held at the Alliance Rooms, Macquarie-street, on the occasion of a Presentation of Plate to Past Provincial Corresponding Secretary George Strutt, who is about to leave Hobart Town, to accept an appointment at Port Arthur, in the Engineer Department. The hall was gaily decorated with banners, and floral designs, some of which were the handiwork of the ladies. About 300 officers and brethren of the Order, with their families, besides visitors, sat down to the repast. Provincial Grand Master Gregory, who occupied

the chair, made the presentation, and read a very eulogistic address which accompanied it. Mr. Strutt appropriately acknowledged the kindness of his brethren. The presentation consisted of a service of plate. A salver bore the following inscription:—"This Salver, and an accompanying Tea, Coffee, and Dinner Service, presented to P. Pro. C.S. George Strutt, by the Hobart Town District of the I.O.O.F., in connection with the Manchester Unity, as a Testimonial, in recognition of his faithful services during the long period of 14 years. July 1st, 1862." The chairman afterwards presented a framed Certificate of Merit to P. Prov. G.M. Cooper, which that brother suitably acknowledged.

LEICESTER.—On Whit-Monday, the Rev. D. J. Vaughan, M.A. vicar of St. Martin's, and honorary member of the Order, preached a sermon to the members of the district, when a collection was made in aid of the funds of the Leicester Infirmary, Dispensary, and Blind Institution. The Rev. gentleman selected as a text the words, "Let brotherly love continue," from Heb. xiii. 1. The discourse gave so much satisfaction, that the brethren determined upon its publication. We have perused it with much pleasure, and can confidently recommend it to the notice of members, as an earnest, and, at the same time, a thoroughly practical exposition of one of the great principles of religion and Oddfellowship.

NEWCASTLE.—The members of the Wellington Lodge met to celebrate their 21st anniversary at Mr. Hudson's, Lowther Inn, Bigg Market, Newcastle, on the 13th Oct., on which occasion they took the opportunity of presenting their treasurer, P. Prov. G.M. William Greaves, with a patent lever silver watch and gold guard, of the value of £13, for his gratuitous services in that capacity, and for his honest and persevering conduct, both as a lodge and district officer. The testimonial bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. William Greaves, by the members of the Loyal Wellington Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne district, of the Manchester Unity of Independent Order of Oddfellows, and friends, for his honest and upright conduct, and for his gratuitous services as treasurer for a number of years. October 13th, 1862." After supper the health of "The Queen and Royal Family" was given by the chairman (Mr. Brierley). P. Prov. G.M. James Thompson spoke of the many sacrifices made by Mr. Greaves to his personal comfort, solely to benefit that society, whose welfare he had at heart. Mr. Thompson placed the guard round the treasurer's neck, and expressed a wish that he might long live to enjoy that emblem of gratitude from his many friends. Mr. Greaves, under great emotion, made a brief but touching reply, and assured the contributors that what they had given him that evening would be kept as an heir-loom in his family. P.G.M. Richardson delivered a very eloquent address, on the advantages held out to the working classes by such provident societies.

NORTH LONDON.—On Sunday afternoon, the 9th November last, a numerous body of the brethren, accompanied by the committee, Messrs. Dansie, Diprose, Mitchell, Pelton, Rough, Stephens, Stocker, and Woods left the private station of the Great Northern Cemetery Company, York Road, for the purpose of inaugurating the monument erected by the voluntary subscriptions of the members of the North London District, over the grave of the late James Roe, P.G.M. On arriving at the cemetery, the brethren formed themselves into a procession, and proceeded immediately to the grave of their departed brother, when Mr. Diprose, P.G.M., delivered the following address:—"Under the banner of Oddfellowship, we have assembled this day to perpetuate the memory of our late Br. James Roe, who devoted the last 21 years of his life to the advancement of the principles of Oddfellowship, and as a token of our esteem for the faithful and efficient services he tendered as the secretary of our district, we have erected this monument, the inauguration of which it is my

privilege to perform on behalf and in the name of the committee and members of the N.L.D.M.U.L.O.F., and I earnestly hope that this humble but sincere acknowledgment of our gratitude and regard will afford some little consolation to his afflicted wife and children; and that it will be pleasing for them to know that, although his remains lay in this silent tomb, his memory lives in the hearts of thousands of his fellow creatures. I further hope that our young friends may learn from this, that however humble may be their prospects in the dawn of life, that it is possible for them to raise themselves to a high position. It would be a failure on my part to attempt to enumerate the many good works of our departed friend; but I can say, with the greatest confidence, that he was a most useful and faithful Oddfellow, and the name of James Roe will be one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned the Manchester Unity. I am very happy to state that the cost of this monument, together with the funeral and cemetery expenses have been paid by the voluntary subscriptions of the brethren of this district; and I have also the happiness to state that the Unity petition in favour of Mrs. Roe and family is progressing most favorably. In conclusion, permit me to thank you for your kind attendance here to-day, and I trust we shall all earnestly unite in the cause of Oddfellowship, feeling assured if we do that with a sincerity of purpose, the day will come when we shall enjoy, in all its purity and greatness, the glorious principles of our Order—Friendship, Love, and Truth." D. Prov. G.M. Mitchell then read the inscription, which is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of James Roe, who departed this life the 24th day of November, 1861. He was a Past Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Friendly Society; for 18 years one of the Board of Directors, and Secretary of the North London district of the said Order during a period of 21 years; the members thereof, in token of their esteem, have erected this monument.—'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'" Mr. Diprose then said, "in handing this monument over to the care and protection of the Cemetery Company, he hoped they would preserve it as their own property, in order that for years to come the members might point to it as a record that the M.U. had produced so worthy a man as James Roe." The brethren then returned to the railway station.

NORTH LONDON.—The members of the St. George Lodge, presented a very handsome silver snuff box, suitably inscribed, to P.G. Roche, of the Jolly Bucks Lodge, for his services to the St. George Lodge, as N.G. bringing members from his own lodge to fill the offices and otherwise assisting the lodge with his counsel and advice. P.G. Prickett, on whom the pleasing duty of making the presentation devolved, delivered an appropriate address. He expatiated upon the able manner in which P.G. Roche had discharged his duties, and heartily wished him long life and happiness. P.G. Roche appropriately replied. He promised the members he would still continue to aid them with his best advice and assistance. The evening was spent in a most pleasant manner, by a very large number of visitors from various lodges.

NORTH LONDON.—The members of the Pride of Westmoreland Lodge assembled at the Sutton Arms, Caledonian Road, in November last, for the purpose of presenting their worthy host, Mr. Francis Frebont, with a handsomely-chased massive silver cup, on which was beautifully engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to Brother Francis Frebont, by the members of the Pride of Westmoreland Lodge (No. 3868, N.L.D., I.O.O.F., M.U.), as a token of their respect during the ten years he has been their worthy host. Oct. 28, 1862." The chair was taken by Mr. Edward Colebrook, who, in the name of the lodge, in a complimentary speech, made the presentation. Mr. Frebont appropriately responded, amidst loud applause. The G.M. of the district paid a merited compliment to Mr. Simms, whom he designated as one

of the best secretaries in the district. Mr. Simms, in responding, said, when he took possession of the books there were 83 members, with a capital of £280; at the present time there were 164 members, with a capital of £670—thereby showing the members had doubled their number, and that the capital had nearly trebled. During the evening the handsome silver cup was in general requisition, and was kept well supplied with "balmy wine," to which all present did ample justice, pledging the "loving cup" to the health and continued prosperity of their courteous and worthy host, Mr. Frebout.

NORTH LONDON.—On the 12th November last, the district officers visited the Countess of Darlington Lodge. The lodge held its meeting, on this special occasion, at Caldwell's Assembly Rooms, Dean-street, Soho. This very large and commodious room was crowded, and a large number of members were unable to gain admittance. In addressing the meeting, Mr. Diprose, the Prov. Grand Master, referred to the distress of our brethren in the cotton districts, which called forth the warmest expressions of sympathy. He regretted the absence of a uniform system of book-keeping in the lodges of the district, and in the Unity, and pointed out the necessity for improvement in this respect. He recommended the regular delivery of the lectures, as a means of qualifying brethren for office, and thus secure a more efficient staff than they at present possessed. A very agreeable and instructive evening was spent.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—A very numerous meeting of the members of various Metropolitan districts assembled at the Eagle Tavern, City Road, on Monday, December 15th, 1862, upon which occasion the members of the Earl of Shaftesbury Lodge adjourned the lodge meeting to the above Tavern to receive their brethren. The chair was most ably filled by N.G. Fellows, supported by V.G. Furniss and secretary Johnston. The large room was crowded, and several distinguished present and past officers took part in the proceedings. Mr. Diprose, Prov. G.M. proposed "The Board of Directors." In the course of his speech he said: "At the present time they are most earnestly engaged on behalf of our distressed brethren in the Cotton Districts, and the duties they have to perform are of that nature, that require their most serious attention, and I trust they will have the support of the society to uphold them under the difficult circumstances in which they are now placed, by the unfortunate calamity that has befallen the working classes of the Manufacturing Districts." Mr. Burgess D.G.M. ably responded. Referring to the action of the executive relative to the Lancashire Distress, he said: "The Board of Directors, under these circumstances, considered it to be their duty to call the attention of lodges in those districts to the fact, that they could advance (by way of loan) to members, the amount of their contributions, for the period of six months, in order to keep their members good on the books and to prevent them leaving the order, by allowing their contributions to become in arrear. The condition of the advance being, that when the present calamity was passed, and members became in a position to do so, for them to re-pay the amount back to the lodge which had been loaned to them." Mr. Mitchell, D. Prov. G.M. proposed "Friendly Societies," coupled with the name of P.G. M. Hardwick, who, in replying, amongst other observations relative to the condition of the people in the Cotton Districts, stated: "That in his native town, Preston, about 50 per cent. were compelled to apply for relief. In that town about 3000 persons were members of the Manchester Unity, out of whom not more than 20 per cent. have yet applied for assistance." This he contended resulted from the habits of prudence, forethought, and self-reliance inculcated by their society. Mr. Hardwick fully endorsed the conduct of the

Directors respecting the granting of loans, contending it was a wise, humane, and perfectly legal course of action. Many other toasts were ably proposed, and the following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Board of Directors, for the able manner in which they have met the great and trying emergency caused by the distress among the northern districts; and this meeting does hereby concur in the steps they have taken, and feels convinced that the matter can be left safely in their hands."

NORWICH.—At a meeting of the Amicable Lodge, held at the Bell Hotel, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 14th 1862, a testimonial, consisting of a gold watch and chain, was presented to the Permanent Secretary, Mr. Charles Thompson, by the Grand Master of the District, Mr. Bryant Allen, who, at considerable length, detailed the various posts of office held in the lodge by the Secretary for more than twenty years, which he had carried out in a manner that was exceedingly creditable. Some persons (continued the Grand Master) were greatly opposed to presentations of this kind, but it was very well known that friendly societies could not afford to pay such valuable servants as the one to whom he was, in the name of the lodge, about to make the presentation, and he thought it was the only way in which such services could be acknowledged. He hoped that the Secretary would have long life and happiness to wear the watch and chain, and when the time should come for him to depart from this world, that it would be prized by those whom he left behind, stimulating them to acts of honesty, integrity, and sobriety. The Secretary thanked the lodge for the very handsome token of their appreciation of his conduct. He assured them it would be his chief study to retain the confidence whilst he held the office, and he hoped those who succeeded him, would by their conduct meet with the same appreciation he had that evening received. A band, composed of brethren of the Order, was in attendance, and performed several pieces of music, to the evident satisfaction of the two hundred persons who were present.

OLDHAM.—The presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Joseph Lomas, P. Prov. G.M. for his valuable services as an officer for upwards of twenty years, took place at the house of Mr. John Taylor, the Sergeant-at-Arms Inn, King-street, on Tuesday, the 21st October, ultimo, when about fifty persons sat down to supper. After the cloth had been removed, the business of the meeting was proceeded with, under the presidency of Mr. Wm. Butterworth, G.M.; Mr. Wm. Wrigley, vice-chairman. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were suitably responded to. The toast of the evening, "The health and prosperity of Mr. Lomas" was proposed, and the presentation, consisting of an embossed card, neatly framed, with the writing in the old English style, and a book, was then made to him by Mr. Tetlow, P.G., who, in the course of his address, expressed his regret that the state of Mr. Lomas's health necessitated his leaving this country for Queensland. He had been an Odd-fellow for the last quarter of a century, and had passed the various offices of his lodge with credit to himself, and had worked hard for the Widow and Orphan Fund committee. He served as president and vice-president for them while health and strength would permit, and worked hard to promote the educational cause. He had taken the highest honours that the Oldham district could confer, as D.G.M. in 1856, and G.M. in 1857, and was one of the committee of the Widow and Orphan Fund. Mr. Lomas thanked them for the kind feelings which had prompted them to give him such a testimonial, which, though not of great value, would be treasured by him as a token of their respect so long as he lived. The services he had rendered to the Order, were not given in expectation of any reward, but because his heart was in the cause. Mr. Birmingham, D. Pro. G.M. responded to the

toast of the district, in the course of which he observed: "There are at present about 2,800 members in this district, and I venture to say, that its business is conducted with as strict regard to economy as any in the Unity. You will, I am sure, say so when I tell you that the whole of the officers discharge their various duties for the small sum of about £23 per annum."

OXFORD.—The 2nd anniversary of the Prince of Wales Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday evening, the 22nd October, at the lodge room, the Druids' Head Inn, George Street, when about seventy brethren and friends of the Order partook of a substantial repast. Mr. Ex-Sheriff Thompson presided, and was supported by Mr. Councillor Grant, Mr. Councillor E. T. Spiers, J. Godfrey, Esq., Colour Sergeant John Bacon, Messrs. Green, Anderson, German, Wakefield, &c. The duties of vice-chairman were discharged by Mr. Jessie Faulkner. After the usual loyal toasts, Br. Warner, in proposing "The Grand Master and Board of Directors," remarked in the course of an eloquent speech, that forty-four years ago this great and noble society was so small that it might be compared to the tiny acorn slumbering beneath the earth, but at the present time, in consequence of the energy, attention, and straight-forward conduct of the Board of Directors, it had been raised to a mighty oak, and on that ground he thought they were entitled to the gratitude and respect of every member of the Order. Br. Green returned thanks in a highly complimentary address. Prov. G.M. Anderson responded for the district. He concluded by expressing a hope that they would do something individually and collectively for the relief of their suffering brethren in Lancashire. The chief business of the evening was the presentation by the chairman, in an eloquent address, of medals to two worthy past officers. The medals were of silver, and one bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Br. P.G. Green, of the Wellington Lodge, by the members of the Loyal Prince of Wales Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., for the efficient services rendered to their Lodge, October 22, 1862." The medal presented to Br. P.G. German bore a similar inscription. Both gentlemen returned thanks in appropriate terms. A very harmonious evening was spent.

POOLE.—For some time past the members of the Poole district have determined to erect an Odd-fellows' Hall. The preliminary arrangements having been made and a suitable site obtained, Monday, the 8th of September, was fixed upon for the ceremony of laying the foundation stone. The day was observed as a general holiday, and the town was profusely decorated with arches, banners, mottoes, etc. At noon a grand procession of the members and visiting friends, with flags, banners, and splendid regalia, marched in procession to the site of the building, in Hunger Hill, where the ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed by the Worshipful the Mayor of Poole (William Lewis Cockram Adey, Esq.), in the presence of the sheriff, the corporation, and several officials of the Poole district of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. Dr. Crabb (surgeon to the Good Samaritan and Philanthropic Lodges) on presenting a silver trowel to the Mayor, said, that there were now in existence in the town four lodges of Odd-Fellows, comprising from 800 to 1,000 members, and that, irrespective of one lodge, their meetings were all held at inns or taverns. Of course many obstacles existed towards founding a building of this kind. One had been the difficulty of obtaining a site, and another that of obtaining the funds. The first of these had been got over, and as regarded the second, judging from the kind of reception the committee had met with in the solicitations they had made, he had no doubt but that in a short time the building would be relieved from all debt. A zinc box, containing a number of documents and publications of the Order, coins, etc., was deposited in the cavity of the stone. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Mayor and other influential gentlemen, expressed their satisfaction with the proceedings, and their approval of the

principles and objects of the Unity. After another imposing procession, the members assembled on the ground and enjoyed themselves with the amusements usual at out-door *fetes*. The local press says:—"The day's proceedings will be looked back to with pleasure by all interested in the welfare of the town, as the beginning of an important era in connexion with Oddfellowship at Poole."

PORTSMOUTH.—On Wednesday evening, the 16th of July, the members of the Benevolent Lodge met to present P.G. John Aris, their secretary, with a testimonial of their esteem for his valuable services. Julian Slight, Esq., surgeon to the lodge, occupied the chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been gone through, he stated that the object of the meeting was the presentation of a testimonial of respect to one of the most worthy, intelligent, independent, and industrious members of the lodge. In the name and on behalf of the officers and members of the lodge, he presented to Mr. Aris a handsome silver watch, as a mark of esteem and regard, and as an acknowledgment of their gratitude for his untiring zeal and exertions for the general welfare and prosperity of the Order. Mr. Aris heartily thanked the brothers for their kind appreciation of his services; and after stating the worth of the lodge to be £512 6s. 8½d., and giving other very interesting information, he was heartily cheered by the whole of the members.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday, Nov. 10th, about sixty of the members and friends of the St. Andrew's Lodge of Oddfellows, Hanley, sat down to a sumptuous dinner, provided by hostess Wooliscroft, of the Three Suns Inn, in celebration of the 27th anniversary of the Lodge. After dinner, Prov. G.M. Emanuel Lovekin took the chair, and Prov. D.G. M. John Bennett, officiated as vice-chairman. A number of loyal and other toasts were given during the evening, and responded to by the chairman, vice-chairman, P. Bowers, C.S. of the district, P. Prov. G.M. Edwin Alcock, N.G. Farrington, Secretary Brain, &c. Mr. Brain read a statement which he had prepared, showing the rapid progress the society had made in its financial position during the last four years, having saved £150 during that period, the Lodge numbering only forty members.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday, Aug. 4th, the members of the Miners' Glory Lodge, celebrated their second anniversary at host Hancock's, Swan Inn, Talk-o'-th'-Hill. At eleven o'clock, a procession was formed, when about 100 members and visitors from the adjoining lodges, paraded through the village and visited several gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood. A suitable sermon was preached at the village church, by the Rev. M. W. McHutchin, an honorary member of the lodge, after which, about 400 members and friends sat down to an excellent sandwich tea. After tea, Mr. J. Bennett, Prov. D.G.M. of the district, took the chair, and gave an interesting sketch of the rise, progress, and present position of the Manchester Unity. Mr. Antrobus, surgeon of the lodge, spoke of the great amount of good which resulted from the spreading of the principles of Oddfellowship, and concluded a very witty speech, by proposing success to the Miners' Glory Lodge. A very agreeable evening was spent, and no doubt the annual gathering will be the means of adding a number of members to the recently opened lodge.

SHEFFIELD.—The second annual dinner of the Sheffield district was given at the Cutlers' Hall, on Tuesday, September 30th. Upwards of 220 members of the Order sat down to the repast. The Mayor (John Brown, Esq.) presided, and among the other principal guests were: Mr. Joseph Woodcock, G.M. of the Order, Glossop; Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., Manchester; Mr. John Schofield, Past G.M., Bradford; Ald. Bradley, Dr. J. C. Hall, Dr. Dawson, Mr. Walker, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Taylor, surgeons. A large

number of gentlemen had sent letters of apology for unavoidable absence. After the usual loyal toasts, the Mayor, in proposing the "Unity," said, he admired the principle of this society, which, without ostentation, helped the helpless, as he loved the man who extended the kindly hand of charity unknown to, and without requiring the applause of, the world. (Hear, hear.) He congratulated the society with all his heart; he trusted its chain of friendship had not a single broken link, but when touched at one end would, like the electric wire, vibrate to the other. Mr. Hardwick responded at some length. He observed, the great principle of this and kindred societies, which were peculiarly English, though more or less copied by foreign countries, was self-dependence, growing out of the love of independence. Tracing the origin of friendly societies to the spread of freedom among the masses of English society, he urged their vast social importance, as schools in which the working classes were educated in the principles of government and in respect for the laws. Mr. Woodcock, G.M., responded to the toast of the Grand Master and Board of Directors, in an effective speech. Dr. Hall proposed "The Widow and Orphan Fund," in a lengthy and telling address, to which Mr. S. Rimer ably responded. Mr. Schofield, P.G.M., toasted "The Ladies." The Mayor in responding to his health, said he had spent one of the happiest of days. In the morning he had presided at a meeting, whose object it was to provide for the spiritual wants of the people, and then he was looking after their temporal welfare. The two societies may well go hand in hand.

TRURO.—A dispensation having been granted by the G.M. and Board of Directors of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, for the purpose of opening a lodge at Devoran, the officers of the Truro district attended at the New Public Rooms in that thriving little town, on Monday the 27th October, where (being assisted by several officers and brethren from the Loyal Temple of Peace Lodge, and Loyal Florence Nightingale Lodge) having opened the lodge in due form and initiated 16 members, the Prov. G.M. presented them with the dispensation, naming the lodge the "Loyal Robartes Lodge, No. 5091." On closing the lodge the brethren formed in procession in full regalia, and proceeded to the church of St. John the Evangelist. The prayers were read by Br. the Rev. H. W. Tucker, the chaplain of the new lodge, and the sermon was preached by Br. the Rev. G. L. Church, the chaplain of the Loyal Florence Nightingale Lodge. On leaving the church, the procession proceeded through the town, returning to the lodge-room, where they sat down to a substantial dinner, under the presidency of Br. the Rev. H. W. Tucker, the vice-chair being filled by the Prov. G.M. Rowe; the second table was presided over by the Prov. D.G.M. Oke, the N.G. of the new lodge acting as his vice. The usual toasts were given and drunk with enthusiasm, and several excellent glees and songs added to the evening's enjoyment.

ULVERSTON.—On the evening of Saturday, the 11th of October, about forty members of the Broughton Tower Lodge, and a few neighbouring friends, met at host J. Jackson's, the Old King's Head, and after partaking of an excellent supper, proceeded to the lodge-room, for the purpose of presenting P. Prov. G.M. James Moore with a gold watch, value fifteen guineas, as a testimonial of esteem for his services and conduct during a period of twenty-four years. Mr. J. Robinson, of Ulverston, C.S. of the district, was called to the chair; and after the usual loyal toasts, he proposed the health of Mr. Moore, and presented the handsome gold watch. The chairman passed a warm eulogium on Mr. Moore, whose conduct for nearly a quarter of a century had secured the esteem of those associated with him in carrying out the principles of the Order, as well as that of his neighbours and friends. Mr. Moore returned thanks in a happy and highly appropriate manner, assuring the company that he would hold dear the splendid testimonial to the latest

moment of his life, and trusted it would descend a heirloom in his family for generations to come. The meeting will be long remembered by all present as one of the most agreeable ever held in the district.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The 25th anniversary of the Pride of Wolverhampton Lodge was celebrated at the house of Mr. Mantle, the Mitre Inn, Worcester-street, on the 4th Nov. last, when upwards of seventy members and friends partook of an excellent dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. Joseph Bates, P. Prov. G.M., supported by several of the past and present district officers; the duties of the vice-chair being discharged by Mr. V. Smith, P.G. After the usual loyal toasts had been duly honoured, Mr. T. Collins, in responding to the toast of the Unity, referred to the previous exertions of the members in cases of great national calamity. He had no hesitation in saying that the members of the Manchester Unity would generously respond to the appeal which had been made to them in the address to the various lodges issued by the Board of Directors with reference to the alarming state of destitution now existing in Lancashire. Mr. Feibush, Prov. G.M. said the district numbered 1,300 members and possessed a total reserved fund of £8,000. Mr. Underwood, secretary, said that on the 31st of December last the capital of the lodge was £727 17s. 4d., and at the present time it amounted to £775 0s. 10d., being an increase of £47 1s. 6d. During the same period the lodge had initiated twelve new members, and now comprised 128 members. Mr. Thomas Collins, in responding for the Widows and Orphans, stated that the fund now comprised 350 members, with a capital of £450, and that during the present year, in consequence of recent alterations in the rules, they had enrolled upwards of 100 new members.

Obituary.

On Saturday, November 22nd, at 141, Sloane Street, Chelsea, aged 38 years, Mr. William Marshall, Surveyor, &c. He was a member of the Loyal Pride of the Valley Lodge, Petersfield, in the Godalming District. The deceased worked with his father, as a shoemaker, until he was 23 years of age. Although having to labour at his trade early and late, and without the advantages of scholastic training, by perseverance and close application to study, he attained great proficiency in mensuration and geometry. After encountering many trials, which in his case made his heart grow stronger, he was appointed Surveyor to the South Yorkshire Railway Company at Rotherham. About three years afterwards he was employed by Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, the contractors for the erection of the Great International Exhibition, and was selected by them to set out the ground plan of that world's great emporium. He received the highest eulogiums from the commissioners and contractors, and the greatest esteem and respect from the hundreds employed on that great work. After the completion of the exhibition building, he was engaged in the survey of a railway in Gloucestershire; when, feeling a little indisposed, he returned to London for quietude and rest; but his illness rapidly increased till death terminated his sufferings. He has left a widow and two small children to lament his early death. The short but useful career of the deceased is worthy of imitation. By zealously applying himself to study, from a humble village shoemaker, he rose to a distinguished position as surveyor, and, but for his early demise, he would undoubtedly have risen to still higher eminence in his chosen profession.



Yours truly
W. H. Woodcut

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1863.

Edwin Noon, P. Prob. G. M.

THE brief memoirs which our Quarterly Magazine enables us to give of some of our most useful members and co-workers in the management of our Order, we believe to be productive of much good. They make us acquainted with men of intelligence and cultivated minds, of keen and practical intellects—men who possess the faculty of thinking correctly; and acting promptly—men who have been schooled by experience, and who are ready and willing to aid their brethren in the acquirement of that knowledge, which is so desirable and necessary in the management of our vast Unity. We have already very many such biographical records, and it is our pleasure to add still one more to the list of such worthies. Mr. Edwin Noon, the subject of our present notice, was born at Ilkeston, in the county of Derby, on the twenty-first day of August, 1820. He was the firstborn of Mr. Samuel Noon, a machinist in connexion with the lace and hosiery trades, whose early death left his two sons and two daughters entirely dependant upon the exertions of his widow. Mr. Noon was thus in his boyhood made well acquainted with the trials and troubles attendant on adversity: the greatest of which trials was, a want of the means necessary to secure a good education. However, before he was ten years of age, he had formed resolutions which should serve him in his race through life—he *determined to educate himself*; and without his mother's knowledge, he sought and obtained *employment* as a framework knitter's needle maker, in which trade he continued as apprentice, journeyman, and master, until he was 36 years of age, when he finally quitted it for another sphere. In such high estimation was he held in his trade, that he was unanimously elected chairman of the Trade Union, in which *both masters and workmen were united*. He has since that time been carrying on an extensive business as ale and porter merchant, and has served his fellow-townsmen by

fulfilling the duties of all the principal parochial offices, viz., surveyor of highways; chairman of the board of gas inspectors; chairman of the highway board; overseer of the poor; and guardian of the poor.

No society, having kindred objects in view, ever seeks his aid in vain. He brings an honest zeal to work, and with the advantage of great experience, and a thorough knowledge how to conduct business and carry it practically through to a successful issue, he cheerfully assists them in their difficulties.

Mr. Noon was initiated in the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, Belper, on the 29th January, 1841, and was appointed right supporter to the N.G. on the following lodge-night. He successfully filled the duties of the higher offices in his lodge, and in the year 1845, having rendered great services to the Widows and Orphans Fund of the district, a splendid silver medal and collar was presented to him. In the memorable year 1848, Mr. Noon was appointed to represent his district at the special meeting in the Corn Exchange, Manchester. In July of the same year he was elected C.S. of his district. In 1849, he served as D.G.M. of the district. In 1850, he served as G.M. of the district, and also represented it at the Halifax A.M.C. In 1851, he was appointed president and treasurer of the Widows and Orphans Fund of the district, and these offices he still continues to hold. He was also appointed to represent his district at the Dublin A.M.C., when his exertions and vote were given in favour of the legalization of the Order, and with the exception of the London A.M.C. (when he was defeated by one vote), he has been appointed to attend every A.M.C. up to and including the meeting at Brighton. In 1855, he was presented, by the officers and members of his district, with a lever watch and gold chain. In 1857, the whole of the surgeons of the district entered into a combination, with the object of selecting such of the members of friendly societies as they were willing to have placed on their lists, determining to exclude all tradesmen and men in responsible situations of trust, which secured to them an income above that of an ordinary working man. By his indomitable exertions and steadfast perseverance, Mr. Noon succeeded in defeating this combination; and to mark their high appreciation of his very valuable services, the whole of the friendly societies in the town and neighbourhood determined on presenting him with a suitable memorial of the occasion. One hundred and eighty members of the Manchester Unity, Leeds Order, Metropolitan Order, Derby Economical Order, Nottingham Imperial, Nottingham Albions, Foresters and Druids, dined together in the court room, Belper; after which a splendid silver cup, bearing a suitable inscription, was presented to him. In 1852, Mr. Noon was re-elected to the office of C.S. of the district, and still continues to fulfil its duties to the satisfaction of the members. He has served the Unity on all the sub-committees at the annual meetings, and at the Bolton A.M.C. he was elected one of the directors of the Order. At the Brighton meeting, Mr. Noon had the high honour of receiving by far the highest number of votes for his portrait to grace the pages of our magazine.

Mr. Noon is also a member of the Masonic craft, and a Forester. Having been elected to represent the Derby and Derbyshire district at

the high court meeting, held at Shrewsbury, during the week ending August 9th, 1862, he was presented with a very beautiful and massive silver snuff-box, with the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. Edwin Noon, Chief Ranger of the Derby and Derbyshire District of the Ancient Order of Foresters, by the Foresters of Belper, to mark their appreciation of his services to Court Flower of England, No. 2769, and to the District, August 2nd, 1862."

Mr. Noon's domestic life is blessed with a very estimable wife, two sons, and two daughters. He has long been known and admired for the intelligence and independence which he has manifested in the cause of the working man. The working classes in his own neighbourhood are justly proud of him. He is in possession of their fullest confidence, and while he never halts in seeking redress for their wrongs, he hesitates not to tell them of their own errors and shortcomings. Twenty-two years—one half of his life—have been well spent in striving to eradicate error in friendly society management, and assisting others in the erection of a system of management, which shall be fraught not only with great results in the present, but much greater in the future.

The Lancashire Distress Fund.

THE Unity generally continues nobly to respond to the appeal made on behalf of our unemployed brethren in Lancashire and its vicinity. The Directors, at their meeting in February, distributed a further sum of £1,461 7s., which, added to that apportioned in December last, makes a total of £3,377 9s. The amount received up to the 13th February, was £3,680, which left a balance on hand of upwards of £300. During the following week the total subscription increased to £4,034. As contributions are still being forwarded, the Directors at their May meeting, will be enabled to distribute another handsome sum amongst our suffering brethren. The Australian, like our North American colonies, have shown their sympathy in the most munificent manner. South Australia has sent £300; Victoria, £143 8s.; Hobart Town, £21 17s.; Wellington, New Zealand, £100; and Nelson, New Zealand, £174; £118 of which, at the request of the donors, has been handed over to the Central Relief Committee. Our brethren in Nelson have been highly complimented by their local press, for their prompt action in this matter.

Parochial Friendly Societies.

ENTERTAINING a profound conviction of the great value of friendly society organisation in the advancement of the moral, social, and physical prosperity of the community at large, we are ever disposed to regard with a favourable eye, any thoroughly honest effort in that direction, however humble or imperfect that effort may be. The intelligent advocates of Friendly Society Insurance have two distinct objects in view, or two distinct difficulties to overcome. The first is the indoctrinating of that section of the operative population, which yet stands aloof from Friendly Society influence, with a sense of the necessity which exists for the making of a provision, in some shape or other, during the period of healthy manhood, for the contingencies of sickness, accident, etc., incident, in a greater or lesser degree, to each individual, during his passage through life. The second is the teaching of the parties so providently disposed, the laws of average sickness, etc., by the study of which, alone, sound financial principles are attained, and the future security of a society guaranteed. We have ever contended that success, in the first mentioned object, is a legitimate source of satisfaction, and a substantial advantage; even if it be unaccompanied by profound legislative capacity, or the latest, and therefore the most reliable, tables of payment and benefits which modern science can place at the disposal of the members. The action may be partial, incomplete, and even evanescent, but it is a healthy action, to some extent, nevertheless. All the old friendly societies, of necessity, were compelled to adopt rates of in-payment and benefit, that were untested by experience, simply because, in such matters, experiment must, in the very nature of things, precede accurate scientific inference. It is, indeed, only from the data furnished by the experience of the unscientific but noble-hearted pioneers in this great intellectual and moral effort, that the modern arithmetician, with his "bookish theory," as Iago has it, has been enabled, without practical risk, on his part, to expound the more perfect laws of finance, which it is desirable all societies should respect in their future legislation. We have long been sick of the idle clamour, the practical ignorance, and ingratitude, of a certain section of professional statisticians; and we beg again to remind them and the public, that some of their own body, and many of their predecessors, certified as safe most of the financial tables which have proved so disastrous; and that the members of one single society (the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows) have procured at much labour and cost, and published at a trifling figure, more complete, both scientific and practical information on this question, than the entire body of professional actuaries; and this, notwithstanding the advantage some of them have possessed in government patronage, and a liberal use of the national purse, as well as access to the results of the experiments of the aforesaid condemned imperfect societies. For the distribution of this knowledge in a popular form, the working men owe little thanks to the actuaries. Even if we add to their, perhaps honest, but, nevertheless, purely professional efforts to obtain ridiculously large fees for relatively trifling valuations and revisions, the more disinterested but oft-times

imbecile and even puerile denunciations of a certain newspaper writers, and the few amiable, but sometimes lamentably ill-informed upper class philanthropists, who have blindly endorsed their scientific truths and their practical ignorance at the same time,—still by far the greater portion of the progress recently made in this sphere of popular education is due to the efforts of the working men themselves. It is all the more satisfactory to learn that such is the case. Self-help, dangling from the gibbet of patronage and governmental direction, is, to say the least of it, a “sorry sight,” if it is not worse—a miserable sham! The genuine article ever stands, and must stand, on its own legs, however amiable, intelligent, or distinguished may be the owner of the hand it cordially graspeth in token of sympathy and good-will. This feeling permeates large masses of the members of our existing operative Provident Institutions. It is not therefore very likely that any patronage in the shape of a subsidy from parish officers will receive especial favour at their hands.

The provident Englishman has ever a wholesome dread of an application to the parish for pecuniary assistance; as much so as a respectable tradesman has of the necessity to obtain a certificate of bankruptcy. Both may be, in the abstract, legitimate means of relief under certain circumstances; but in the present state of society, they unquestionably lower the social status of the applicant, and especially in the case of the operative class. Some well-meaning philanthropists, ill-informed as to the temper and prejudices of the truly provident working men on this subject, have induced Lord Wycombe to introduce a bill into the House of Lords, by which the members of the societies formed under it will be systematically semi-pauperised! The scheme is not notable for novelty; indeed, it very much resembles the earliest bills introduced into parliament on the subject. Baron Maseres, however, in 1772-3, was anxious to *compel* all the working men, and Mr. Ackland, some few years later, all persons between 20 and 30 years of age, to subscribe to a kind of parish friendly society. The present bill has the negative merit, at least, of not being imperative in its action. It merely provides, that, “Upon the requisition, in writing, of at least ten ratepayers of any parish, the overseers of the poor shall appoint a time for a public meeting of the ratepayers, in order to determine whether this act shall be adopted or not.” A majority of two-thirds of the ratepayers is required, before the act can become locally operative. The societies formed under the parish auspices, and, of course, under parish supervision, are to be subsidized out of the poor rate to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of the members’ annual contributions! So the recipients of friendly society relief will present the motley spectacle of a race of free, provident men, with a badge of pauperism perpetually hanging about their necks!

There exists in Britain a certain class of independent, intelligent men—the very pith and marrow of our working population—that appears to be entirely overlooked or ignored by most professional writers, statesmen, and philanthropists, simply because its members rarely give them, or the administrators of the law, any trouble. They pay their debts and their taxes, and they provide, by their provident societies or the savings bank, or

both, for provision during sickness, etc., and are unquestionably loyal and peaceable subjects. The term "working classes," in these gentlemen's vocabulary appears ever to include the paupers, the felons, and the numerous unfortunate and self-helpless beings, that are always hovering on the brink of pauperism or crime. Indeed, those least disposed to work and help themselves, are, in their estimation, the "working classes," *par excellence*, and, of course, all their solicitude is directed to their improvement; while the intemperance, the ignorance, and contempt, for law and social order, by which their *protegés* are so largely characterised, are thrown, promiscuously, into the faces of all who earn, or are supposed to earn, their daily bread by honest labour! The consequence is, that, the self-reliant, intelligent working men feel little or no sympathy with the efforts of their well-meaning, but ill-informed patrons and detractors; and prefer to manage their own little business in their own quiet way, even if their efforts result not quite in the perfect realization of some mysterious immaculate theory, like the British and some other constitutions, which exists in the imagination, and, perhaps, only in the imagination, of amiable Utopists.

It is better, for many reasons, that these provident institutions should be not only self-reliant in a pecuniary sense, but, as far as possible, self-governed. This is the thoroughly English constitutional view of progress, as opposed to that of the continental despotisms. With the latter, every thing must be done by the state executive. The people are never to be developed into men, but drilled, if possible, into passive soulless machines. It appears that there are localities in England, even, where the practice of paying a portion of the wages of labourers from the poor rates, continued down to the passing of the "Poor Law Amendment Act;" and it is shrewdly suspected by some, that the high rates in certain parishes have indirect connection with a similar state of things at the present time. To such a population, a Parochial Friendly Society may exhibit no very repugnant features; and, indeed, if its action were confined to the habitual recipients of the parish dole, it, perhaps, might be useful in its way, in imparting an element of independence into the pauper population. But it is infinitely more likely to demoralize that section of the working men, who, by dint of perpetual struggle, contrive to keep clear of the rates. There is, however, little fear of the bill ever becoming the law of the land. The majority of British statesmen have no desire to pauperise the mass of the people, or to weaken their efforts for manly self-reliance. We feel confident, likewise, that the rate-payers in very few parishes will feel disposed to enter into competition with the existing self-governed friendly societies, or to sacrifice so much of the public money as the proposed twenty-five per cent. subsidy would demand, if the scheme became popular; to say nothing of their acquiescence in the guarantee by which, under the bill, the parish undertakes to meet all legitimate claims, should the reserved funds from any unforeseen cause prove inadequate to that purpose. Whatever merit the bill may possess in the eyes of its concoctors, we feel confident the combined natural repugnance of Englishmen to pauperism and tax-paying, will speedily consign it to the limbo of legislative abortions.

C. H.

THE RAISING OF THE MAYPOLE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

My own land! my own land! where Freedom finds her throne-land;
 Fair thou art, and rare thou art, to every true-born son.
 Though no gold ore veins thee, though no grape juice stains thee,
 We've harvest fields, and quartered shields, well kept and nobly won.
 And we have pleasant tales to tell,
 And spots in many a native dell,
 Which we may prize and love as well
 As Troubadour his story.
 The lilting troll and roundelay
 Will never, never pass away,
 That welcomed in the herald day
 Of Summer's rosy glory.
 And goodly sight of mirth and might,
 In blood that gained us Cressy's fight,
 Was hearts and eyes, all warm and bright
 About the high and gay pole;
 When flower-bedight, mid leaves and light,
 Shouts echoed—as it reared upright—
 Of—"Hurrah for merry England and the raising of the Maypole!"
 When the good old times had carol rhymes,
 With morris games and village chimes;
 When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
 And the greatest jostled with the least,
 At the "raising of the Maypole."

My brave land! my brave land! oh! may'st thou be my grave-land;
 For firm and fond will be the bond that ties my heart to thee.
 When Summer's beams are glowing, when Autumn's gusts are blowing,
 When Winter's clouds are snowing, thou art still right dear to me.
 But yet methinks I love thee best
 When bees are nursed on white-thorn breast,
 When Spring-tide pours in—sweet and blest—
 And Joy and Hope come dancing!
 When music from the feathered throng,
 Breaks forth in merry marriage-song,
 And mountain streamlets dash along,
 Like molten diamonds glancing!
 Oh! pleasant 'tis to scan the page,
 Rich with the theme of by-gone age;
 When motley fool and learned sage
 Brought garlands for the gay pole;
 When laugh and shout came ringing out,
 From courtly knight and peasant lout,
 In, "Hurrah for merry England and the raising of the Maypole!"
 When the good old times had carol rhymes,
 With morris games and village chimes;
 When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
 And the greatest jostled with the least,
 At the "raising of the Maypole."

The Victims of Civilisation.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

CIVILISATION, in the literal sense of the term, signifies the process by which men are adapted to the condition of citizens—fitted to live and work together, mutually assisted and assisting, as members of one community. Like all other human institutions, however, and like man himself, it has its periods of growth, maturity, and decay—the inevitable and invariable cycle through which all things of the earth, animate and inanimate, must pass. It is during its growth and maturity, while it is ascending and standing at its zenith, that nations, and consequently individuals, enjoy the greatest amount of happiness; for, in its decay, it degenerates into a system of conventions, jealously tyrannical, and more or less oppressive to some of the parties concerned. It is in its youth, also, that the history of any given nation exhibits most of the poetical and the romantic—in the age when public spirit—true patriotism—silences the whisperers of self-interest and even of self-preservation—the age of chivalry, in a word, when every nation lays the foundation of its special character—when the keen sense of honour, the excitement of enterprise, the romance of love, the humanizing influences of sentiment, and the brilliant and polished courtesies of festivity lend a gaiety, an animation, and a freshness to society, which it loses, shade by shade, as it acquires the vices of old age, and becomes timid, and calculating, and selfish. The next stage is that in which a nation, having become wealthy, enjoys the leisure, and cultivates the taste for the ornaments and luxuries of life, and when poets of all classes—authors and artists—are prized and patronised, and leave behind them works which constitute the future and posthumous glory of their country. It is within the duration of this period, indeed, that all that is really great and memorable, intellectually and politically, is achieved. When this is past, and, as generations succeed each other, individuals become more and more totally merged in the community, more assimilated to a general standard, at the same time that, by a strange anomaly, they grow more selfish, and more emulous of personal aggrandisement. Then the downward march of decline supervenes; and, though a nation may continue for centuries apparently still great and prosperous, the symptoms of decline, especially in its moral phases, are unmistakable. Its main characteristics are, a power of wealth paramount to all other combined influences and considerations; an intense competition of isolated interests; an infinite division of labour; a feverish and rapacious haste in the pursuit of what is called success, which kills many before their time, and exhibits, in paralysed limbs, the effect, not of excessive work, but of excessive anxiety upon the nervous system; the degeneracy of everything artistic—of literature especially—into burlesque and caricature; and lastly, which is the most fatal symptom of all, the fact that philosophers begin to talk and write of such subjects as, the condition and prospects of society, the requirements of the age, and the destiny of man; because, as an ancient physician said, the invalid alone knows what health really is: it is only the existence of disease that ever called medical science into being; on the same principle that, if there were no sin, there would be no conscience; and that, if Adam had remained in Paradise, there would be no necessity for anatomy and metaphysics. We may constantly observe that, when persons tell us that they are in excellent health,

or supremely happy, we may suspect that there is some slight hallucination in the case; because, if they were really so, they would regard it just as a matter of course, and say nothing about it; and, similarly, when a nation begins to take credit to itself for being the glory of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations, there is reason to apprehend that, if the truth were known, the condition of affairs is anything but enviable. It is in such a state of society that the intolerance of fashion and convention cuts down individual character to some one of a few defined and recognised types, to which all are constrained to conform, and beyond which all exceptions meet with derision, or some other form of persecution; and that our warmest and most genial feelings are held in by the frozen surface with which it is encrusted, and dare not shew themselves except by rule and method; and yet, under all that social and personal restraint, we constantly hear persons congratulating themselves upon their liberty, merely because they are free to discuss political questions in which they very seldom have any personal interest.

This period is also that in which criminals, great and small, leave on record deeds which surpass the wildest and most ingenious inventions of romantic fiction: and hence arises one of those questions which have engaged the speculation of political economists and moral philosophers of all times, and of which they have ever failed to ascertain more than the external phenomena. The remedy has not yet been found; probably because it is not consistent with the plan of the government of the universe, that a remedy should be applied to certain causes which are designed and destined to produce certain results. It has been often and most truly observed, that, in the commission of some great crimes, an amount of intellectual power and masterly address is sometimes displayed, which, if directed to any of the legitimate occupations of life, might realise for its possessor respectability and independence; and then, we naturally ask, why—when it would be so much safer and more satisfactory—he does not so use it; for we believe that, except in a few abnormal cases, human nature does not instinctively prefer wrong to right? “He is a clever man,” we frequently hear it said, “but his talents are perverted.” And why are they perverted?—why does he choose what the unanimous voice of society condemns, rather than what would conciliate and command its sympathy? Alas! we little know how easily and how sadly such questions may be answered in many cases. He has forsaken the right way, because society made it too steep, too rugged, too dark and repulsive for *him*, while it helped and cheered others on their path—others, perhaps, less able and less worthy. We cannot know how earnestly and bravely he may have striven to climb that rough and thorny way; how yearningly he may have longed for an honourable and legitimate success, until he fell, fainting by the roadside, and cared not to raise himself again from the mire into which he had fallen. Let us put away metaphor, and speak of particular facts in plain terms. A young man, for instance, takes the inevitable plunge into active and responsible life, with sufficient intellectual power and accomplishments, and honourable ambition and intentions. He is ready and anxious to exert every energy of head, and heart, and hand, to conquer a high position; but he sees the prize which he knows that he has the power, on terms of fair competition, to win, bestowed upon some lucky ignoramus, some fortunate fool, or some impenetrable hypocrite, whose rivalry he would have contemptuously laughed to scorn. And why is he superseded—it may be again and again—by such a competitor? The reasons are many; any one of which, in a highly artificial state of society, is sufficient. Perhaps he has relied too fondly and exclusively on his intrinsic value, and neglected appearances—an imprudence which the world always punishes severely. Perhaps he belongs to no influential and

unscrupulous clique, or wants the servile elasticity of manner, indispensable to the beginnings of success. It may be that he is a philosopher, and disregards all the little observances and ceremonies, which are all-important in the eyes of the multitude, and is only punished for eccentricities which, if he were independent of the world, would command its worship and imitation; or, probably, being poor, he must often forfeit golden opportunities, which a little money would enable him to seize as they pass; and, although sterling merit cannot be permanently depressed, it is only too true that such causes will often delay its recognition till the acknowledgment is worthless; and until, in some instances, enthusiasm is chilled to death; and, in the apathy of disgust, hand and brain forget their cunning. There are always and everywhere instances, too many, of such failures, in an age when all who would prosper—no matter how rational their doubts may be—must chime in with public opinion, as a matter of self-preservation; when realities are undervalued, and shams are triumphant; when, instead of the sublime simplicity of religion and justice, there remain only the subtleties of theology and the labyrinths of law; and when the humility and diffidence of learning are silenced by the obtrusive importunities of pompous ignorance. Amid such circumstances, the talented and disappointed man is most likely to become a criminal of some sort. He must live by some ways and means. Too proud and indignant to submit to, or compromise with popular and irrational prejudices, he takes the suicidal course of defying them, until he and society come to regard each other as natural and irreconcilable enemies: and then, those who have never been exasperated by repeated and unmerited disappointments, and have never been tempted to soar above their strength, are ready to ask, why he does not continue to work on honestly. "Work at what?" he will answer. "What has work ever realised for me, that I should stick to it?"

It may be said, plausibly enough, that they are only the feeble and the timid who are so run down and trampled in the race; but it is still true, that they are the most sensitive and conscientious; and that the most successful, in general, are far from being the most scrupulous and able. The analogy, too, holds good in all grades of society: it is just on the same principle, that the hungry and homeless wanderer breaks a window in order to secure the mere physical comforts which society and law grant so freely to the criminal, and so coldly refuse to the innocent. Contemplate a gang of convicts in a model prison; or walk the streets at night, and look round upon the most melancholy mockery of tawdry finery and painted faces; and say how many of those most pitiable beings might have been still innocent, and respectable, and happy, if only the door had been opened to them when first they knocked.

Here one is reminded of the old and true—the deplorably true—maxim, that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The most paternal governments cannot provide for all the members of a community opportunities of living by honest and useful industry; although, if they could, it would cost them less than the punishment of crime. Wealthy individuals cannot be compelled to employ more labour of any sort than they require, or other labourers than such as they may choose; and then, where is the remedy to come from? It is evident that there is something wrong in the system; and the correction of that wrong is the very problem that has always defied the ingenuity of philanthropists.

In addition, however, to those who are driven into crime by the unequal pressure of the unbending laws of a highly artificial civilisation, and those who silently suffer the weary and heart-breaking martyrdom of "keeping up appearances," there are many other classes of victims, some of whom, through life-long habit and inability to look inward upon themselves, suffer un-

consciously, passively believing that their state is one of the normal conditions of human existence. It is not unnatural, for instance, because it is useful, that labour should be divided, and that every man should take his share; but it is unnatural that a being, possessing many and various faculties waiting only for cultivation and development, should be distorted, and dwarfed, and lopped down into a machine; that a pair of winkers, so to speak, should be placed on his mind, permitting him to see, or rather to think, in only one direction; that he should be planted in a narrow groove from which he is, never more in this life, to diverge; and in which he must continue to exercise one special faculty, until that one exhibits a morbid activity, while all the others become paralysed by disuse. Some there are, as it has been already observed, who never feel the hardship of such a position, whose latent faculties have never grown beyond the closely-folded germ, whose nature is not sufficiently impulsive to chafe and vex itself under the hard monotony of task-work; but there are others who, when tied down to some mechanical drudgery by which they feel themselves becoming deformed in mind and body, suffer the fate of the chained eagle that frets itself to death, and long to go back to the solitude and freedom even of savage life. Such persons may, perhaps, sometimes fancy that they can resign themselves to live within the limits of their moral prison; but nature, like the wild fig-tree that grows even through stone walls, will not be crushed down; and so they sicken and, as Homer says, "feed upon their own hearts" and die. Besides, that minute and infinite division of labour, so rigidly enforced by competition, produces a system of castes, scarcely less rigorously defined than those of Eastern countries; because it ties every man down not only to a special and narrow line of duty, but to a ceremonial of totally irrelevant observances, which it would be dangerous, because it would be considered criminal, to transgress.

Upon war, commerce, and literature, the influences of an overgrown civilisation are not less remarkable, than upon those more ethical considerations already mentioned; for, in these cases, they aggravate to a frightful extent the vices and sufferings that, under the most favourable circumstances, can never be altogether removed from human life.

It might be naturally expected of civilisation, that its effect upon war would be to suppress it altogether; but, on the contrary, its influences on the operations and condition of hostile armies are especially calamitous. In the old rude, heroic, chivalrous ages, war was invariably shorter, sharper, and more decisive than we have ever seen it. It was, also, not only less expensive on the whole, but actually reproductive to the successful party; and that, because, in those times, diplomacy was not the elaborate, tedious, labyrinthine, slippery, and hypocritical science, that it has become in our day. Diplomats, in fact, during the last half-century at least, have been only lawyers on a large scale; and the consequence is, that the wars of our time resemble chancery suits, in which the successful parties become deeply and inextricably involved in debt, while the defeated parties never seem to be very much worse off than before; because diplomatists possess the dexterous art of revering in the cabinet what soldiers have effected in the field. Another and more cruelly melancholy result, and verified by statistics, is, that, of every hundred men who perish in modern warfare, not more than twenty-five ever fall in action: the rest die of cold and hunger, and the privations which those slow and worrying deliberations, and the abuses of routine, inflict upon heroic and high-spirited men.

With respect to the relation of commerce to civilisation, it is a trite enough observation, that commercial enterprise is one of the first and most effectual agencies in the social progress of a nation; not so much because it is, in all cases, a source of wealth, and in some instances, the foundation of political

supremacy; but, because it naturally promotes intercourse between nations, expansion of opinion, collision of thought, and refutation of narrow prejudices and unworthy fears. But there again, as in the other instances, there is a stage of its developement, when the frightful power of money, for good and evil, leads men to forget that there are some interests more valuable than wealth, and a few considerations more precious even than life; when competition becomes reckless, when rivalry becomes unprincipled, and the passion for gain burns into that unslakeable thirst, in which commercial principle is degraded to the condition described by Cicero, in which no trader can be at the same time prosperous and honest. In such a state of things, every man is clever in proportion as he can be dishonest within the limits of the law; and an elasticity of conscience is introduced into trade very nearly resembling that which prevails in the system of blended gambling and traffic called "sporting," in which the discomfiture of a competitor is looked upon as a creditable exercise of ingenuity and address. Thus trade becomes really a game of hazard. The success of one fortunate adventurer, who may happen to be a man of genius in his way, lures on numbers of others, who have neither the same courage nor the same talent, to follow his example; and the crash that ensues occasionally involves thousands of innocent and honourable persons in utter ruin.

As war and commerce are the influences that impart to literature its first movements, so, according to every analogy, they are the causes of its degeneracy. Every age has its own special phase and school of literature; and, taking up any written or printed composition whatever, a reader acquainted with books and history, shall be able at once, and without any other than internal evidence, to identify its era, and probably to fix its date. In a heroic—that is, a semi-barbarous—age, poetry, which is then the only literature, is bold, simple, and sublime. As the relations of society become more complicated, it assumes a more highly and variously decorated aspect, expressing less of passion and emotion, and containing more allusions to external things. At this stage it is, that prose is first written in every language: then, word-painting ensues; literary productions begin to be logical and philosophic; and taking a wider range of topics, blaze out into the glories of an Augustan age. After this acme of glory, it degenerates, like all else: buffoonery of some sort, and violent distortions of style and idea become fashionable; and, for anything that is not made highly piquant by those condiments, no very clamorous or profitable popularity is to be expected. Such a literary era is always an age of criticism, and it is a curious fact, that all through history such a period has invariably followed an age of originality and invention; and still more curious, that the critics and commentators generally realize more profit from the works of other men than the great authors themselves were ever able to extract. This prevalence of criticism—this picking of authors' bones—this literary cannibalism—is the surest indication, on the principle illustrated above, that the condition of a national literature is unhealthy. When every man, learned or ignorant, novice or experienced, who possesses a printing-press and a fount of type, constitutes himself an arbiter of the fate of authors, and a guide to the popular taste, and writes oracularly and self-complacently on subjects of which he is most profoundly ignorant, it may be reasonably apprehended, that some of the broad distinctions between merit and worthlessness must be ridiculously confounded. From the universality of criticism, indeed, it might, at the first view, be supposed that the public were hopelessly incompetent to form any judgement for themselves; and still we find that they not only do judge for themselves, sooner or later, and, in some memorable instances, very differently from the critics, but that their verdict is that which is eventually and generally

accepted. It might, also, be supposed that it is an easy art enough to confer an apotheosis or fulminate an anathema upon literary pretensions; but an ancient of high authority describes criticism as "the most mature result of long experience." In fact, there are five critical works, bequeathed to us by the ancients, written by men whose object was rather to teach the reader how to judge for himself than to exhibit their own wonderful smartness. These guide-books are, the essays of Aristotle on Rhetoric and Poetry, of Horace on the art of Poetry, of Lucian on the composition of History, and of Dionysius Longinus on the Sublime; and without a previous study of those books no man should presume to write a critique.

It was said long ago, by Democritus, that the sources from which we derive our enjoyments, are those also from which our sufferings flow. This is true of all natural faculties and artificial institutions whatever; and although civilisation, to which man, as being a gregarious animal, evinces an instinctive tendency, supplies us with enjoyments and conveniences, so many and so familiar, that it is only by their loss that we could now estimate their value; it is, at the same time, the soil from which spring the abuses and hardships that constitute the misery of the great majority of the human race.

MADRIGAL.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

[ORIGINAL.]

Gentle maidens, as ye rove
 Along the mead or through the grove,
 Pray ye tell, and tell me true,
 Hath my Mira crossed your view?

Ah, cruel Fair! she from me flies,
 Unheeding, scorning all my sighs;—
 Nor can I scorn with scorn repay,
 Such love's delirious, potent sway.

I wander forth—though vain the quest,
 My love, insatiate, finds no rest;—
 So frequent call I Mira's name
 That echo tires in the complain.

Maidens, should you chance espay
 My Mira as she trips it by,
 On zephyrs softest waft the sound
 That she, the priceless nymph, is found.

Here, on the bank beside the grove
 Where Mira taught me first to love,
 I linger through the live-long day,
 Until the loved one pass this way.

Oliver Fearnleaf's Watch.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Author of "Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities," "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' me," "The Lake country and its Borders," &c.

Oh thou who dost these pointers see,
That shew the passing hour;
Say, do I tell the time to thee,
And tell thee nothing more?
I bid thee mark life's little day
With strokes of duty done;
A clock may stop at any time—
But time will travel on.

WHEN I was first bound apprentice, I was so thick-set, and of such short stature for my age, that I was afraid I should never be anything but a pigmy in size; and it grieved my heart to think so. I remember how anxiously I used to compare my own stunted figure with the height of other lads younger than me; and, seeing myself left so much below them, I remember how much I longed for a rise in the world. This feeling troubled me sorely for two or three years. It troubled me so much, indeed, that, even at church, when I heard the words, "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?" the question touched me sometimes with the pain of a personal allusion to my own defect; and, in those days, I have many a time walked away from service on a Sunday, sighing within myself, and wondering how much a cubit was. But I had a great deal of strong life in my little body; and, as I grew older, I took very heartily to out-door exercises, and I carefully notched the progress of my growth, with a pocket-knife, against a wooden ceiling, in the office where I was an apprentice. As time went on, my heart became gradually relieved and gay as I saw these notches rise steadily, one over the other, out of the low estate which had given me so much pain. But, as this childish trouble died away from my mind, other ambitions awoke within me, and I began to fret at the tether of my apprenticeship, and wish for the time when I should be five feet eight, and free. Burns's songs were always a delight to me; but there was one of them which I thought more of then than I do now. It was—

"Oh for ane-an'-twenty, Tam!
An', hey for ane-an'-twenty, Tam!
I'd learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-an'-twenty, Tam!"

About two years before the wished-for day of my release came, I mounted a long-tailed coat, and a chimney-pot hat, and began to reckon myself among the sons of men. My whiskers, too, (they never came to anything grand—never will), but my whiskers began to shew a light-coloured down, that pleased the young manikin very much. I was anxious to coax that silken fluz lower down upon my smooth cheeks; but it was no use. They never grew strong; and they would not come low down; so I gave them up at last, with many a sigh. The dainty Ariels were timid, and did their

sprouting very gently. This was one of my first lessons in resignation. I remember, too, it was about the same time that I bought my first watch. It was a second-hand silver verge watch, with large, old-fashioned numerals upon the face; and it cost twenty-one shillings. I had a good deal ado to raise the price of it by small savings, by working over-hours, and by the sale of an old accordeon, and a sword-stick. Long before I could purchase it, I had looked at it from time to time as I passed by the watchmaker's window, which was on the way between my home and the shop where I was an apprentice. At last I bore the prize away. A few pence bought a steel chain; and my eldest sister gave me a little old seal, and a lucky sixpence, to wear upon the chain,—and I felt for the time as if it was getting twelve o'clock with my fortunes. A long-tailed coat; a chimney-pot hat; a watch; a mild promise of whiskers; a good constitution; and a very fair chance of being five feet eight or so. No wonder that I began to push out my shins proudly as I went about the streets. For some weeks after I became possessed of my watch, I took great pleasure in polishing the case, looking into the works, winding it up, and setting it right by public clocks, and by other people's watches. I had a trick, too, of pulling it out in public places, which commanded the range of some desired observation. But after a year or so the novelty wore off, and I began to take less interest in the thing. Besides, through careless and inexperienced handling, I found that my watch began to swallow up a good deal of pocket-money, in new glasses, and other repairs. I was fond of jumping, too, and of other rough exercises; and through this my watch got sadly knocked about, and was a continual source of anxiety to me. At last I got rid of it altogether. It had never gone well with me; but it went from me—for good; and I was cured of the watch mania for a long while. In fact, nearly twenty years passed away, during which I never owned a watch; never, indeed, very much felt the want of one. When I look back at those years, and remember how I managed to mark the time without watch of my own, I find something instructive in the retrospect. In a large town there are so many public clocks, and bells, and so many varied movements of public life which are governed by the progress of the hours, that there is little difficulty in the matter. But in the country—in my lonely rambles—I learned, then, to read the march of time, “indifferently well,” in the indications of nature, as ploughmen and shepherds do. The sights, and shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements, became my time-markers; and the whole world was my clock. I can see many compensations arising from the absence of a watch with me during all that time.

And now, after so many years of sweet independence in this respect, I find myself unexpectedly the owner of a watch once more. I became possessed of it rather curiously, too. The way of it was this. I was on a visit in a neighbouring town; and, in the afternoon, I called to pass an hour with an old friend, before returning home. After the usual hearty salutes, we sat down in a snug back parlour, lighted our pipes, and settled into a dreamy state of repose, which was more delightful than any strained effort at entertainment. We puffed away silently for a while; and then we asked one another questions, in a drowsy way, like two men conversing in their sleep; then we smoked on again, and looked vacantly round about the room, and into the fire. At last, I noticed that my friend began to gaze earnestly at my clothing; and knowing him to be a close observer, and a man of penetrating spirit, I felt it; though I knew very well that it was all right, for he takes a kindly interest in all I wear, or do, or say. Well; he began to look hard at my clothing, beginning with my boots. I didn't care much about him examining my boots; for, as it happened, they had just been soled, and heeled, and welted afresh; with a bran new patch upon one side. If he had

seen them a week before, I should have been pained, for they were in a ruinous state then; and, being rather a dandified pair originally, they looked abominable. I think there is nothing in the world so intensely wretched in outward appearance as shabby dandyism. Well; he began with my boots; and, after he had scrutinized them thoroughly for a minute or two, I felt, instinctively, that he was going to peruse the whole of my garments from head to foot, like a tapestried story. And it was so. When he had finished my boots, his eyes began to travel slowly up my leg; and, as they did so, my mind ran anxiously ahead, to see what the state of things was upon the road that his glance was coming. "How are my trowsers?" thought I. There was no time to lose; for I felt his eye coming up my leg, as sharp as a dissecting knife. At last, I bethought me that I had split my trowsers across one knee, about a fortnight before; and the split had only been indifferently stitched up. "Now for it," thought I, giving myself a sudden twitch, with the intention of throwing my other leg over that knee to hide the split. But I was too late. His eye had already fastened upon the place, like a leech. I saw his keen glance playing slyly about the split, and my nerves quivered in throes of silent pain all the while. At last, he lifted up his eyes, and sighed, and then, looking up at the ceiling, he sighed out the word, "Aye," very slowly; and then he turned aside to light his pipe at the fire again; and, whilst he was lighting his pipe, I very quietly laid the sound leg of my trowsers over the split knee. Pushing the tobacco into his pipe with the haft of an old penknife, he now asked me how things were going on in town. I pretended to be quite at ease; and I tried to answer him with the air of one who was above the necessity of such considerations. But I knew that he had only asked the question for the purpose of throwing me off my guard; and I felt sure that his eyes would return to the spot where they had left off at. And they did so. But he saw at once that the knee was gone; so he travelled slowly upwards, with persistent gaze. In two or three minutes he stopped again. It was somewhere about the third button of my waistcoat—or rather the third button hole, for the button was off. He halted there; and his glance seemed to snuff round about the place, like a dog that thinks it has caught the scent; and I began to feel uncomfortable again; for, independent of the button being off, I had only twopence halfpenny, and a bit of blacklead pencil, and an unpaid bill in my pocket; and somehow I thought he was finding it all out. So I shifted myself a little round, and began to hum within myself—

"Take, oh take those eyes away!"

But it was no use. He would do it. And I couldn't stand it any longer; so I determined to bolt before he got up to my shirt front, or "dickey,"—for I had a "dickey" on, and one side of it was bulging out in a disorderly way, and I durst not try to put it right for fear of drawing his attention to it. I determined to be rid of the infiction at once, so I pretended to be in a hurry. Knocking the ashes out of my pipe, I rose up and said, "Have you got a time table?"

"Yes."

"There's a train about now, I think."

"Yes; but stop till the next. What's your hurry? You're not here every day. Sit down and get another pipe."

"How's your clock?" said I, turning round and looking through the window, so as to get a sly chance of pushing my "dickey" into its place.

"How's your clock?"

"Well, it's about ten minutes fast. Isn't it, Sarah?" said he to the servant, who was coming in with some coals.

"No," replied she. "I put it right by th' blacksmith, this mornin'."

By "the blacksmith," she meant the figure of an old man with a hammer, which struck the hours upon the bell of a public clock, a little higher up the street.

"Well," said my friend, looking at the time-table, "in any case, you're too late for this train now. Sit down a bit. I left my watch this morning, to have a new spring put in it; but I'll keep my eye on the clock, so that you shall be in time for the next. Sit you down, an' let's have a chat about old times."

I gave a furtive glance at my "dickey," and, seeing it was all right, I sat down again with a sigh, laying the sound leg of my trousers carefully over my split knee. I had no sooner sat down, than he looked at my waistcoat pocket again, and said, "I say, old boy, why don't you carry a watch? It would be a great convenience."

I explained to him that I had been so many years used to notice public clocks, and to marking the time by the action of nature, and by those movements of human life that are regulated by clock-work, that I felt very little need for a watch. Besides, it was as easy to ask the time of day of people who had watches, as it would be to look at one's own; and then, if I had a watch, I did not know whether the convenience of the thing would compensate for the anxiety and expense of it. He listened attentively, and then, after looking into the fire musingly for a minute or two, as if he was interpreting my excuse in some way of his own, he suddenly knocked his pipe upon the top bar of the fire-grate, and said, "By Jupiter Ammon, I'll give you one!" My friend never swears, except by that dissolute old Greek; or, by a still more mysterious deity, whom he calls "the Living Jingo!" Whenever he mentions either of these, I know that he means something strong; so I sat still and "watched the case," as lawyers say.

"Mary," said he, rising, and calling to his wife, who was in another room; "Mary, where is that old watch?"

"I have it up stairs in an old rosewood writing-desk," replied she.

"Just fetch it down; I want to look at it." He listened at the door, until he heard her footsteps going up stairs; and then he turned to me, chuckling and rubbing his hands; and, slapping me on the shoulder, he said, "Now then, old fellow, fill your pipe again! By the Living Jingo, you shall have the time o' day in your pocket, before you leave this house." She was a good while in returning; so he shouted up the stairs, "Haven't you found it yet, Mary?"

"Yes," replied she, "it's here. I'll be down in a minute."

I began to puff very hard at my pipe; for I was getting excited. She came at last, and said, as she laid the watch in his hand, "I have thought of selling it many a time, for it is of no use lying yonder."

"Aye," replied my friend, pretending to look very hard at the works. As long as she remained in the room, he still kept quietly saying, "aye, aye," at short intervals. But when she left the room, he earnestly watched the closing door, and then, shutting the watch, he came across to me, and, laying it in my hand, he said, "There, old boy, that's yours. Keep it out of sight till you get out of the house." And I did keep it out of sight. But I was more than ever anxious to get away by the next train, so that I could fondle it freely. It was an old silver lever watch, without fingers. It was silent, with a silence that had continued long; its face was dusty; and the case wore the cloudy hue of neglect. However, I bore my prize away at last; and, before the day was over, I had spent eighteen pence upon new fingers, and sixpence upon a yard-and-a-half of broad black watered silk ribbon for a guard. Next day, after I had polished the case thoroughly with whitening,

I put on a clean shepherd's plaid waistcoat, in order to shew the broad black ribbon which led to my watch. Since then, I know not how oft I have stopped to put it right by the cathedral clock; and I have found sometimes, as the Irishman did, that "the little divil had bate that big fellow by two hours in twelve." It is a curious thing, this old watch of mine; and I like it: there is something so human about it. It is full of

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles."

Sometimes the fingers stand still, even when the works are going on. Even when wound up, it has a strange trick of stopping altogether for an hour or two now and then, as if smitten with a fit of idleness; and then it will set off again, of its own accord, like a living thing wakening up from sleep. It stops oftener than it goes. It is not so much a time-keeper as a standing joke; and looking at it from this point of view, I am very fond of this watch of mine. Before I had it, whenever I chanced to waken in the night-time, I used to strike a light, and read myself to sleep again. But now, when I waken in the night, I suddenly remember, "Oh, my watch!" Then I listen; and say to myself, "I believe it has stopped again!" and then, listening more attentively, and hearing its little pulse beating, I say, "No: there it goes. Bravo!" And I strike a light, and caress the little thing; and wind it up. I have great fun with it, in a quiet way. I believe, somehow, that it is getting used to me; and I shouldn't like to part with it any more. There is a kind of friendship growing between us that will last until my own pulse is stopped by the finger of death. And what is death, after all, but the stopping of life's watch; to be wound up again by the Maker. I should not like to lose this old watch of mine now. It is company when I am lonely; it is diversion when I am tired; and, though it is erratic, it is amiable and undemonstrative. I will make it famous yet, in sermon, or in song. I have begun once or twice, "Oh thou! —" and then stopped, and tried, "When I behold —" and then I have stopped again. But I will do it yet. If the little thing had a soul, now, I fear that it would never be saved; for, "faith without works is vain." But I have faith in it, though it has deceived me oft. My quaint old monitor! How often has it warned me, that when man goes "on tick," it always ends in a kind of "Tic Doloreaux." But the hour approaches, when its tiny pulse and mine, must stand still for ever; for—

"Owd Time,—he's a troublesome codger,—
Keeps nudgin' us on to decay;
An' whisp'rs you're mobbat a lodger;
Get ready for gooin' away."

And when "life's fitful fever" is past, I hope they will not sell my body to the doctors, nor my watch to the Jews; but bury us together; and let us rest when they have done so.

Love.—The best way in journeying through life is to love as many people as ever we can—it tends to make earth more like heaven, for if we once get there, we shall find ourselves loving every body.—*Jno. Peace.*

OATHS.—Swearing at dumb animals is shabby—for we know they cannot return it—and we do not know they would if they could.—*Ibid.*

OPINION.—Men prefer an absurd guess to a blank; they would rather have a false opinion than no opinion; and one of the last developments of philosophical culture, is the power of *abstaining* from forming an opinion, where the necessary data are absent.—*G. H. Lewes.*

Zips: a Tale of the Tyrol.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THEY *must* be in the convent; it was agreed so on all hands. It was at once surrounded, and a constant but irregular fire was kept up against it from all available points. Zips and Speckbacker were almost ubiquitous, feeling how much depended upon their success here. The line of circumvallation was roughly marked out and rigidly preserved. The constant fire of musketry was beginning to tell upon the only few soldiers who could be seen in the fortified portion of the convent. But suddenly there came a pause. What witchery of earth or heaven was it? There was no return of the fire by the besieged, and yet the besiegers were paralysed. Hark! It was a sweet woman's voice, singing the Tyrolese evening hymn. Soft and low amidst their fierce hearts floated this strange melody; and as they listened with bated breath, it rose louder and clearer, until the very words fell upon their ears.

"Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

"Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round!
And the gale that fans our brows."

"'Tis Blanche!" cried the old man, leaping in the air. "She is saved! Stop all the muskets and burst open the gates!"

They had no round shot nor field-piece at hand. But Zips, casting round him a fierce glance, caught sight of a tall pine.

"Bring me an axe! and get the first pair of wheels you can find."

Again the same sweet voice rang out:—

"But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

"There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet."

The voice ceased. Swiftly and surely axes were swung at the pine-tree, until it creaked, and fell with a crash. It was immediately lifted on strong wheels. Strict orders were given that no shots should be fired, and a sharp look out kept throughout the entire line. All was in order.

"Hurrah, my men!" shouted valorous, excited Zips. "On to the gates at full speed!" A mighty crash, and the hinges gave way. There was a confused rush inside the building: Zips was foremost, crying out, at the top of his voice, as if in his own house, "Frau! Blanche!"

High over all rang the bird-like voice of the singer once more with the last stanza :—

" So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Following the voice as best he could in a strange building, Zips ran from room to room until he came to the chapel. A group of veiled nuns were clinging timidly to the altar for protection. He questioned them not—a glance sufficed. "Up the stairs!" whispered one to him, running after him, and at once divining his object. He flew up them he scarce knew how, and there, in a room with a lofty opened lattice, fronting in the direction of the gates, he found Blanche and his wife. They started—who was it? "Father! Father!" and they rushed into his arms. Words cannot picture so sacred and thrilling a reunion. His loving companion in dark and sorrowful hours, and his Blanche, who had grown around him so constantly and tenderly until she seemed his other and heavenlier life, found, alive and well. Surely it was worth angels' weeping over and a Deity's regard.

The bells of Innspruck rang out a very dithyramb of joy; bonfires blazed; and the first sweet fruits of noble and patriotic endeavour were fully realised. No one was happier than the family of the Chamois hunter. There was much to be told on both sides. What took place on one, we already know. Let me condense Blanche's narrative in as few words as possible.

Whilst Carl, at Blanche's vehement desire, had gone to the city to purchase her a rifle, the two females were alarmed by the appearance of a Bavarian officer and a mounted picket. He inquired for Zips. On being told he was not at home, but had gone out on the hills (which really was the case, only he was not hunting but gone to Hofer), he loudly and flatly said it was a lie, and he would see for himself. Forcing his way in, he searched the premises to no purpose, and then, rudely sitting him down near Blanche, he said, "Come, my pretty charmer, and give me a kiss." Blanche made no reply, but retired. Rising up from his seat, he attempted to seize one by rough force. Towering defiantly before him, she clenched her fist and threatened to smite him if he came any nearer. A second time he tried to steal his arm around her, but a blow from her fist in his face incensing him to madness, he would have drawn his sword had not the mother put herself between them and held his arm. Foiled and mad, he flung the mother to the ground, and when she arose, he repeated his blow, sending her bruised and bleeding to the floor. Blanche grew desperate, and rushing at the officer with the whole weight of her body, was out on the balcony ere he could recover himself, and, unnoticed by the picket in the twilight, hastily scrawled with a pin the words her father had found, well knowing the fate that would now befall them. She had scarcely finished ere the officer was again upon her; and calling for the assistance of his men, she was secured and bound to one of the soldiers with leathern thongs. Her mother was next carried out, insensible, and similarly secured, when the party, fearing an alarm, stole away gently in the dusk. Arrived at Innspruck, the prisoners were reported as having resisted the officer in the execution of his duty in searching for the suspected revolutionist. The wife received thirty lashes, and was suffering from them and her previous bruises when seen by Haspinger. Blanche was watched over by the officer, who was very persevering in rude attentions to her. She implored her keeper to let her once more see one of the generals, and she did this so often, and so eloquently, that a private interview was granted, and unknown to any one save himself and a few of the soldiers, General Kinkel

had her removed to the convent, out of the officer's reach, where he had her properly guarded and attended to, allowing her mother as secretly to rejoin her when she had somewhat recovered. Blanche had heard all the military preparations outside, although the window was too high for her to see them; and the sight of the very fir-tree Zips had felled to burst the gates, had led her to think of happier days, and break forth unconsciously in the old evening hymn.

"What sort of a man was the officer?" Zips quietly inquired.

"He had a small coarse russet beard, full, prominent eyes, and, I think, a huge slash or sword-scar across his left cheek; altogether, such a person as one couldn't easily forget," replied Blanche.

"I should think not," he answered. "I know I shan't, if I can once catch the colour of him. It'll be woe be to him, I know. I'll have my eyes open these next few days."

"But I mean to avenge myself, father," Blanche put in, half-jokingly. "I've got my rifle, and you know I'm not a coward; only I should like to meet him in fair fight."

"You're very brave, I know," returned Zips. "We shall want your assistance, never fear. We're already unable to spare men for prisoners' guard, and I think some women might do just as well—what say you?"

"Oh, I should like it. Only fancy me on guard!" And she strutted to and fro, sedate as ever leather, red cloth, and pipe-clay made a soldier.

Her opportunity came. For the present, to break her in to military affairs, she was sent to keep guard, with other peasant wives, over some captured Bavarians, and grandly they did it too!—only, unfortunately, there was one man escaped, that by no means ought to have been let off so easily. He was tired of being watched over by a petticoated woman, and saluted in Blanche's cold imperious way when she was on duty; and so, one rainy night, braving even death rather than such an ignominious kind of life, Captain F——, the red-bearded, scar-faced coward, got on to the tiles of the mansion in which he was imprisoned, climbed the wall, and slunk off to the hills. If one were making a grand *scena*, his escape might be made extremely thrilling; but, in truth, the good of giving such a man so much importance seems neither fit nor reasonable. Let him go, then, and meet his fate, with these few words.

Alas! it was but a fate for most of the brave Tyrolese. Austria was deserting their cause, a French force was advancing up the valley of the Adige, whilst a strong Bavarian force had recaptured Innspruck, and driven away the true and remaining patriots to the shelter of inaccessible retreats. A general melancholy seized upon even the most enthusiastic. Poor Zips began to feel that he had not done what he purposed, and a few weeks might overthrow their liberty for ever. It was now that Blanche broke out into a genuine Joan of Arc. By a clever *ruse*, she and a few others gained a passage over the bridge of the Inn, and brought back despatches hid in the woolly tail of a dog. She was everywhere, cheering the men, supplying them with food and ammunition, and smiling courage when she could do nothing else. Innspruck was to be regained. There was marching, counter-marching, haranguing of men, and lighting of beacon-fires. Everywhere rang the war cry:—"For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland" (*Für Gott, den Kaiser, und Vaterland*).

Speckbacher was to carry the bridge of Hall, and then join the other leaders. Blanche and Carl assisted him. It was a furious charge. Engirt with flames, both seemed invulnerable. Shock followed shock until the Bavarians wavered, when in ran the Tyrolese, sweeping them away like a tempest. The bridge was carried, and the event gained Speckbacher the name of "Fire-Devil."

Elsewhere there was much tough fighting. The pickets were driven in, and

Innsbruck itself once more assailed. Line after line of impetuous peasantry poured down upon the city from the hills. But military science was proof against even the bravest dash and manliest endeavour. The Tyrolese wavered, and were retreating for a council of war.

"For shame! for shame!" cried a woman's voice behind them; "will no one face a few Bavarians? Stay, stay! rally round a woman if you will not round our officers!"

Blanche, for it was she who had spoken, stepped in front of them, formed the volunteers, who soon came flocking around her, into a line right across the road, and putting herself at their head, exclaimed:—

"Once more, brave Tyrolese! For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland!—charge!"

Away they went in a perfect scamper against the Bavarian ranks and Bavarian cannon, reserving their fire until they came to close quarters. With a loud "hurrah" they fired, and rushed loosely upon the enemy. A deadly volley staggered them, and retreating a few paces, they fell back to form again. Blanche bid them load once more, and turning to the mass of her countrymen behind her, cried out wildly:—

"Is there none will help us?—Death or victory!"

"Return! return!" they all cried; "It is madness."

"O my daughter! my daughter!" ejaculated Zips, pressing forward out of the throng, and clasping his hands. "Return! return! It is hopeless!"

"I will not!" she cried, tossing her arms in the air. "Return! while a Bavarian confronts me?—never! we have still our musket-butts. Forward! let us shew them how to charge!"

A rattling fire of musket and grape thundered upon them, visibly thinning their numbers. The Bavarians, amazed, and not knowing what to make of this returning force, still feebly plied their weapons. A movement was perceptible in the very rear of the Bavarians, whilst the remaining Tyrolese were forming to come to their rescue. The attacking force, staggered and breathless, were near upon close quarters. Cries of victory and cries for help mingled in the most confused manner. At length came another cry, that turned all pale. It was Blanche's!

"O God! I am shot! I am shot! Save me, or I shall be taken!"

Two stout peasants immediately put their arms around her, and turned with her towards the main body of their countrymen.

"Sweep them off!" resounded along the Bavarian lines. A storm of balls hailed round them in a moment, and all three fell to the ground. The firing now became general and intense. Now and then a wounded peasant got up and staggered back amongst his friends. But all round where Blanche lay in the clasp of her faithful friends, grape and canister dealt death and destruction, scattering the earth and stones like a tornado of wind.

"Will no one venture?" asked Zips. "May I not clasp even the corpse of my brave child! O God! it is too much for me!"

He sank back and groaned aloud. Out rushed Carl himself, blinded with a wound in his head, and scarce able to drag himself along. All was profound silence. Even the Bavarians, to their honour be it said, paused whilst brotherly love clasped the corpse in his arm, and staggered in with it to the lines. Maddened and clamorous for vengeance, the Tyrolese were incessant in their firing until their balls were all spent, and they were absolutely dependent on those women and little boys could pick off the road.* The Bavarians at length demanded a truce, and silently slipped away in the dark. In a few days the Tyrol was free.

* A fact.

CHAPTER IV.

I must pass over the funeral of Blanche, and its weeping crowds and tender scenes; suffice it to say, that she was buried not far from her own home, now a charred heap of ruins, and that a more touching and impressive event never happened during the whole war than the interment of this warrior-queen, smiling of victory even in death.

The march of stern events shook Zips out of his gloom and despondency, or rather it gave a purpose to the demoniac element that was fast consuming him. After the armistice of Znaym, another invasion of the Tyrol took place on the north and the south simultaneously, and once more the capital was occupied by the enemy, the Austrians quietly retreating, and taking with them all the regular troops and cannon.

What could the poor Tyrolese do? They had helped to distract the forces of Napoleon in a very critical period; they had even been firm to their Kaiser, and this was their reward. These disasters had deprived them of their leaders, and they wandered about in groups and bands, wreaking vengeance upon everything that reminded them of their faithless friends and cruel foes.

Hofer himself, Garibaldi's antitype, had retired to a solitary chapel in his native valley. Speckbacker was won over to Austrian interests, but redeemed himself by a subsequent desertion at Sterzing. Hofer, amongst the rocks with his band, saw him pass, and with tears in his eyes said, "Ah! my comrade, they are leading thee to ignominy." And so deeply did the old Fire-Devil feel the reproach that he once more turned patriot. Zips, too, was gloomy, enwrapped in a very sorcery of despair and bitterness. The very sight of his wife was now hateful to him, and she was not allowed to share his hill-life and wild wanderings, but was entrusted to a staunch friend. A visit from the indefatigable Haspinger at length revived his dormant patriotism, and for a time filled him with a wild passion for vengeance that communicated almost electric energy to his old and shattered frame.

A meeting was to be held at Brixen, of the few men who had the courage to hope better things, and the daring means to do them. They were glad to see old Zips amongst them. He at once took the initiative in a firm but solemn tone.

"Brothers!" he said, "we are now left alone in our cause; the Austrians have deserted us, who never deserted them in their difficulties. Yet we are not left utterly defenceless. We must trust in God and our right. If we are worthy to be free, we shall be so in His time."

"Amen," fervently ejaculated the monk.

"I am an old man," he continued, "and my grey hairs have well nigh been brought in sorrow to the grave; yet all I am and have I give to our country. When my life is of no good to her, I cannot do better than die for her."

"God bless you, old friend," burst out the whole company.

"Is there one here," asked Zips, eyeing them all intensely and narrowly, whilst Haspinger in response lifted up the old ebony crucifix he had brandished so vigorously as a captain; "Is there anyone here who would rather save his life than his country? If so, let him not look on this holy symbol."

All turned their clear bright eyes upwards in silence.

"To the death then!"

"Yea," broke out the entire assembly, standing erect, and gathering round the two veterans.—"Freedom, or Death!"

Haspinger then administered the sacrament, and read the burial service in the most solemn and affecting manner.

These severely-noble patriots then prepared to collect their forces, to stem

the invading march of the Duke of Dantsic, who, they heard, was about to ascend the Brenner from the north, and complete the conquest of the Tyrol. This collecting of forces was of no easy nature. The peasants were scattered up and down in straggling bodies, those who still had homes had returned thither, and others were so dejected and spiritless, as to demand all the rude Borean energy of Haspinger himself, ere they would re-assume their rifles. As soon as the duke had left Innspruck, Zips went forth with a body of picked men as scouts, and brought intelligence of his approach.

"We must not let him get to Brixen," said Rothbard, "unless it is over our corpses."

The bridge of Laditch was then fixed upon as the Tyrolese position. Nature had given it advantages of which they prepared to make the most. Here the main road from Bolsano to Innspruck, or *vice versa*, crossed the Eisach. A narrow gorge, of the most sublime and terrific description, led to it from the northern side. Above were fir-clad heights and almost inaccessible cliffs, whilst beneath, and by its side, in a dark and yawning chasm that thrills the traveller yet and recalls Schiller's bold ballad of the "Diver," boiled and murmured the unseen river.

This was their simple plan of attack. A small force was to be stationed upon the bridge to fire upon the advancing force, and endeavour to allure them within the terrible defile. Once within, a tremendous fire of rifles was to follow, and at a preconcerted signal, an immense mass of rocks and fallen trees were to be let loose, to sweep them into the abyss.

The Tyrolese, were unusually buoyant. Zips, too, was himself again—yea, more than himself, for he was equal to seven Zips' of a month since. A dreadful dream had sealed his valour, if it needed it; and even now shed a wan and lurid light over his features. Blanche came before him, pale, anxious, imploring; shots hailed round her, and fierce demon faces glared out at her from dun and hellish clouds. But even these were not so fearful as a form that folded itself up ready to spring from behind upon her, and drag her down into a dark and bottomless abyss; it was the form of her old captor and desecrator. And Zips struggled and writhed in his sleep; and the hot faces of the demons scorched him, and he felt the cold deadly clutch of his child, and heard her last dying shriek, when he awoke, to pass the remainder of the night in fierce tossing to and fro, and wild yearning for the fight.

When the attack came, he was unusually daring and enthusiastic; for he could not forget his dream, or yet his unavenged Blanche. Voices within and around him whispered confusedly that his opportunity would be now or never. Therefore, what cared he for ordinary prudence, or wise and friendly counsels. He would hide behind no tree, nor screen behind no cliff; he would meet them boldly man to man. It was of no use his friends trying to prevent him; they knew too well the temper of the man.

A loud shout announced the approach of the French and Bavarians. Zips now advanced from the bridge, placed himself upon a jutting crag immediately above the road, and was the first to salute the enemy. A general fire burst forth from behind the rocks and trees, and swept the road in front of the defile, carrying away the foremost of the advancing soldiers.

Zips grew maniacal in his ardour; his coned hat was off his head, and his grey hairs floated around amidst the free air. Retiring behind his abutment to load, he stepped forward with one foot, and the ring of his hunting rifle was never heard without an answering groan. He was picking off the men with the most fatal precision. All their volleys were harmless upon him; he seemed ringed with a coat of adamant. The enemy now came to a halt.

"Forward, and seize that old man, or slay him," cried the Duke, enraged at the destruction he was dealing about him, and imagining him to be the

leader of the sharpshooters. "Half a year's pay to him who shall venture first."

A solitary soldier sprang forward and ran: but long ere he reached the crag, he threw up his gun and fell dead. A second advanced, more cautiously than the first, and knelt to take a deliberate aim, but fell backwards ere he had raised his gun, pierced to the heart. Some half-dozen now left the main body, headed by an officer. It was now Zips' turn to look round him and do his best. He had but one shot left. He could expect no help from his companions; they were all too far away to give him assistance. Retreat was impossible, either upwards or downwards, what could he do? One rapid, eagle glance at the men, and then—aha! his *dream*! He was there, the worse than demon. There was the scar on the left cheek, and the samarusset beard. Ah! he recognized him, too, as he approached with a drawn sword, bidding his men make ready, take steady aim, and if need be, fire. There was no time to be lost; breathing a short supplication and murmuring "Blanche," he leaped down upon the road and threw aside his gun, which was interpreted by the soldiers into a peaceful surrender. But gathering up his strength for a desperate effort, he struck aside the sword of the officer, twined his arms around his body, crying aloud, "In the name of God!" and with one wild maniac bound, sprang with him into the black chasm and boiling torrent below.*

Awed and startled by this terrible scene, the handful of soldiers returned to the main body, and a thunderous volley followed them from the frenzied patriots above. The duke ordered an immediate advance, and a fresh column arriving in their rear, the spirits of his men revived. In the profoundest silence, the allied forces entered the terrible gorge, and made for the bridge. As soon as they were well within the defile, a solitary man stood up from the rocks above the boiling river, and cried "Hans, for the most Holy Trinity!" A voice from amongst the firs responded, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose above!"

Suddenly, a crash as of falling trees, and ponderous rocks, startled the soldiers in the defile, and one tremendous avalanche of trees, rocks, and stones, ploughed down from above, with a roar and a roll as of thunder, and hundreds of soldiers were precipitated into the howling Charybdis beneath. Then all was silent, and for a few minutes nothing was heard, save the brawl of the unseen river, and the groans and cries of the wounded and the dying.

"Most nobly art thou avenged!" cried Haspinger, involuntarily, gazing from above into the dark gulf below.

The forces still advanced, but the bridge was fired, and the volleys of the sharpshooters were telling with terrible effect. A retreat was at once sounded.

One word about Carl and his mother—the fate of the others is matter of history, with which it is not my business to deal. Seeking her out from those kind friends who had undertaken to care for her in her utter deprivation, he bade her a solemn farewell, and clinging to a few compatriots, who, persecuted and hunted from plain to plain, and crag to crag like very chamois, were at last driven into frost-bound and inaccessible retreats; "further," said Carl, "from their enemies, and nearer to those who had gone to an eternal freedom." And there, at last the sole survivor, amidst the free scenes that had nourished the pure soul of his father's earliest patriotism, he yielded up to God that life, which, safe and charmed in war, and useful now no longer, he chose rather to breathe out in loneliest peace, than turn traitor or give himself up to chains and infamy.

* The above is a reliable fact.

OLD MEMORIES.

BY EDMUND TEESDALE.

[ORIGINAL.]

CAN we not cull from Time some flow'rets of the past,
Whose petals ever bloom, whose odours ever last,
When brooding cares oppress the weary, aching brow,
And nought save rankling weeds o'erspread our pathway now?
Yes! and from Memory's shell, in murmurs soft and sweet,
Shall melodies of old our aching senses greet,
Far softer than the voice of lute, or pipe, or string,
Or Philomel at eve in love-lorn warbling!

Come, pensive twilight, come! Shut out the garish sun!
The day hath been too long for aught of good that's done,
And I am wearied sore of walking to and fro—
Of gazing on earth's sin, and misery, and woe;
I fain would woo the tone of Memory's dulcet shell,
And press my eyelids down that I may listen well.
With Her I wander forth in boyhood's gladdest wilds—
Again my springing step is eager as a child's—
Again I breast the wave, or climb the moorland steep,
Or trim the trembling sail, or row with lusty sweep.

Thy stream, again, oh Tees!—thy silver, fairy stream—
Flows by me as I muse and mingles with my dream.
Flow, gently flow, sweet Tees, thy waving woods among!
I see thy ripples gleam, I hearken to thy song,
And shouting schoolmates come, who snatch me by the hand;
Not one of them is dead; not one hath left thy strand!

And is it *really* so?—Are *not* their voices mute?
Doth Jack still scrape the string!—hath Harry still his flute—
And Dick the old bassoon—and Jem his bugle-horn?
I thought the lads had died and left me here forlorn.
Ah no—'twas phantasy! For now my own arm sways,
And drawing forth his song, I clutch my old friend bass.
Now down the staves we move—*andante* sweetly glide—
And now *prestissimo*, like wild things do we ride!

Ah, bravely have we done—this band of lads and I—
We've not forgot the skill of fireside minstrelsy;
Nor friendship's bond have rent for carping split-straw rules,
(We hold the whip in hand o'er all those learned fcols).
But comrades, steady all! Why flag the harmony,
And fainter, fainter still, the sweet old melody?
In vain I fondly yearn to catch the perting strain;
But may not hold it here—'tis fled to heaven again!
The vision melts apace!

I've dreamed a pleasant time—
Thank God my memory's good, and that I still can rhyme.

The Recent International Philanthropic Congress.

THE Brighton Annual Committee, by resolution, ordered that the following paper read on the 12th of June last, before the interesting gathering of philanthropists at Burlington House, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, should be published in the Magazine and the Quarterly Reports. It is, therefore, reprinted from the volume of "Transactions" issued by the Congress. The Annual Committee appointed the Grand Master (Mr. Jno. Gale, Liverpool), Mr. Daynes, and Mr. Hardwick, as a deputation to represent the society at the meeting of the Congress. Mr. Daynes was unable to attend, owing to indisposition. On the following day the Grand Master expressed to the Annual Committee, the great gratification which the very courteous and complimentary reception of the deputation had afforded him; and he felt confident much good would result from the course which the Unity had adopted.

FRIENDLY OR BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

In accordance with the wish expressed by the Honorary Secretary of the International Philanthropic Congress, I am instructed by the Grand Master and Board of Directors to draw up a statement of the principal facts in connection with the Independent Order of Odd-fellows Manchester Unity Friendly Society; and to forward any books or papers which I may deem of sufficient importance to interest gentlemen engaged in the study of social economics. I have, therefore, written the following abstract, which will, perhaps, be sufficient for the purpose of the International Congress.

CHARLES HARDWICK, Past Grand Master.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS MANCHESTER UNITY FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

This, now the most extensive self-governed Provident Institution in the world, was established at Manchester, in the year 1812. For some time previously, isolated Lodges of Odd-fellows existed in various parts of the country, but they possessed no regularly organized sick and funeral fund. They were merely secret fraternities—humble imitations of Freemasonry—instituted chiefly for social and convivial purposes, although they occasionally afforded charitable assistance to members in distress. The presumed antiquity of these Provident Institutions of the operative classes, I have demonstrated, in my "Manual for Patrons and Members of Friendly Societies," to be unsupported by evidence and opposed to known historic facts. I have been unable to obtain the slightest trace of a modern Friendly Society of this class, prior to the publication of Daniel De Foe's work, entitled, an "Essay on Projects," in 1696, in which he suggests the formation of clubs, to provide, *"by mutual assurance, for the relief of the members in seasons of distress."* He suggests, likewise, the formation of similar societies for the support of destitute widows, and another for the assistance of seamen. His very object was precisely similar to that of modern philanthropists, for he expressly says: "The same thought might be improved into methods that should prevent the

general misery and poverty of mankind, and at once secure us against beggars, parish poor, alms-houses, and hospitals; by which, not a creature so miserable or poor, but should *claim subsistence as their due and not ask it of charity.*"

The progress of the Manchester Unity has been extremely rapid during the last nine years. In January, 1853, the total number of members was 224,441; in January, 1862, it amounted to 335,145. During the past year, the increase in the number was 18,930, notwithstanding the large number of deaths and "lapsed policies," as it is technically expressed. These members are distributed over 3429 lodges, located in almost every portion of Her Majesty's dominions, home and colonial. There is likewise one lodge in Philadelphia, another in New York, and another, recently opened, at Constantinople, still in connection with the parent society. Numerous offshoots or imitations are likewise flourishing both in England and America. The 3429 lodges are grouped into 447 districts, varying considerably both in numbers and extent. The subscriptions are paid by the members into their respective lodges, each of which possesses full power over its own funds, subject, however, to the by-laws of the district of which it forms a part, and to the general laws of the Manchester Unity. Should any lodge, in strict compliance, be unable to meet the legitimate claims of a member, the district is bound to provide for him, and, in case of the failure of the district, the responsibility falls upon the entire Unity.

The whole Society is entirely self-governed. The members of the lodges attend to and pay their own sick out of their own funds; but the mortality risk is spread over the district. Hence a committee sits periodically (generally quarterly) to conduct the business pertaining to the insurance at death. This committee is composed of deputies elected by each lodge in the district. This committee is likewise a court of appeal in case of dispute between a member and his lodge. It is presided over by three officers, elected annually, named the Pro. G.M., or Provincial Grand Master, the D. Pro. G.M., or the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and the Pro. C.S., or the Provincial Corresponding Secretary. The lodges have likewise each officers of a somewhat similar character, besides others of minor importance. The central executive body, which sits for about a week every three months in Manchester, is annually elected at an aggregate meeting held in Whitsun-week, in some important town. This meeting is termed the A.M.C., or Annual Moveable Committee, because it cannot, by the Unity law, be held in the same place two consecutive years. The last meeting was held at Bolton, in Lancashire; that of 1860, at Shrewsbury; and that of the present year, is now sitting at Brighton. This A.M.C. is composed of deputies sent from the various districts composing the Unity, according to the number of members. For each thousand or part of a thousand, a district is entitled to one representative; but as the sending is optional, the numbers consequently vary. There has been since this system was adopted, as many as 262, and as few as 75 deputies present. At Shrewsbury 170 attended, and at Bolton 188. The executive government of the entire Order, as I have before observed, is elected by this body. It consists of a G.M., or Grand Master, a D.G.M., or Deputy Grand Master, and a C.S., or Corresponding Secretary, together with nine Directors, each selected from a separate district, and the retiring Grand Master, who retains his seat at the board by virtue of his office for one year. The directors retire annually, but each, individually, is eligible for re-election. In addition to its executive duties, this board is the highest court of appeal in cases of dispute, and its decisions are final, in accordance with a clause in the Act of Parliament, under which the general laws are registered. The principal other business of the Annual Moveable Committee is the examination of the proceedings of the executive, and the making of new or the amending of the present general laws,

which regulate the entire Unity, and within which all district or lodge by-laws must be made to be valid. These annual meetings generally cause some public demonstration, which assists in advertising the society and in expounding its objects. The same may be said of the anniversary dinners, processions, etc., of the individual lodges.

These objects are, the provision of a certain sum per week during incapacity to labour through sickness or accident; a certain sum on the death of a member, in order to ensure decent interment; a certain sum for a similar purpose on the death of a member's wife; provision for the widows and orphans of members; medical aid and medicines during sickness; and some slight relief when travelling in search of employment. In addition to these regular insurances, benevolent gifts or charitable donations are occasionally voted in cases of extreme distress; but the money so applied must not be drawn from the insurance fund. The amount insured varies in different districts, according to the class of members. The most common rate, however, is, for sickness, 10s. per week, and £10 on the death of a member, and about £7 on the death of a member's wife. The "Widow and Orphan Funds" are very varied in character, some being semi-benevolent, and others regular insurances. Any member, on removing to a distant part of the country, can transfer his payments and claims on certain conditions; or the local society or lodge will act as agent for the one in which he was initiated.

It is impossible to state correctly the total amount of reserved capital possessed by the lodges in connection with the Unity; but, from the returns which have been obtained, it is probably between a million and a half and two millions sterling. I have little doubt the entire Friendly Societies of Great Britain, possess reserved capital amounting to nearly twenty millions sterling. The Manchester Unity members subscribe annually above £350,000, and the expenditure is probably not far short of £300,000.

In the earlier portion of its career, many lodges in the Unity, like ordinary sick clubs, collapsed for want of funds. This circumstance has called forth much ignorant and unmerited abuse. All the earlier efforts were, of course, speculative. It was no crime, but rather the misfortune of the providently-disposed operative, that the calculations of all actuaries preceding Ansell and Neison, from Dr. Price downwards, proved deceptive. Indeed, the present improved knowledge is but the past experience of the societies themselves, expressed in a tabular form. Amongst the efforts for progress in this direction, the action of the Manchester Unity occupies the first place. Mr. Ansell's work was published in 1835, and Mr. Neison's in 1845. In the latter year great advance was made by the Unity. The subscriptions were raised, and the benefits lowered, and a graduated scale of initiation fees introduced, which, though imperfect, was a most important step in the right direction. The fund for securing the insurance during sickness and at death, was separated from the incidental or management fund. The latter, however, still includes several minor insurances, which are prospective only for the year, and consequently need no accumulation of capital to meet future contingencies, such as surgeons' fees, the free use of leeches when ordered by the medical adviser, charitable gifts, relief of travellers in search of employment, and other somewhat similar expences. The absence of truthful information on this subject has been the cause of much idle abuse about extravagant management, by otherwise well-meaning philanthropists in the middle and upper classes. Before denunciation is employed against self-reliant provident men, great care should be taken to ascertain from the men themselves, what are the real facts of the case. If this were more generally adopted, much ill-will might be avoided and much good effected. I have had, perhaps, more opportunities of discussing the question

of friendly society finance, in their regular meetings, and on the public platform, than any other individual, and I have ever found that courteous demeanour and a thorough exposition of both sides of the question under consideration, commanded not simply the patient attention of the members, but their heartiest applause.

In 1846, the executive of the Manchester Unity ordered returns from the various lodges for three consecutive years. In 1850, they published the result of Mr. Ratcliffe's analysis of these returns. In 1852, Mr. Ratcliffe's supplement appeared, in which additional tables, for the first time, were given, for the determination of the rates of in-payment for sick benefits extending over limited periods of time, or gradually declining in amount, etc.; together with an exposition of the method adopted in ascertaining the value of the assets and liabilities of a lodge or district.* This work proved of so much practical value, that the executive government determined the quinquennial returns, forwarded according to law, to the Registrar of Friendly Societies, in 1861, should be subjected to a still more searching analysis; and a volume containing the results, has just been issued from the press. This is, unquestionably, the best and most complete work on Friendly Society Statistics extant. It is the result of the labour and capital of the Manchester Unity alone, Mr. Ratcliffe being, and having been for years, the Corresponding Secretary of the Order. I understand the aggregate returns from all registered societies, still lay unanalysed at Mr. Pratt's office; so the working men, in this instance, have been more prompt in their effort for further instruction, than the government itself. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the amount of good which must ultimately result from the publication of this work. The more intelligent members of the Manchester Unity have been anxiously awaiting its advent, and immediate steps will be taken to improve the general financial laws in accordance with its teachings.

The most important politico-social aspect of this great Friendly Society, is the fact of its perfectly spontaneous developement from the provident instincts of the people themselves. It is thoroughly self-reliant in principle, and self-governed in practice; and this the members justly regard as the corner stone of their success. The subscribing members alone vote or fill any of its executive offices. Honorary members, however, of nearly every degree of social rank, are initiated, and can, if so disposed, give their advice and assistance in many ways. They often attend public demonstrations, and, by their presence and expressed approval, assist in extending its operations. This brings the upper-classes frequently into active connexion with the most intelligent section of the operative population, to their mutual instruction and advantage. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the value of this independent self-reliant action of the Manchester Unity and other similar bodies. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, brother to our late lamented Prince Albert, uttered a most profound politic social truth when he said:—"I believe, without the sympathies of the people, no man can do them solid good." One of our own great living thinkers, Mr. J. Stuart Mill, truly says:—"In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is, nevertheless, desirable that it should be done by them rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subject with which they are thus left to deal." Mill deduces from this great principle the chief recommendation of

* In the following year the Preston A.M.C. adopted a graduated scale of in-payments, according to age on entrance into the society, founded upon the data above referred to. This important fact was inadvertently overlooked in compiling the original paper.—C. H.

trial by jury, municipal government, etc., and he expressly regards the "conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary association," as an "important part of national education."

As the discussion of all party-political subjects or sectarian differences in religion in the meetings is prohibited by the laws of the Manchester Unity, men of all parties and opinions assemble, as it were, on neutral territory; and, in the most practical manner possible, acquire a knowledge of the principles of legislation and the nature of the executive function. To this educational action of these self-governed Provident Societies, during the past twenty-five years, may be justly attributed much of the present improved tone in the proceedings of masses of working men, met in public conclave, to discuss any grievance whatever. This was strikingly exhibited in the conduct of the Preston operatives during the famous long "strike" and "lock-out" which took place a few years ago; and it is still more so, in the noble deportment of the Lancashire operatives generally at the present time, when they are sore pressed by the prospect of famine, and famine resulting from no special misconduct or important neglect of duty on their part. The saving to the poor-rates is enormous; but the great educational influence referred to, and the higher standard of moral feeling and personal self-respect induced, is a much more valuable contribution to the general welfare of humanity, and is of much more importance to the cause of civilisation than any pecuniary advantage, however great. There are, undoubtedly, many sections of society which yet require helping onward to their own good by leading strings, gently held, and, in some instances, tightly drawn, by the hands of their wealthy philanthropic friends and neighbours; but such is not the case with the intelligent, self-reliant, industrious artisans—the founders and managers of their own provident institutions. All they require is the hearty recognition of the statesman and the philosopher; the good will, the friendly advice and occasional co-operation of their superiors in social status, and the rest may, with safety, be left to the honourable instincts and practical good sense of the people themselves.

As an auxiliary to the educational influence referred to, the Directors of the Manchester Unity publish quarterly a literary Magazine, about 12,000 copies of which circulate amongst the members. To this magazine I have been for some years a contributor of special technical articles, and I was recently appointed its editor. A quarterly report of the proceedings of the executive government is likewise published; and, every two years, a revised list of the lodges in the Unity, the number of members belonging to each, and the nights on which the meetings are held. Copies of the last issued of these publications, together with Mr. Ratcliffe's recent work on the vital statistics of the Order, and my own "Manual for Patrons and Members of Friendly Societies," accompany this paper.

THE PASSIONS.—Wherefore did God create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these, rightly tempored, are the very ingredients of virtue?—*Milton*.

DEPOTISM is a form of treason against humanity, and it is a law of nature that humanity shall never serve it with its best.—*Dr. Vaughan*.

SYMPATHY.—It is because mankind are disposed to sympathise more entirely with our joy than with our sorrow, that we make parade of our riches, and conceal our poverty.—*Adam Smith*.

SELF HELP.—Man's neighbours or his landlord may be much cleverer than himself, and not without an indirect interest in his prosperity, but for all that, his interests will be better attended to in his own keeping than in theirs.—*J. Stuart Mill*.

Something Worth Seeing in Great Ormond Street.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCATTERED SEEDS," "THE SPARROW AND THE PRIMROSE," ETC.

"YES, I think you have succeeded very well; but are you aware, my dear, that those people you have been scrubbing are my ancestors?"

It certainly could not be the pew-opener thus addressing me; so I looked up from the "knight and his lady beneath a canopy" to meet the merry glance of a pair of grey eyes, fixed pleasantly upon my bent figure and the papers, scraps of heel-ball, etc., surrounding me.

"Yes, my dear," she went on, "I have rubbed all these before you were born or thought of, and am as much at home in this little church as by my own fireside. I was baptized at that old font yonder—there is not a more ancient one, let me tell you, for miles round; married at that altar (is not the reredos beautiful?); and my only child lies buried with my husband in the churchyard without. My uncle was the incumbent here, when I was a girl: I lived with him, and married his curate. Now you know as much as nearly every one in B—— knows of Mrs. Carew Hamilton. My dear, I am Mrs. Carew Hamilton."

She lingered lovingly over the name, as I once again looked up at her, more startled than when first accosted by the chatty little lady, to whom the wife of Sir Nicholas Carew, if fairly represented in her brass, must have been a giantess.

"Ah! I see you know my name," she continued, leaving me no opportunity for reply; "every one does in B——, although I am now only a visitor where I used to be a resident. Do you live in the neighbourhood, young lady?"

"No; my sister and I are staying with a friend in Croydon. I have never been inside this church, excepting for a brief inspection of the brasses, till to-day. What a beautiful little place it is! I am so fond of old churches!"

"Are you, my dear? then we have, at least, one taste in common. I consider this quite a gem of a church; but perhaps I am partial. And then its situation—could anything be more retired, more thoroughly English, in its surroundings? I only wish the present incumbent would follow the fashion—and a very good one it is—of having the church open at all times and seasons, as it used to be in my day: I almost lived here when I was a girl. I have a private key, once made expressly for me; but other people have to hunt for the sexton, or the pew-opener, when inclined for half-an-hour's 'meditation amongst the tombs,' and that is a hindrance to such profitable occupation." And here Mrs. Carew Hamilton fairly paused for breath; and I was enabled to inform her of the hunt I had had after the pew-opener that very day; and how, to my great distress on her account, I found that the poor woman was compelled to remain in the church as long as I thought proper to do so, until I persuaded her to lock me up in the sacred edifice for a given time and go home with the key."

"What was she afraid you would do then, my dear?"

"Oh, she was only following orders. Some years ago I believe a brass-rubber either removed or attempted to remove a brass from the church, and since then it has not been considered safe to admit strangers without some one to look after them. Indeed, she told me that 'by rights' she ought not

to have let me in at all without calling at the rectory and obtaining the incumbent's permission."

At this moment the old church clock struck four, and as I had some distance to walk, and it was late in the autumn, I began to collect my belongings and prepare for departure.

"Going, already!" exclaimed my companion. "Well, you must come again and let me explain all the monuments, and show you the fine carving of the misereres, about which I know more than Mrs. Simmonds, though she is a very worthy soul, and looks upon the church as if it were a child of her own, I do believe. She used to be a pupil in my Sunday class years ago."

"What's your name, my dear?" she inquired abruptly, as we stood in the fading sunlight, for a last look at the 'ivy-mantled' windows of the most ancient part of the building.

"My name is Margareta."

"Why that is an old family name of ours, I declare!"

"My mother was a Carew, madam; and my father took her name, in compliance with a stipulation in my grandfather's will," I answered, secretly amused at the effect of my revelation upon Mrs. Hamilton. I had intended consulting my sister Anna before claiming kinship with that far away cousin, of whom we had once heard a great deal, but whose existence we had latterly altogether forgotten. However, there was something so very winning in my companion's frankness, that I could not resist making myself known there and then. A hearty shake of the hands followed.

"I have been a great deal more communicative than you, cousin Margareta; but I am proud of my name—always was as a girl, before Hamilton was added to it."

And now the reader knows how, if I believed in chance, I should say a "lucky chance" brought about my first meeting with the dear old lady who has since been so frequently a guest in our cosy cottage, and is just now sleeping soundly in an adjoining room, where Anna is at work, whilst I am scribbling to the accompaniment of singing birds and the rustling of the acacia boughs in front of my open window.

Mrs. Carew Hamilton is now quite an authority in the very limited family circle boasting of descent from Sir Nicholas Carew: kindly little woman that she is—so willing to advise us, and suggest plans for us to mature and execute, but so tenacious of interfering with any of our own, because, as she justly says, we are "young women of independent position and tolerable understanding, and have, therefore, as much right to go our way as she hers." She has her one weak point—the greatness and celebrity of the Carew family; and has a collection of "rubblings" from the brasses in every church in the kingdom containing their honoured remains. Moreover, every manuscript or printed account of members of that illustrious family which she can lay hands on, is stowed away in a most ancient trunk, till she shall find a chronicler worthy of the task of compiling and arranging a consecutive history of the Carews or Carews, from the days of Noah unto Victoria. A certain antiquarian friend of mine has, for his own amusement and profit, busied himself for a long time with researches into the Carew pedigree: should my cousin ever suspect his possession of such valuable "materials," I fear, poor woman, she would know no rest herself, and most certainly give him none, till permitted to transcribe or to purchase the neatly written tomes devoted to the said pedigree. I have mentioned our cousin's weak point; her *strong* point—would to heaven it were *everyone's strong* point!—is trying to help and comfort the poor and suffering, and stirring up others to go and do likewise.

"My dears, in my time plain work was a part of every gentlewoman's education," she said to us one day; "but now, what with bead-work, Berlin-

work, leather-work, potichomanie, wax flowers, paper flowers, illuminations, and what not, you young women never seem to have a moment to spare for anything so useful."

"But, indeed, cousin Carew, said Anna (Mrs. Hamilton preferred being thus addressed by us), "we have no need to make our own clothes, as they can be bought so cheaply, and we have plenty of money, and——"

"Do not like useful work, cousin Anna. And do not think it much matters what you do with your time," interrupted the old lady.

Anna and I looked up indignantly. We prided ourselves particularly upon never being idle—always having "something to do;" but if truth must be told, we had not thought a great deal about the most useful thing to do, or the best way of spending the very large amount of leisure with which we were favoured.

"There really is no need to make our under-linen, cousin," I reiterated; "time and money are both saved by purchasing it."

"And what do you do with the time and money thus saved, my dears? I never thought of your making your own things; it is quite right that the Carews should encourage trade and pay for hand labour; but has it never occurred to you two gentlewomen that you might make clothes for others who cannot, like you, afford to buy, or find time to make?"

Mrs. Hamilton said no more at the time, but she had said enough in thus suggesting to us the idea of "taking in plain work," the very last thing by which either Anna or I would care to make a living, but still, as a profitable employment of time, and benefiting others, not altogether distasteful to us.

When our cousin Carew next visited us, a little before Christmas time, she smiled approvingly at the contents of a certain drawer, which we somewhat triumphantly opened for her inspection.

"That is well, my children: and who are to have these nice garments—the poor of the parish?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Anna; "there are plenty who work for them: these are for some who are less often thought of by the well-to-do—poor gentlewomen in distress."

"It is right that a Carew should remember *them*, my love," was the emphatic rejoinder, "as every Carew is a born gentlewoman. I could almost have guessed, from Margaret's bearing when I first saw her, that she was of the family."

But it is not to Mrs. Carew Hamilton, good and excellent as she is, or even to sister Anna, that I intend devoting these pages; but rather to a brief notice of an institution which we visited together, urged thereto by our benevolent cousin.

It was on a lovely day in last July that, on entering our morning-room, we were both startled by finding our guest in tears—a very rare occurrence with her.

"I hope you have not had bad news," I inquired anxiously.

"Oh dear no, children; only an old woman's feelings are not always under her control," she answered, wiping her gold spectacles carefully. "These are scarcely tears of sorrow: I have been reading an article in Macmillan, and fact, not fiction, has quite upset me. Read for yourselves, girls, and leave me to think. Instituted ten years ago, and I never to have heard of a Children's Hospital!—I feel quite ashamed of myself. If I only knew the author personally as well as I know her writings, I would send her a letter of thanks for that article—only read it."

We did read it; and one result of the reading was, that in less than a week afterwards, Mrs. Hamilton, Anna, and I, found ourselves amongst some quiet streets in the neighbourhood of bustling, unquiet Holborn, anxiously inquiring

the *shortest* way to the Hospital for Sick Children. A lucid direction at last—for we had not clearly understood that first given—and a few minutes of brisk walking, past *law* offices and *other charitable* (?) institutions, brought us in front of the Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

"Can we be shown over the building?" inquired Mrs. Hamilton of the lad who answered our summons.

"This way, ladies." We were conducted across the spacious entrance hall into a room of very official aspect, which we found was the Board room. Cousin Carew immediately commenced a tour of inspection; and was not long in discovering that various little books might be purchased for the benefit of the charity; so drew out her purse in readiness, whilst we each helped ourselves to copies of the latest "Annual Report" lying on the table.

By this time we were joined by a very pleasant-spoken young woman, whom we erroneously took for the Matron,* although certainly not what we should have expected a hospital matron to look like.

"We have all read the July number of Macmillan, and have come to see the Hospital in consequence," said cousin Carew, going straight to the point at once; "I hope we may be allowed to see the poor little sufferers."

"Oh, certainly," was the ready response. "Indeed, we have to thank the writer of that article for many new friends. She was here again only the other day. And we hope she will allow it to be printed separately for circulation—I dare say she will."

Up the wide old-fashioned staircase we "girls," (as cousin Carew calls us, despite of my grey-hairs) fellowed that lady's nimble footsteps, and into the spacious wards, so well ventilated—so beautifully clean and cheerful-looking—in which were the tiny beds, each containing an occupant more or less suffering, but nearly every one, except in extreme cases, so bright and contented-looking. Certainly, our Magazine writer had not exaggerated either the comforts of the institution, or the cheerfulness of its inmates. Our conductress, whatever her connection with the Hospital, possessed a thorough knowledge of the "cases," and had a kind word to cheer or console every one.

"This is not a good day for strangers," she observed, "as the children are expecting the parents and friends, who are allowed to visit them on Wednesday afternoons, and they often cry, poor things, when they see them, and when they say good-bye again."

"I am sure I do not wonder at it," said my sister. "How they must look forward to these visits and all the home news of brothers and sisters."

One little one just then began to cry rather fretfully, wanting to see some one with whose name our guide seemed quite familiar. She paused at the bedside, and spoke soothingly to the child.

"Yes, she wants to see Masie. Masie will soon be here now; and she will be a good, patient little girl till Masie comes." The coverlid was rearranged, the doll lying on the bed put rather nearer to the thin wasted fingers, but the child scarcely noticed either it or us, and closed her eyes wearily as we turned towards another little one, whose toys were evidently a source of great delight.

"She is very ill, poor child; it is only a matter of time," whispered our companion.

"What is it," I inquired—feeling an uncomfortable sensation in my throat as I listened to the stifled fretting of the little one wanting "Masie," and too ill to play with Dolly—with whom it was "only a matter of time!"

"Consumption"—was the knell-like answer.

There were other cases, besides the one just mentioned, with large lustrous eyes, and hectic cheeks; one, a marvellously beautiful boy, with whom it was

* The then Lady Superintendent.

also only "a matter of time"—perhaps a few days, perhaps but a few hours, it was impossible to say; all knew what the end must be. But these little sufferers were kindly cared for; the diet prescribed for them and duly chronicled with their "case" on a card at the foot of each bed, duly provided; the remedies duly administered; and all that good nursing could do to lighten their suffering was theirs. A medical man, with a stethoscope was making a careful examination of one little emaciated figure. What her case, or what the chances of her recovery, we did not hear; but there were a great many of the thirty patients there at the time of our visit who were getting rapidly better. Some, quite convalescent, were standing about or playing in the several wards, expecting their friends, and therefore upstairs on this particular day, instead of being down in the spacious and handsome room devoted both to lessons and play, as the little patients became able to change their quarters, and take part both in instruction and active amusement.

Others not yet so far advanced, but still "getting on nicely," were sitting up in their beds, with little bed-tables before them, playing with dolls, nine-pins, beads, etc. Picture books of coloured calicoes seemed also greatly in favour;—in fact, any toys, old or new, are acceptable, and presents of clothing are equally welcome to the matron. Some children are brought with scarcely decent rags to cover them. These are at once removed; and should the child be able to take a bath, no time is lost in introducing it to clean water before having proper clothing put on it. And then, as each child leaves the hospital, a complete suit is given it; so that there is a constant drain upon the stores of clothing, which can only be met by "voluntary contributions." After inspecting the girls' wards, we went upstairs into the four rooms, one opening into the other, devoted to the boys; the fever and infectious wards being in another part of the building, not, of course, open to the general public. And then, as the friends and relatives began to arrive with toys, babies, brothers and sisters, we made our way down to the terrace leading into the garden at the back, where some convalescents were playing, and quite ready to romp with us had we had the time to devote to them. But we were obliged to leave them for a hasty peep at the nursery, under the same roof, but really next door to the Hospital. Here some little healthy children were in full exercise of their lungs; a few were kicking on the floor; others being danced in their young nurses' arms; cared for and housed at the rate of 2d. or 3d. a-day, whilst their mothers are out charring, or earning a living by any occupation necessitating absence from home.

"My dears," said cousin Carew that evening, as we sat "waiting for candles" in the only idle hour of our day; "My dears, we have seen a very touching sight this afternoon, one, perhaps, of the saddest, if not the very saddest on God's earth—the sight of infant suffering in no way resulting from the misdoings of the sufferers, which can rarely be said of the sorrows or sicknesses of older people. Let us not forget what we have seen, and let us remember to some purpose." A few days before last Christmas, a goodly parcel of clothes, old and new, dolls, beads, picture books, pencils, and various etceteras, reached the matron of the Hospital in Great Ormond Street, and that, I think, was the result of Mrs. Carew Hamilton's visit.

N.B.—To the purchasers of rare and curious tomes.—Should our cousin's voluminous history of the Carews appear during her life-time, there is some talk of the *profits*, which must necessarily (!) result from its publication, being devoted to the Hospital for Sick Children. An *early* application for copies is requested!

Y. S. N.

A Few Crotchets Touching the "Rickets."

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Mrs. GORDON's son seems a nice little boy. What a fair complexion and bright eyes he has, and what pleasant manners!" This was our remark made to the esteemed Esculapius who visits our family on the free-and-easy footing which, seeing every member of it under the various influences of irritating blisters, depressing emetics, bad dyspepsia, worse temper, ugly spasms, and uglier nightcaps, must give free license for. It is of no use attempting to "do the grand," and appear as though we were always strong, and amiable, and perfect, before the individual who has had us prostrate at his mercy, barely able to leave our pillow to swallow a pill; and trembling between a fainting shiver and feverish fume. It is of no use, we say, to be playing the peacock or elephant before those who are intimate with all our lack-a-daisical weaknesses and miseries; so we allow our respected "medico" to take his place, as general and confidential gossip, and pour out our small and large opinions freely into his ear. Thus we told him our thoughts respecting Master Gordon's complexion and eyes, when to our surprise and sorrow he exclaimed, "Ah! the boy *looks* well enough, but he is all wrong." "Why, what is the matter with him?" said we. "The matter!" said our friend; "why the fact is, there is something radically at fault in the system. His blood is poor, his joints are too prominent, his head is too large, and his whole organization presents a painful specimen of the rickets. His appearance is delusive, and gives attractive externals to the superficial observer, but the boy has no stamina—no healthy vitality about him. He is weak in the heart, anything but straight in the spine, and shakey in the limbs; and, take my word for it, his bright complexion evinces anything but sound constitutional health and strength; and when you feel inclined to admire the little fellow, remember that you are looking on a mere animated mushroom." Our worthy "pulseometer" left us, and we could not help cogitating somewhat on his revelation. We found our very large organ of "comparison" beginning to hum a tune, and felt inclined to let it take its own way; so our fanciful brain very soon set up a notion that there are numerous phases of "rickets" as well as that recognised in Master Gordon's shape. "Dear me," said we, mentally, "how often we may detect these same 'rickets' in divers places and multifarious action." And then we threw a glance around the room we occupied, being at that time enjoying the luxury of "furnished apartments" at one of our fashionable marine resorts. "Surely," continued we, "there is no lack of immediate example in this very drawing-room; and, taking 'furnished apartments' on a common average scale, who ever existed in them without the discovery, that, like Master Gordon, their ostensible aspect was not to be depended on, and that internal domestic validity is not the certain accompaniment of gaudy display. Make your residence in any of these genteel lodging-houses, and see what dangers and deceptions are presented by the whole of the household goods and chattels. The curtains may be tolerably bright in colour, but have a care how you attempt to draw them, for you may be sure some of the rings are off, or that the pole itself is in such a state of

jeopardy that the slightest approach to haste or rashness would bring the whole about one's head in delapidated confusion. The centre-table looks rather brave under its garment of black and scarlet, but, alas, it is minus a castor, and is propped in its place by a small block of wood, or probably a dusty bung or wedge of paper; to say nothing of the upper portion being strongly inclined to afford a game at see-saw to whatever may be placed on it. As for the chiffonier, you may safely calculate on finding it provided with a key that either will not lock it when open, or will not open it when locked; or what is quite as likely, in a state of general dislocated rebellion against any security whatever. If there be a drawer to it, it is no light task to get it out, and a still heavier one to send it back—seeing that the right and left sides insist on moving in the figures of alternate angles—now sliding here and sticking there, then sticking here and sliding there; and perhaps, among small annoyances, nothing is more irritating than a drawer that will neither be soothed, or shoved, or coaxed, or bullied into going the way it ought, especially when we are conscious that a trifling application of aggravated strength would convert it into a practical division sum. There are a couple of imposing looking fancy chairs, but be cautious how you handle them. The bottom rails of one are nervously creaky, and the gilded back of the other is capable of anything but fulfilling the purpose it was intended for. As for the windows, the chances are, that if they are up they resist coming down, and if they are down they resist going up; added to which, the Venetian blinds are as “defective and irregular” as any set of verbs extant. They invariably draw up lop-sided, and, when at full length, show gaps and spaces which throw any individual's love of form and order into desperate uneasiness. If there be a picture, be sure it is hung on anything but the eye-line level; and that the chimney ornaments, like the commandments, have undergone a continuous “breaking;” and present as wonderful an exhibition of the possible combination of fragments as the most antiquated patch-work quilt to be found in a Welch cottage. The easy chairs are certain to be unsound; either the springs of the seat, or the joints of the arms have given way to “pressure from without,” and the half-dozen uneasy ones against the wall, with sofa to match—all robed with a cheerful-hued stuff, between a sickly green and dirty brown—doubtless follow suit in some defalcation or other. As for a basin and ewer, or set of cruets being perfect—dismiss the possibility at once. Expect the dinner and tea service to be on the model of a kaleidoscope or “Joseph's coat;” for they are safe to be of various pieces and colours, while the dish covers invariably shew a certificate of long service amid assault and battery. As for a door opening pleasantly, who, with the slightest amount of experience, would expect it? If the lock is tolerably amiable, the hinges are rebellious; if the hinges go readily, the lock is cross-grained; so the climax of shutting a door, as it ought to shut, is among the myths of domestic achievement. In short, there is no finer specimen of household “rickets” to be encountered, than the average of lodging-house accommodation affords; and let all who face the ordeal be prepared to exercise an adequate amount of philosophy.

May we not turn our thoughts for a moment to the subject of female education? Let us just give a glance at the average system of “teaching the young idea how to shoot” (apart from the volunteer practice, which we conceive to be the most liberal illustration of the poet's words, ever afforded), and judge whether there are not serious signs and symptoms of unsound mental organisation exhibited in the usual routine of feminine training and acquirement. Let us take two young ladies within the circle of our acquaintance, aged, respectively, eighteen and twenty, and see what has been done toward making them companionable useful wives and sensible mothers. From mere “toddling

wee-things," they have been under most expensive and strict scholastic modelling; and during the last seven years have served a close apprenticeship to Madame Finishhoff. They can flirt in the French tongue, sing in the Italian, and commit most outrageous grammatical errors in English. Music, of course, has been a most important point of attainment, as it always is in the code of young ladies' accomplishments; whether the young ladies have an ear or not to distinguish "Angels ever bright and fair," from "Jolly companions, every one." As regards drawing, we find them perfect adepts in sketching from nature, copying from the old masters, finishing with crayons, and toning with water colours; though, to our certain knowledge, not a cottage has been erected, not a tree has been planted, on the card-board pictures handed about to admiring friends, without the really talented "Michael Angelo" of Madame Finishhoff's establishment having been chief architect and builder, and head landscape gardener. Natural history has been studied to the extent of rendering them competent to distinguish and "pet" any biped "puppy," provided he wears a gold collar. Geography and the use of the globes have given them some remote notions of a North Pole being somewhere, and a South Pole being somewhere else; with such places as America, Russia, Australia, and Turkey, having existence in abstruse localities of earth; but their positive amount of knowledge in "whereabouts," is limited to more popular paradises such as Chiswick Gardens, Hunt and Roskell's, and the Italian Opera. The study of botany has enabled them to rapturously admire "Bachelor's Buttons," and "Prince's Feathers," and keep "Ragged Robin" at a safe distance. Their caligraphy is, although unquestionably elegant, very questionable—seeing that the ms and ns, ts and ls, os and as, bear such a family resemblance to each other, that their confidential notes require a glossary to be appended, lest an invitation for Friday be read as one for Tuesday, and the invited friends go full dressed, with perfume, bouquets, and crinoline unlimited, to find the grand house in Eaton-street, dark as the hiding place of Guy Fawkes, and cheerlessly cold, as the announced fact, that the whole family has gone to Drury Lane, can make it—indeed, the fingers and pen appear to recognise no other principle of action but that of the old nursery rhyme, "Here we go up up up, and here we go down down downy," and the greater the space occupied by a few syllables, the greater the aristocratic character of the writing. We had a note from one of these young ladies lately, and give our solemn testimony that a whole page of "Queen's superfine cream laid," was devoted to the service of the following sentence: "Rosalind will come with me, if you will receive her without being in evening dress, as she has an inflammatory cold and cough worrying her." And another aristocratic feature was, that inflammation was minus an "m," and the "e" and "i" in "receive" had changed places. So much for English education, thought we, as we flung the perfumed *billet* into the waste basket. In dancing, these young ladies are, without doubt, highly qualified to maintain their places in the most elaborate society of Coryphees to be found in the saloons of May Fair or Belgravia; and though they are too delicate and weak to rise much before lunch hour, or to take a healthy walk of four or five miles, they are quite equal to perform any number of Quadrilles, Polkas, Varsovianas, and Galops, that can be perpetrated during seven hours of night—encountering draughts from passages on bare necks and arms, heat from flaring gas jets, foul air of most poisonous nature, and hard exercise in tight shoes and tighter corsets, that would test the stamina of a Highland drover. They can sing rattling Italian bravuras and mysterious German ballads without end; whether in perfect taste, time, and tune we will not enquire into. They are, in fact, "educated" to an astonishing amount of expense and showy accomplishments, but let us ask if they can cut out a shirt, or make one? Can they

give proper directions to a cook regarding the supplies of the dining-room, or to a housemaid touching the arrangements of the drawing-room? Are they competent to act as a tender, thoughtful nurse in a sick chamber, or give kindly hints of sanatory advice to the poor women in their "visiting district?" Do they know the integral constituents of the air we breathe, or the chemical influence of the food we swallow? Could they make a gargle for a sore throat at a moment's notice, or place a cut finger under sensible treatment? Have they a notion that a robe can be made of less than twenty-five yards of silk; that a turned dress can be made to look nearly as well as a new one; or that a three guinea bonnet can be worn longer than three months? Do they dream of mending a glove, or darning a stocking? Can they offer any original thought or suggestion emanating from their own minds, or take part in a rational interesting conversation, that involves heavier matter than the mere gossip of the passing hour? Are they not better skilled in fixing a ball room head-dress with becoming grace, than in exercising a wise control over either their tempers or their milliners' bills? Sadly do we fear that female education partakes of the qualities of Master Gordon's bright external, and that the sound requisites to form a truly good and noble woman are, too often, not to be found. In short, we suspect that a long devotion to a course of attractive, unstable accomplishments frequently ends in painful evidence that mental and domestic "rickets" pervade and undermine the whole constitution.

There is another field prominently open to observation, we fear, in the shape of modern literature and the modern drama. Novelists and playwrights once upon a time, and that time not long since, used to be content to dwell, with infinite and diffuse detail, on the fashionable allurements of the Western and Northern portions of this envied island. A "*Winter at Bath*," in four volumes, led the same restless and hunted life that "*Adam Bede*" or "*The Woman in White*" has done of late; and a "*Trip to Scarborough*" drew as crammed audiences to pit, gallery, and boxes, as "*The Colleen Bawn*" or "*Peep o' Day*" have gathered together in these fast days. Readers were content with far less highly-seasoned food at that period than they are now. We are afraid that "*The Recess*," in five most serious-looking volumes, would now be deemed a "slow" affair, and that even "*Sir Charles Grandison*" and "*Pamela*" might stand a fair chance of being voted "great muffs." "Startling writing," and "sensation dramas," were not circulating then to inflame and excite the young, and interest and stimulate the old. Love was treated with some degree of chivalrous respect; and though Cupid was allowed to launch his arrows at apparently invulnerable targets, and play at "hide and seek" with most romantic fidelity, still he seldom outraged decorum in the brazen fashion now permitted him. Murder and forgery were not uncommon, as accessories to the "getting up" a "library book," but they were usually under more legitimate causes, and perpetrated with greater simplicity of action. Let us just scan the "popular" style of verse and prose now issuing from the "Leviathan" press, and see if there be not just reasons to suspect a diseased and "rickety" condition, both in the mental tone of the writers and the literary appetites of the readers. Is there not something unwholesome in the formation of voluminous and unnumbered stories, wherein the thoughts, feelings, and expressions of high-bred ladies and gentlemen breathe of easy familiarity with the sayings and doings of light-moralled saloons and "pretty horsebreakers"—where the revolting elements of unprincipled vice, the sickening details of mysterious bigamies, exotic horrors, and the coarse excitement of "piled-up agony," are made the staple subjects of "popular novels" and "tales," which are so eagerly demanded that a "month's notice" is necessary to insure the perusal of "Bluebeard in May Fair!" Is there not a questionable state of

literary health exhibited in the average of "light reading" now published? We have the fatal asp of insidious and luxurious Sin served up amid perfumed flowers on an ornololu table. We have the foul blood-stained hand of Crime so tricked out with the delicate lace ruffles, and soft, pearl-studded rings of sentiment and romance, that we find the tender-hearted Lady Arabella, who would speak of a fallen sister as a "poor lost wretch," shedding tears of sympathy over some white-browed, fiery-eyed, black-whiskered hero, whose real deserts would be found in picking oakum and a niche in the Newgate Calendar. Sorry are we to confess that even "divine poesy" has become affected with indications of the like tendency. Is it possible that much of the morbid rhapsodizing and grandiloquent verbiage ushered into the world, and labelled "*Poetry*," can be recognised as such by Apollo—unless Apollo be very far immersed in nectar, rather more brandied than usual. Can it be possible, we ask, that the abnormal, dreamy, opium-inspired rigmaroles frequently given of late to the public as grand, original outpourings from a mighty mind, that were to put all the insignificant versifiers of the last two centuries under an extinguisher—can it be possible, we ask, that such stuff is the *real* "elixir" from the alembic of Genius, and that the emanations from a Goldsmith, a Cowper, a Burns, a Byron, a Johanna Bailie, a Mary Mitford, and a Caroline Norton, were to be thrust out of Paternoster Row, and the "people's remembrance," under the pressure of a compound dose of maudlin metaphysics, physiological mystery and metrical rhapsody? We simply ask whether many of the "wonderful" productions, and "astonishing" poems, sent forth during the last twenty years, some of them under especial, even, perhaps, "Royal" patronage, can be *understood* by common-minded readers? It may be "the proper thing" to consider "Twentyson" the only creature existing who can write a "National Ode" fit to be perused by the English public,—it may savour of exalted taste to applaud the incomprehensible and obscure, style, which has pervaded the much be-lauded "Spasmodic School" of late growth; and to find something approaching the "essence of the sublime" in such a passage as this—

"The sun, and moon, and stars, to me, are things
Of simple revelation; I can grasp
The hydra spirits flung round this dull earth
By God's full hand, and with a fearful thrill
Exclaim, 'Oh man! 'twixt Deity and dust,
What canst thou hope for in this shifting place,
But to be tangled in the warp and woof
Of an Arachnoid web, where poison darts
Life fiendishly in wait, to pierce and goad
A trembling soul like mine, till life becomes
Another name for hell.'"

We ask, whether such specimens of *genius* do not betray something approaching a state of "rickets," and whether such turgid, large-jointed, pumpkin-headed, strumous-skinned minstrels, are not of the class which may be identified with "mushrooms," like Master Gordon; and, whether those who admire them, are not fascinated by the same means that were employed to render *Asley's Battle of Waterloo* so famous—noise and smoke.

As for the "Sensation" Dramas, we suspect that they are made up not only of the "rickets," but labour also under a terrible degree of muscular convulsions, alarming hysteria and intellectual *delirium tremens*. We cannot think that a "tremendous header," or a startling suspension from a branch of a tree overhanging a chasm, convey such healthy enjoyment, as Tony Lumpkin's roguery towards his "mater," relative to her journey over Crackskull Common, or the exquisite delineations of "good-natured friends" in "*The School of Scandal*."

There is something about a "screaming farce," in which unlimited crockery is smashed, a garden conservatory jumped into, and a handbox sat upon, that fails to please our simple nature so much as the "goings on of Lord Harry," and "Lady Bab," in "*High Life below Stairs*."

There is a close approximation to "rickets," we fear, in many of the "wonderful" and "thrilling" effects produced by our modern managers, and playwrights, and our vote would certainly be given in favour of the dear *old-fashioned* legitimate style of eliciting "peals of laughter" and "overwhelming applause." What a pity it is, that the actual burning of an Indian widow may not be given on the boards, or that the drowning of an old woman for witchcraft in real water, may not be carried out with powerful and exciting verity. There is scarcely any "guess" to be formed as to what extent of "disease" the dramatic "rickets" may arrive at, but there is, undeniably, a most palpable amount of morbid rubbish now put forth, calculated to produce anything but a sound constitutional tone in our Shakesperian temples; and the sooner a more wholesome food is presented for our recreative refreshment, the better for our national character, both as regards taste and feeling.

We could pursue our train of comparison to a much greater length, but our limited space is already consumed and we must conclude this "rickety" paper, trusting that our half-hour of desultory scribbling, may at least amuse our readers.

GENTLE WORDS.*

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour,—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

P. R. PHILLIPS.

* In our last number appeared, as *original*, a poem entitled "Kindly Words," by J. C. Prince. We have since received a communication from Brother Phillips, of Wells, Somerset, from which we extract the following passage: "As you have given your readers Mr. Prince's version of my idea, I think it is only fair you should, in your next number, insert my lyric, as I wrote it and published it twelve years ago." As an act of simple justice to Mr. Phillips we cheerfully comply with his request.—Ed.

The Life-boat :

A REPRESENTATIVE IDEA.

BY EDWIN T. ROBERTS.

IN commencing this paper—which, it will be readily seen, concerns one of the most important illustrations of our progress as a people—while pointing out our insular position in contrast with that wonderful maritime “Bohemia” of Shakspeare, I premise that a “representative idea” may give a stronger, deeper insight of what grows through time, and culture, and perseverance, until it appears and appeals before us as a solid tangible *fact*.

That fact is the Life-boat! The Life-boat is thus far a “representative idea” of succour in peril—of help in the last hour of mortal need—of safety in the height of a tempest—of a Providence that comes like help and blessing, when men, powerless and despairing, are snatched out of the very maw of the cruel, insatiate sea, and taste of life and happiness once more—are folded once more within the heart of the household home, they had all but looked their last upon, when the “billows of solitude” and the “shadows of death” were closing over their heads for ever. This “representative idea,” too, implies the finest combination of qualities constituting *manhood*, as a whole, it is possible to conceive. It means readiness to meet danger; coolness when in its midst; the hardihood which is not *hardiness*—the daring which is not mere rashness; these and their like, constituting the finest attributes a Man can care to claim, and which, in its broadest *basis*, exemplifies “Humanity” as a composite characteristic, in the most Active of its protean forms.

A look cast over the map of Europe—a cursory glance thrown over our commercial statistics—the mere sight of our ports, docks, harbours, all filled with shipping, uniting there, as by *ganglia*, every distant quarter of the globe, and thus constituting the interchanges of nations, cannot fail to shew at once, that ours is eminently a maritime nation. Our rock-bound coasts—here gleaming white in the sun—as the cliffs of Dover—there frowning dark and jagged, with a remorseless adamantine impassive glare, as you skirt the grim Northumbrian shores; these alternate with lovely nooks, and fairy bays, whose golden sands might have been trodden by the tiny feet of Ariel and his crew: yet all, whether lovely and graceful, or terrible and sublime, to the eye of the artist or the lover of the beautiful, all are equally dangerous to the ship reeling under the shock of a storm towards a lee shore. Beached on the *sande*, whatever became of the hull, the crew *might* survive, if they were not washed out of the rigging to which they were lashed, by the vast mountains of waters ever gathering, if they could bear the velocity of what, in a fluid form, represents tons in absolute weight—if these would but spare the helpless seamen, and if they could but outlast the biting dragon-teeth of the pitiless blast, while the hurricane was raving across the sea. But the noblest ship that floats the ocean, the mightiest hulk framed by the hand of man—and bulk, in this instance, would be but an additional agent in the destruction to follow—the stoutest timbers banded together with iron, bolted with a strength commensurate with the strength of the driving seas, they could not touch yon black and jagged peaks, peeping like those of a pre-Adamite shark, above the seething foam, without cracking like a nut, and, in a few brief moments, being

mere *flotsam* and *jetsam*. The sea is strewn with the wrecks. Bare muscular arms are seen struggling and fighting for *life*! But all is over. When the ghastly morning breaks, only mangled corpses are flung about the shore; and their knell is tolled; and sea and shore divide the awful spoil.

Stand on yonder headland, and gaze your fill on the resistless rush of those "horses of foam," so finely sung of in many a northern "Saga." Watch the scudding drift above, rolling and curling into Egyptian darkness, and anon splitting out at their edges into livid lances tipped with scathing lightning—fierce electric fires that are now called in to help the winds and the waves in their wholesale destruction. Look on yon flying ships, leaping like scart or curlew over every crest, sinking into every hollow, yet, being rudderless, are more helpless, in their mammoth massiveness, than yon little bird, which enjoys the fury and the force of the gale as a school-boy enjoys his play. And he shrieks ominously as the brave craft go by under bare poles, and once more having swirled—rather than flown—in a circle round the doomed ship, couches himself upon the foam, and typifies the safety of the creature which enjoys life amidst the turmoil of the element most familiar to it.

Whither are yon stout ships hurrying to? Ah! who can tell! Life and Death are in either balance, and Fate holds the scales—not the blind Fate of the mythology, but that Providence which, knowing nothing of its inscrutable ways and purpose, we personify under that name, and, in some small degree, comprehend, too, what we mean by the same. And *now* is launched forth the great saving agency which the skill of man has created—the "Life-boat" is out, leaping defiantly, as it were, over that wrathful sea, and is far likelier the sea-gull than the brave ship she goes to succour might have been, in the pride of her snowy bravery, with everything so "trim," so "taut"—so suggestive of confidence and safety, that, as she left her distant port for home, who was to fancy that her welcome would be by howling cyclones—by a wild and phrenzied sea, that would not be propitiated—by "thunder, lightning, hail;" and that those serrated ridges of rocks, over which the breakers rise and fall, and moan and howl, and seethe burningly—those ridges forming the zone which girdles in *her* island home, was to be the last victorious enemy the ship had to encounter even when in *sight of port*! And thus the last hope of human safety lies in the Life-boat!

When comfortably housed by the parlour fire, or snug within the warm sheets; when with the nightfall comes the sullen moan, ushering in the tempest, and the "stormy winds do blow," who does not shudder and pray for the "poor souls" at sea; and, in the early morning, if dwelling near the coast, who does not hurry down to the beach, and there behold the fairest handiwork of man settling down bodily in the offing, when not already broken from keelson to the stoutest ribs,—shedding their costly cargoes and priceless lives into the ever-hungry deep! When, in the appalling moonless nights of winter, the "minute guns" flash and roar through the yawning darkness, and boat and raft quit the sinking ship—whose heart has not ceased to beat at the breathless throes of the expectation? Have we not had experience of all this—this loss of human lives, this waste of precious merchandise. And for many a day and many a year, men slept between hope and horror with these facts staring them in the face, knowing that *something* was wanting; but what that "something" was,—still lay a debated question, until the year 1789, when Mr. Henry Greathead, of South Shields, perfected his invention. And his boat first put to sea on the 30th January, 1790—that is to say, at the period when the gales are at their highest; and its success was so entire and complete, that, in compensation of which, Parliament voted him the sum of £1200; for Parliament—an *amazing* sum! But contrasting this with what Mr. Armstrong has


received for not succeeding in his department, we see that Parliament has, in this, been as consistent as it is, generally speaking, in anything it undertakes "not to do" at any particular time and at the shortest notice.

It is inexpressibly saddening to dwell upon the picture of a ship, crew, and passengers, after a long voyage, approaching to within sight of land—their land, *their* "home-land"—and with every hope and feeling stretched to the fullest tension, beating for their port—any port, in fact; for a gale is brewing, and soon the gale is a storm, and the storm a tempest, and—may God have mercy on their souls! The British shores are before them; British waters surround them; and British rocks and British breakers are about them; and there is no help. "Breakers ahead!"—a cry that makes the heart leap in the breast of the stoutest seaman—rings through the ship. Death glares upon the affrighted senses; and, as the half-lurid, half-leadene evening falls, and a night of gloom, instead of a dawning morn of gladness, is closing above, lo! the noble ship is driven on the dreadful lee-shore. Every thing that skill, coolness, and determination can do to "wear round" from that coast—once so welcome, now so terrible—is attempted, but all in vain! With shrieks and cries which pierce the very heavens, they are blotted out of the number of the living. And we know, too, that at the time we speak of, England was without a Life-boat, and knew nothing of one! This was, but, thanks to Mr. Greathead, to the Duke of Northumberland, and more especially to the well organized society—the "*Royal National Life-boat Institution*"—it is so no longer.

That a nation like England—wealthy, practical to a proverb, warlike, commercial, "utile" in every form; with its battle ships and East and West Indiamen; its myriads of coasters and fishing craft, numbering the pith and flower, the picked bone and sinews of those engaged to go "down upon the waters" by hundreds of thousands; that it should, for generations, and for ages gone by, not have fallen over an invention so simple, yet so obvious, is an anomaly in our constructive *morale* quite impossible to understand. Yet, incontestably, it has been so. "Better late than never," says the old proverb. Within the last three-quarters of a century, tentative efforts have been cultivated into a science; and now, instead of the apathy and phlegm we have been accused of possessing, there is nothing but a generous rivalry shewn on every hand—one sea-port vying against another—public and private philanthropy struggling for precedence in the good work; and it would now be difficult to say what single thing aiming "at perfection" the Life-boat itself is deficient in.

There is nothing under the sun, that we know of, which will utterly avert shipwreck or its contingencies; for "ships are but boards, sailors but men," and winds and waves are more potent than any human combination of resistances arrayed against them. The knowledge of reefs, rocks, banks, bars, currents, and tides, is not to be mastered in a life-time; and, even when so far mastered as is possible, can only be transferred in fragmentary details to the next generation of mariners, able-seamen, or pilots though they be. What knows your most active "hand before the mast"—your smartest "top-man"—your best hand at a "lee" or "weather-earring"—of the currents of the ocean, or the laws of storms? Evidence enough, this, that navigation is a science of degrees; and the "cook to his galley;" the sailmaker to his needle; the carpenter to plug up shot-holes; and the captain to chart and compass; and thus labour divided becomes a unity of moral forces, and the duty of the ship is all the better done: so that, after all, the man that knows everything, may know a little too much.

The coast-line of the British Isles extends to something over 5,000 miles,

which it becomes the business of the pilot and the coast boatman thoroughly to understand; since, once out of blue water, a three-decker down to a Tyne schooner are placed in the hands of the former; and he is now responsible for the safety of his charge. The dangers most formidable to be encountered, are those of collision, of sand banks, and, in tempestuous weather, of iron-bound shores. Casting a glance over the "wreck chart" which lies before us—prepared by the "National Life-boat Institution"—the attention is at once rivetted by the sinister signs of "wreck," which crowd it on some places with significant abundance. A black spot  indicates a wreck in every sense, while a cross + denotes a vessel so fearfully endangered, that her rescue is next to a miracle.

The mouths of the Tyne, the Tees, the Wear, the Yare, exhibit these sombre marks in greater number; while, again, on the west, the Forth, the Mersey, and the Severn, furnish their equivalent quota. The south-eastern coasts, again, including the many dangerous shoals at the mouth of the Thames, can boast of their dreadful Goodwins—fit rivals to those perilous banks which extend from Winterton (Norfolk coast), and which are continued by the "Gat,"—the dreadful "Scroby," and not even terminated till far south of the Lowestoft bank—the Goodwins, on which armadas have gone down, and whole navies met their doom, from almost immemorial time, are among the things most appalling to a seaman's unshaken soul. The south-western extremities of Cornwall, the Scilly Isles, the wild Welsh coast, the shores of Ireland—not to omit what the Orkneys and the Scottish coast add to the perils of the deep, while they exhibit the presence of danger, with the most appalling fertility, shew too, by parity of reasoning, the vast organization necessary to the formation of an institution such as the one to which we now invite the attention of our readers—that is to say, a Life-boat Brigade, efficient in all its means, appliances, accommodations, shore communications, its matchless fleet of Life-boats, together with their magnificent crews, and, so far as human foresight, skill, and courage can go, the more immediate dangers of shipwreck are now obviated.

We come next to what is most essential to the completion of this paper, and although "Statistics," as a general rule, are not held in very high favour, but usually voted "dry," still there is no test more perfect and crucial—as regards proofs and grounds of thorough conviction, all tending to the spread of useful information—than this same snubbed statistics. By a table before us, we find that there are one hundred and twenty-two Life-boat stations in the whole of Great Britain; viz., in England, 63; in Wales, 25; in Scotland, 13; and in Ireland, 21. To supply the requirements of the stations, we find, also, an equivalent number of boats, perfect in their structure, efficiently appointed; manned in a style and by such splendid specimens of fearless, heroic men, as no other maritime nation in the world can equal, far less surpass; men whom a hurricane can *blow back*, but cannot daunt; men who have braved—not defied—the colliding strength of elements which "swallow navigation up." And now, it is only a matter of extension—more stations, more boats, more crews—and the awful disasters, that have been ever annual visitations for weary years past, will lessen and lessen as the mighty multitudinous arms of strong brave men are stretched forth to clutch the victims by the hair, and rob the howling waters of their prey. More stations, more boats—men being in plenty; because, after all, a *hundred and twenty-two stations* are but insignificant items of that coast line which it takes full five thousand miles to mete.

My notes are but hastily picked up, and, though crude, are reliable, though far from sufficient: but as a specimen, I give one or two suggestive enough.

In 1850, the loss of ships on the coast amounted to nigh 700, and the loss of lives in *sight of land*, is estimated at 780. In 1854, again, it is observed (and confirmed by Admiral Fitzroy and Captain Saxby), that the loss of lives again "within sight of land," could not be less than close upon 1500! the tempests within the last few years—for reasons the Meteorological Society has undertaken to enquire into, and with some success—having been more furious, continuous, and frequent, than has been remarked for many years before. During the past quarter (up to January of the present year), the Life-boat services read like the page of a "golden book." The Whitby Life-boat, saved 10 men; Hauxley, 4; Thorpeness, 4; Rye Life-boat, aided by other boats, saved 18 men and a vessel; Teignmouth, 2; Plymouth Life-boat and steam tug, 6 men and vessel; Padstow, 4; Bude Haven, 3; Brannou, 20; Portcaul, 10; Cardigan, 3; Southport, 4; Lytham, 32 men and 1 vessel; Kirkcudbright, 3 men and vessel; Thurso, 3; Buddon-ness (Dundee), 8 men and 1 vessel; the whole making a total of 136 men and 5 vessels saved!

Hurrah for the Life-boat! and God bless their crews. Amen.

"During the past year (1862), collectively, 358 lives have been directly rescued, by the Life-boats of the 'National Life-boat Institution,' from a watery grave, and 21 vessels have been safely brought into port through the instrumentality of the Life-boats. The Life-boats went off *forty-three* times in reply to signals of distress from ships in danger, but which, in the mean time, had either escaped it, or had their crews saved by other means. The Life-boats' crews also had assembled on nine occasions in stormy weather to be ready for emergencies expected to arise." Such we quote from a plea for the Life-boat, as issued from the office of the Institution; and surely this statement, if showing no absolute results, yet proves them to be on the alert—"ready—aye ready"—and sufficiently convincing to the world, of the entire dependence to be placed on crews, and crafts; and shewing the efficient organization of the force to be admirable throughout.

What direct application this has to the members of the "Unity," will be easily understood by reference to p. 56 of our last (January) number. The gist of this paper—while appealing generally on behalf of the noble Institution of which the saving of human life is the "representative idea," while the Life-boat itself is its exponent and fact—gives expression to an opinion entertained by our brethren at Diss (an important little town bordering the river Waveney, in the county of Norfolk) who would worthily, as we feel sure, show the spirit and humanity of its promoters, by having a Life-boat added to those of the "National Life-boat Institution," and identify themselves with the purpose by calling it the "Oddfellow," or the "Manchester Unity," to which purpose we have only to add "God-speed."

On that coast, extending from Sunderland to the Thames, more wrecks and loss of life occur than on any other section of the 5000 miles already spoken of. Exposed to the full fury of the Northern Sea and the German Ocean, and disturbed by the ever-flowing currents of the Baltic and the Gulf Stream, it is naturally necessary to multiply the means of safety in proportion to the greatness of the danger. There are several well-appointed stations along that coast, with fine new boats, built on improved principles, and considerably larger than those hitherto used—the new Yarmouth boat being a superb specimen of its kind. Another boat added to the number would be an additional safeguard. An additional boat, showing how the spirit of human love and the law of kindness work together, can only cause a noble emulation, a healthy rivalry, and plead far more than words on behalf of the claims of the Institution. As its president, the Duke of Northumberland has munificently led the way, and as he has been backed by large-handed gifts, by

large-hearted men and women of all ranks, it is not unbecoming in a body of men, whose profession is that of "Unity," and of administering human help, to follow in the wake, and so, by perpetuating an honourable example, illustrate the deathless truth, that nothing *good* is taught in vain—that every man can do a service in his day and generation, whether by direct or by indirect means. But as our brethren at Diss are essentially men of a practical turn (let us hope we are all so, more or less, and more *than* less), it is perfectly clear that they understand their intentions thoroughly; and we trust we understand how to appreciate the same, and so place it, in all its bearings, before our readers as we have been best enabled to do.

SUMMER HOURS.

BY J. S. BORLASE.

[ORIGINAL.]

Oh ! the long, long summer hours—

Noontide hours;

When the tall trees wave their leaves above the perfumed flowers

When the streamlet murmurs by, and the gentle breezes play,

Whilst gaily poised on high, far up within the sky,

The lark in touching melody, salutes the orb of day.

Oh ! the long, long summer hours—

Evening hours;

With their daisy-dotted meadows, and their woodbine shaded bowers;

When mid the scented hay we hear the mower's song.

And watch the lambs at play, whilst further still away

The breezes as they stray, bear the village chimes along.

Oh ! once to me those summer hours

Were joyous hours :

The sky was blue and sunny bright, the clouds but April showers

I dwelt beside a summer sea, and gazed upon its tide,

And thou, my long lost Rosalie, sweet maiden of the sunny 'ee,

Spirit of love and constancy, wert ever by my side.

But now those long, long summer hours

Are wintry hours :

The dawn of life is overcast, the angry tempest lowers.

How can the sky be clear and bright when distant, love, from thee ?

And what can charm my weary sight, and make my heart again feel light,

Changing to day the gloom of night, when far from Rosalie ?

Thus 'tis not ever summer hours

Are joyous hours :

The presence of a kindred soul gilds the petals of its flowers.

For who can check the heavy sigh when from dear ones far apart ?

And does not the beam of a soft blue eye look brighter far than the
summer sky,

Shedding a gleam, though we know not why, of sunshine on the heart ?

Early Impressions :

OR WHAT LED TO MY BECOMING AN ODD-FELLOW.

STRONGLY convinced that I shall never figure conspicuously as a literary character; possessing an aversion to rushing into print; and fearful that anything I may write with a view to its being printed may be "respectfully declined," or designated as "too nonsensical," or as "not suited to the columns" of the magazine or paper for which the article was intended; it is with some diffidence I make the attempt. The "spirit moves me," however, to give a brief outline of my early impressions respecting Odd-Fellowship, and what led to my becoming not only an admirer of, but closely and intimately connected with it in after life.

Of my birth and parentage it is not necessary to say much; suffice it to say, the first took place in the township of Stroud, in Gloucestershire, a place notorious for its facilities for the dyeing of scarlet. My parents were poor but respectable. I was early sent to the village school near, where I learnt the rudiments of an English education, comprising, and somewhat facetiously denominated, the three R's, namely, "Reading," "Riting," and "Rithmetic." In the two first I made considerable progress, but being a somewhat wilful and wayward lad, was much better acquainted with the birch and cane than with the first four rules of the latter for the first few years of my scholastic probation. Reader, pardon the slight digression which a brief description of my schoolmaster demands. He was a strict disciplinarian, and an adept at flogging, visiting the most trifling fault with condign punishment. "Sparing the rod, and spoiling the child" was no part of his creed. If a contrary line of conduct forms a passport to a better world, surely he will be found there hereafter. It may truly be said, that if flagellations, fines, and forfeitures promote education, his scholars had the full benefit of all. I came in for a goodly share of them, but I fear they acted rather detrimentally than otherwise. School became distasteful, and I was much oftener found playing truant and in quest of birds' nests than in my place there. Repeated complaints exasperated my father, who declared that if I would not go to school I should go to work. I was placed in the mill, where I had not been many days when an accident deprived me of my right hand. This produced a very great change in me. As soon as fit, I was sent to my old school, where I was most attentive and diligent, and quite established myself in the good graces of the master, who, however harsh to others, was ever after kind to me; and to him I am much indebted for my present position, inasmuch as all he could impart to me in the shape of education he did, on all and every occasion—at school, and, for a period of four years, at his own house, after I left it. It was during these years I first became acquainted with some of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, then only in its infancy in comparison with its present proud position. During my spare hours from school, I was thrown much into company with a member of the "Noah's Ark Lodge," of the Stonehouse District of the Manchester Unity. Though only about eleven years of age when I first became acquainted with him, he began to talk seriously to me about the Order—of its advantages, the necessity of providing for sickness and death; and with feelings of pride pointing out what steps he had taken in that respect, and highly eulogising the society he had joined. I began to grow much interested in the matter. Seeing this, from time to time, such reports and

written articles, having reference to the Order, as came to his hands, were forthwith placed before me. Their perusal still further increased my interest in the matter, till I was led to wish myself of that age that I could become a member. Meantime a circumstance took place which created in me an increased interest, almost a veneration for the Order. This was no less than a grand funeral procession, consequent upon the death of a member of the before-mentioned lodge. To witness it, I played the truant from my Sunday school, and received from my father such a castigation in the evening as, like what I witnessed at the funeral, will never be effaced from my memory. The member had died a considerable distance from his lodge, yet, notwithstanding, his brethren for miles around attended his funeral. Dressed in the insignia of the Order, and preceded by a band playing solemn and fitting music, the whole formed a most imposing as well as a somewhat novel scene. Not content with simply watching it pass, I followed the procession to the church, a quaint, ancient pile in a very sequestered spot, as those who know the neighbourhood of Woodchester can testify. The solemnity of the place, the apparent respect and sorrow exhibited by the brethren, as well as their orderly conduct, made a deep impression on my mind, which, however, was still more engrossed with the solemn and impressive manner in which the beautiful oration common to the Order was read, after the church ritual, at the grave, by one of the officers. How any clergyman or dissenting minister, however scrupulous, can prohibit the reading of such a composition I am at a loss to conceive. When I may be called upon to "shuffle off this mortal coil," I trust the ceremony may not be omitted at my grave. That day I made a mental resolve that if I lived to be old enough, and the loss of my hand was no barrier, I would join the Order. At the early age of 18, I was called from home to fill a mercantile situation in the north of England. On parting with my friend, the Odd-Fellow, who has long since been called to his "account," his last words were, "James, mind and become an Odd-Fellow." The cares, bustle, and anxiety incident to my situation, for a time caused me to lose sight of the object, till casually I learnt that a new lodge was about to be opened in the neighbourhood. I offered myself as a candidate, and was accepted. In the lodge I have served all the principal offices; and having aspired to district honours, have succeeded far beyond my expectations, not only having been D.G.M. and G.M. in turn, but now for many years the C.S. It is in no spirit of egotism I proclaim this. I feel proud of the day I joined, twenty-one years ago—proud of the Order, and proud of my district. The more I see of the Order I like it; and if in my past career there is one shadow of regret on my mind, it is that my dear and valued friend has not been permitted to witness, in my progress, that his labours were not in vain—that the lessons he taught me begat those "Early impressions, which led to my becoming an Odd-Fellow."

Woodend, Saddleworth.

J. B.

ODD.—From "*Diversions of Purley*."—Odd is the past participle of owed, ow'd. Thus, when we are counting by couples or by pairs, we say, one pair, two pairs, etc., and one owed, ow'd, to make up another pair. It has the same meaning when we say an odd man, or an odd action. It still relates to *pairing*, and we mean without a fellow, *unmatched*, not such another, one owed to make up a couple.

"So thou that hast thy love sette unto God
In thy remembrance, this impart and growe—
As he in sovaine dignitie is owde,
So will he in love no parting felowes have."

Sir T. More's Works—Rules of Pious, p. 20.

Leamington.

THE Annual Moveable Committee of the Manchester Unity will hold its sittings during Whit-week this year at Leamington. Under these circumstances, the following particulars respecting the locality, derived chiefly from "Beck's Leamington Guide," will not be uninteresting to our readers.

Leamington, though one of the most modern towns in the kingdom, is not without its historical associations. The ancient Roman "Fosse-way" passes within a short distance of the town, and the remains of one of their camps may be seen near Chesterton. It is mentioned in the Domesday survey as containing two hides of land of the estimated value, in the currency of the period, of £4.

The first recorded mention of the Leamington waters is by Camden, in 1588. They are subsequently referred to by Speed, Fuller, Dugdale, and others. Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, however, is regarded as "the founder of the Leamington Spa." He first called public attention to the valuable medical properties of the waters in 1784. By his advice, Thomas Abbots erected the first baths. Dr. Lambe, of Warwick, caused further attention to the Spa by the publication of his Analysis of the waters in 1794. Other chemical writers, including Loudon, in 1834, and Dr. P. Brown, in 1857, Sir James Clark, Professor Christian, and Dr. Graham, by their publications, have further contributed to the reputation of Leamington and its medicinal waters. The various springs are not identical in their chemical properties. Some are termed "Saline" springs, and others, "Sulphuretted Saline" springs. They are eleven in number; seven are nearly pure saline, three are impregnated with hepatic gas or sulphuretted hydrogen, and one with iron. The original spring is situated in Bath-street, at the west end of the church.

The growth of Leamington has been remarkably rapid. In 1800, it was described as "the quiet retired village, with its five and forty cottagers' huts—its handful of dwellers, and its shady elms." It now contains about a dozen churches and chapels, a town hall, music hall, public hall, college, hospital and benevolent institutions, theatre, spacious and elegant baths, public gardens, arboretum, free library and news room, numerous hotels, and handsome villas and streets unsurpassed for architectural beauty by any watering place in the kingdom. At the census of 1851, it numbered 15,700 inhabitants, and has increased considerably since that time.

The environs of Leamington are as full of interest, historical and otherwise, as they are pictorially beautiful. Within a very short distance is the fine old county town of Warwick, with its splendid mediæval baronial castle, in perfect preservation, and the ivy-clad ruins of Kenilworth, immortalized by the genius of Sir Walter Scott; the romantic valley in which is situated "Guy's Cliff"; the monument erected near the spot where Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the hated minion and favourite of the imbecile Edward II. was executed; and the beautiful parks surrounding Stoneleigh Abbey. Stratford-upon-Avon, the pretty country town, that justly rejoices in the proud distinction of enshrining in the chancel of its picturesque parish church the remains of its greatest citizen, the glory of English literature, the most subtle, sublime, and catholic of human intellects, William Shakspeare, is only distant about eleven miles, and can now be approached by rail. Those members of the Annual Moveable Committee who can spare a day or two on the conclusion of business, will find in the neighbourhood of Leamington ample material both for pleasurable and profitable occupation.

C. H.

The Lancashire Relief Fund.

THE bounty of our brethren has exceeded the most sanguine expectation. At the time we write (March 20th) upwards of £4,200 has been received, a sum unexampled even in the history of the Manchester Unity, munificent as many of its acts of spontaneous benevolence have previously been. As we have previously stated, the Directors, in February last, apportioned a further sum of £1,461 7s. amongst the unemployed, which, added to the £1,916 2s. distributed in November last, makes a total of £3,377. One hundred and twenty-four pounds, seventeen shillings, have been paid into the central fund, at the request of the donors. About £700 remains on hand for distribution in May, and additional subscriptions still continue to arrive. It is gratifying to find, from the recent returns, that the aid thus seasonably afforded has been productive of much good in the direction in which it was especially intended. The proportion of "lapsed policies" caused by members "going bad on the books," is not only *not greater*, but absolutely less than the average. This fact must be most gratifying to the subscribers, and will doubtless stimulate further effort, should the continuance of the American struggle render such effort necessary. Our brethren in the colonies have been most munificent in their liberality, proving that distance cannot impair the strength of the bond which unites all true Odd-fellows in the cause of philanthropy and human brotherhood.

C. H.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Many of our lodges in various parts of the kingdom, as well as the members of other friendly societies, took part in the festivities by which this auspicious national event was celebrated. The Directors, on behalf of the general Unity, ordered an address of congratulation to His Royal Highness to be prepared, which will be presented in due course.

DEFRAUDING A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—FORGERY BY A CLERGYMAN.—At the spring assizes, Lancaster, February 18th, the Rev. Joseph Wood, incumbent of Clayton-le-Moors, near Blackburn, was charged with feloniously forging and uttering a certain acquittance receipt for £400, upon the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt. From the evidence given for the prosecution, it appeared that the prisoner, who is 51 years of age, was the president of the Clayton-le-Moors Friendly Society—a club established in connection with his own church. Not long ago the committee decided that £400 of their surplus fund should be invested with the commissioners for reduction of the national debt. The president of the society was directed to transfer the money to the proper quarter. A few days subsequently, the prisoner submitted to the committee a receipt, which he said had come from the commissioners, for the £400. The receipt was accepted as genuine. After this, on the 26th of December last, the prisoner sent for Thomas Stuart, one of the trustees of the Friendly Society. On the arrival of Stuart, the prisoner intimated that he had not sent the £400; that he had only transferred £200 to the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, that he had kept the remainder for his own use, and the receipt he had submitted to them was a forgery. The prisoner was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.—*Manchester Examiner*.

CAUTION.—ROBBERY OF A FRIENDLY SOCIETY'S FUNDS.—John M'Donald and Ann M'Donald, *alias* St. Clair, were charged at the adjourned Wigan borough sessions, on February 3rd, with stealing the sum of £120 from the Horse and Jockey, Wigan, the money being the funds of the Wigan Miner's Sick and Provident Benefit Association. M'Donald was a member of the committee of the association, and knew where the money was kept. They were apprehended at Glasgow with £50 in their possession. The jury found the male prisoner guilty of stealing, and the female prisoner guilty of receiving the money knowing it to have been stolen. The recorder passed a sentence of ten years' penal servitude upon the male prisoner, and one of eighteen months' imprisonment on the female. Since his conviction, M'Donald has confessed that he was the thief.

SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES IN FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—In the Court of Exchequer, on the 14th January, Mr. Davison applied for a prohibition, directed to a County Court judge, to stay proceedings in the case *Dent v. Marsh*. The action was brought to recover £10 from the trustees of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society, by reason of the death of the wife of the plaintiff, who was a member of the Victory Lodge, in the Hull district. By the rules of the society, which were duly certified under the Friendly Societies Act, if any dispute arose between a member and the trustees, in respect of any amounts exceeding 21s., it was to be heard and decided by a committee, and, by the 40th section of the Act, that decision was made binding and conclusive between all the parties without appeal. The question was, whether this section did not oust the jurisdiction of the County Court judge. Mr. Baron Martin said, as far as he understood the Act of Parliament, if the certified rules provided that disputes should be decided by a certain tribunal, that excluded the jurisdiction both of magistrates and County Court judges. He and Mr. Baron Bramwell had the question before them yesterday, and they were of opinion that such tribunal had an absolute power to decide the matter. Mr. Baron Martin said that if the defendant was compelled to pay the money by a court which had no jurisdiction, he had still his remedy by an action for trespass.

LECTURE ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—On Thursday evening, Jan. 8th, a lecture on Benefit Societies, was given in the Temperance Hall, Leicester, by Mr. C. Hardwick, P.G.M., on behalf of the distressed Lancashire operatives' fund. W. U. Heygate, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported by many of the honorary and other members of the Leicester district. In introducing the lecturer, the chairman expressed his entire approval of the admirable objects of benefit societies, and the satisfaction it would give him to use any little influence he might possess to forward the excellent aim they had in view. The audience was not very numerous, but what the meeting lacked in numbers it certainly made up in attention, for the lecture was listened to throughout, with great interest.—*Abridged from the Leicester Chronicle*.

Mr. Hardwick delivered a similar lecture, to a most attentive audience, on the 17th February, at the Broadmead-rooms, Bristol. W. Fennell, Esq., occupied the chair. After demonstrating, by means of his diagram, the necessity of a graduated rate of inpayment according to age on entrance into a friendly society, if an equal amount of relief be promised, Mr. Hardwick complimented the members of the Bristol district for their intelligent practical efforts in this direction, and hoped other branches and other societies would imitate their example.

DEFRAUDING A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—At the City Police Court, Manchester, December 22nd, Francis Milward, was charged with embezzling sums amounting to nearly £12, the property of the members of the Nelson's Victory

Lodge, held at a house in Long Millgate. The prisoner had been a member of the society for nearly eighteen years, and secretary for a considerable period. During his secretaryship, a man named Charles Nicholls, a member of the society, had to remove to Warrington, and sent over his lodge money, sometimes by bearer, and at others by post-office orders. A portion of this money was not duly accounted for by the prisoner. In February, 1862, five sums, amounting to upwards of £10, were remitted from the Huddersfield Lodge, by post-office orders, for the relief of several of the members at the Nelson's Victory Lodge. The treasurer of the Huddersfield Lodge received acknowledgments of all the sums, except one, from the prisoner. None of these sums had been further accounted for.—The prisoner was committed for trial.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ABERDARE.—The Rose of Glamorgan Lodge, Aberdare, on the evening of January 26th, 1863, met for the purpose of presenting Jenkin Daines, Esq., with a splendid medal and gold collar, for his valuable services to the lodge. The large lodge-room was literally crammed with members and visitors. The chair was filled by P. Prov. G.M. the Rev. Thomas Price, and the vice-chair by the respected agent of the Cwmneal colliery. The presentation was made by Mr Evans, assisted by J. T. Raherts, Esq. The Gwanes glee choir was in attendance and rendered most efficient service. Many gentlemen addressed the meeting upon the principles of the Order, and altogether a most pleasant meeting was enjoyed, and all agreed that their honoured guest deserved all the praise rendered him, and the handsome testimonial presented by his lodge.

ABERDARE.—PRESENTATION.—The Aberdare district of Odd-fellows, some time ago, determined to present Griffith Daines, Esq., of Ynyalwyd, with a beautiful past officer's emblem richly framed in gold. The meeting for this purpose, took place at the Vulcan Inn, on Wednesday evening, January 21; P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Botting was unanimously voted to the chair, and P.G. Phillips John, to the vice-chair. The Rev. Thomas Price having gone over the history of the Ynyalwyd family, the presentation was made by the chairman, after which a most pleasant meeting was spent, several excellent addresses being delivered.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—The members gave a free tea party to the widows belonging to the district, in the Odd-fellows' Hall, Ashton, on Shrove Tuesday evening. There were about 200 persons present, including nearly 100 widows from Hurst, Denton, Dukinfield, Oldham, Ashton, and Staley-bridge. Booth Mason, Esq., presided. After the usual loyal toasts, etc. were duly honoured, Mr. Buckley proposed "Prosperity to the Ashton District," stating that it at present numbered 18 lodges, and 900 members. Mr. J. Whitehead responded. In the course of an excellent address, he said, Ashton was one of the oldest districts in the Manchester Unity, having amongst them lodge No. 4, and they were honoured in having present amongst them, the oldest member, Mr. Moses Whitehead, who had been in the Order since it was first started, 50 years ago come the 21st of June. There were also present, widows for 38 years, their husbands having been among the pioneers of this now numerous and widely-extended society. Mr. Hemmingway proposed the "Widows and Orphans Fund." Amongst other observations, he said, he would urge upon every Odd-fellow to become a member of this fund.

In order more forcibly to illustrate his remarks, he stated, that at the late Heys Colliery explosion, a member was killed, leaving behind him a wife and five children, and, although he had not paid 5s., his wife had received £100 towards supporting the children until they grew up and were able to keep themselves.—(Cheers.) Other toasts followed, and a very agreeable evening was spent.

BELFAST.—On Thursday, January 22, the members of the Belfast District held their 19th annual meeting in the Odd-fellows' Hall. Mr. Samuel Clifford, G.M., occupied the chair. The cost to the society by deaths was £160. This was by far the largest amount paid out of the funeral fund of this district, in the same period, since the establishment of the society in 1843. Upwards of £200 had been paid out of the sick fund, and the working of the society cost over £25 for the year. The present distress in Lancashire had obliged many members of the institution to leave their homes in search of employment; so that in no year since the great commercial stagnation, in 1847 and 1848, had there been so many travelling cards presented to the relieving officers. Notwithstanding these weighty demands upon the funds, the various lodges in connection with Belfast, possess a capital at present, of about £2,000. At the close of the proceedings, P. Prov. G.M. Samuel Clifford was presented with a beautifully embellished pictorial certificate, in acknowledgement and appreciation of his services during his term of office.

BELFAST.—PRESENTATION.—On January 23rd, the members of the Loyal Belfast Lodge, together with the past and present officers of the district, assembled in the Cumberland Hotel, for the purpose of entertaining at supper one of their past officers, Mr. George Phillips, previous to his leaving his native place for the far-distant shores of Australia. After supper, Mr. William Henry, P.G. of the lodge, was called to the chair; and Mr. Thomas Gibson, G.M. of the district, occupied the vice-chair. The chairman, having disposed of the usual loyal toasts, paid a well-deserved tribute to the character and abilities of the guest, and concluded by begging his acceptance, in the name of the society, of a richly-bound copy of "Moore's Melodies," as a mark of the respect and esteem entertained for him as a brother Odd-fellow. Mr. Phillips, in feeling terms, thanked the members for their very handsome present; and in the course of his very appropriate remarks, said that he regretted to have to leave his home and family, but that Belfast, with all its greatness, in commerce, trade, and wealth, was not able to provide labour for all its sons of toil.

BELFAST.—On Tuesday, January 27th, the 19th anniversary-soiree of the Carrickfergus Lodge, was held in the Town Hall. At eight o'clock upwards of 200 sat down to tea. S. D. S. Cunningham, Esq., one of the founders of Oddfellowship in the ancient city of Carrickfergus, was called on to preside. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been given and responded to, and several other appropriate sentiments having been disposed of, "The city of Carrickfergus Lodge" was given, and acknowledged by P.G. W. Blackburn, who, in a brief speech, showed the prosperous condition of the lodge, financially and numerically.

BELFAST.—SOIREE AND PRESENTATION.—The Loyal Tyrone Lodge celebrated their 16th anniversary in the Town Hall, Strabane, on Thursday evening, January 29th, by a soiree and ball. The chair was occupied by Alexander Leney, Esq., M.D., hon. member. After the company had partaken of tea, the chairman proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, etc. The chief business of the evening, was to present to Mr. William Knox, P.G.M., a very handsome watch and chain, the gift of his brethren of the Loyal Tyrone Lodge, as a small token of their respect and esteem, on his removal from Strabane to Armagh. The chairman said he was sure there

could only be one feeling, that of regret, among the people of Strabane, at losing such a useful and valued member of their community. Mr. A. H. Campbell, P.G.M. read the address, and then presented the watch and chain to P.G.M. Knox, during which time the members of the lodge were standing round the platform, each dressed in the full regalia of the Order. Mr. Knox then read his reply, which, together with the address, was published in a separate form.

BLACKBURN.—**IMPORTANT INITIATIONS.**—On Monday, March 2nd, 1863, the Loyal Albert and Victoria Lodge had the honour of initiating as honorary members, his Worship the Mayor, J. B. S. Sturdy, Esq., the Ex-Mayor, R. H. Hutchinson, Esq., Dr. Rae, the Rev. C. W. Woodhouse, M.A., and Joseph D. Bolton, Esq., Dr. Forrest was admitted as a subscribing member. On this important occasion the meeting was held in the Assembly Room of the Odd-fellows' Hall, and was filled in every part. The district officers, and a large number of past district officers were present. P. Prov. G.M. Lawrence Coupe sat as the N.G., P. Prov. G.M. William Preston as the V.G., and P.G. John Baynes as the G.M. After the initiation, the Loyal and other toasts were given and responded to. "The Mayor and Corporation," was responded to by the chief magistrate, Brother Sturdy, who said, that, although they might differ to some extent, they were a most respectable body of men, and they, he believed, were unanimous in their interest for the welfare of the borough. "The County and Borough Magistrates" being given, P.G. John Baynes thanked them for the complimentary manner in which they had received the toast: he said that another body of men deserved to be thought of, considering their indefatigable endeavours, so much appreciated in these distressed times, and proposed "The Clergy." Brother C. W. Woodhouse in responding, said, he felt highly honoured by being accepted a member of such a society as the one he had been just initiated in, and praised very much the excellent lecture they had just heard so ably given by P.G. Baynes, containing such moral and religious sentiments. Brother R. H. Hutchinson, (the ex-mayor) responded to "The Town and Trade of Blackburn," at great length. He held out very little hopes for a speedy termination of the conflict now raging in America, and hoped that the people would put their shoulders to the wheel, to obtain cotton from other sources. Several other excellent addresses were delivered during the evening, and the vocalists gave a very varied selection of glees, etc., which had the effect of making this one of the most pleasant evenings spent for some time in the Blackburn district.

BLACKBURN.—On Saturday, Jan. 31st, the members of the Free Grace Lodge met at the Queen Inn, for the purpose of transacting lodge business, and presenting to P.G. John Thompson a very handsome teapot and a dozen table-knives and forks, for his meritorious conduct while serving the various offices of the lodge. The presentation was made by P.G. William Ashton, in a neat speech, and feelingly acknowledged by P.G. Thompson. The accounts for the past year were read, and were of a very satisfactory character, showing that upwards of £81 had been added to the funds. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Br. Robert Willan, for his liberal assistance to members who unfortunately, through the present distress, are unable to pay their contributions.

BRADFORD.—The anniversary of the members and friends of the Benevolence Lodge was held recently, in the Odd-fellows' Hall, and was celebrated in a new and interesting mode, which admitted of the introduction to the entertainment of the wives and female friends of the members. About 160 persons of both sexes, including nineteen widows of deceased members, first partook of a sumptuous tea. Past Grand Master, Mr. Councillor

Schofield, subsequently took the chair. The usual toasts were ably proposed and responded to. The success of this mode of celebrating an anniversary, will, doubtless, cause other lodges to follow the example. P.G.M. Schofield responded to the toast of the "Unity" in a very excellent address. He referred to the great improvement which had been made during the past fifteen years in the financial laws, with the view to secure to every member, the full discharge of his entire claim. He regretted that all their lodges had not formed a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members, and spoke of the benefit which the one attached to the Benevolence Lodge had conferred. He then referred to the enthusiastic manner in which the members had come forward to aid their distressed brethren in Lancashire, and gave a detailed account of the mode in which the directors had distributed the first instalment of nearly £2,000. He warned young men against the pretensions of some societies which were seeking members in this district. The agents of two societies were going from door to door seeking members for institutions which they ought to avoid. Something more than 50 per cent. of their contributions were expended in the management of these societies, whereas the expenses of management in the Independent Order of Odd-fellows did not exceed $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The worthy chairman concluded by recommending young men especially to join the Order.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Duke of Norfolk Lodge, Shoreham, celebrated their 21st anniversary by dining together at the Burrell Arms, on Monday the 12th January, Sir Percy Burrell, Bart., M.P. for the borough, presiding. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts being given, the toast of "The Grand Master and Board of Directors" was responded to by Mr. James Curtis, of Brighton, one of the Board, who expatiated on the extent of the Order, and the large amount distributed by the Directors amongst our Lancashire brethren. "The Widow and Orphans' Fund" was responded to by Mr. E. Saunders, Secretary of the Committee, who stated that, with 3,597 members, the fund had now a capital of nearly £7,000, which was every year being added to the interest on capital, sufficing to cover all expenditure. The lodge was stated to be in a most flourishing condition, having over 200 members, and a very large reserve fund. Sir Percy Burrell ably acquitted himself as chairman, and the toast of his health was most enthusiastically received.

CORK DISTRICT.—**PRESENTATION AND COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.**—The members of this district gave a complimentary dinner to Mr. David Bradish, P. Prov. G.M., on Tuesday Evening, 11th January, and presented him with a valuable gold watch, chain and locket, "as a token of the esteem and respect in which he is held; and for the able services which he has rendered the society." The cost of the testimonial, amounting to upwards of £30, was defrayed, with the exception of £5, out of the district funds, by the private subscriptions of the members of the Loyal Munster Lodge, of which Mr. Bradish has been permanent secretary during the past 10 years. One hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the chairman read the address, beautifully engrossed, to Mr. Bradish, and handed him the splendid presentation amid the cheers of the company. Mr. Bradish feelingly acknowledged the high compliment, and concluded a long and eloquent speech amid great applause.

EAST DUNHAM.—From the annual report of the Loyal Hastings Lodge, Hindolveston, of which Lord Hastings is Hon. President, and which numbers twenty-eight honorary members, we perceive that a Widow and Orphan Fund has been established. Amongst the subscribers are Lady Hastings, Lord Stanley, and numerous other influential individuals. The Rev. J. Fenwick's sermon has been published for the benefit of the fund. Her

Majesty the Queen has ordered twenty copies of this excellent address, and has received a most cordial vote of thanks from our brethren at Hindolveston for her gracious patronage.

KING'S LYNN.—ANNIVERSARY AND PRESENTATION.—The 21st anniversary of the Loyal Perseverance Lodge, was held at the Albion Hall, on Monday, the 8th December, 1862, when a numerous party, including several members of the Town Council, sat down to an excellent dinner. Brother Alderman Moyse presided, Past Grand James Thos. Banks, occupying the vice-chair. The chairman, after proposing the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, proceeded to what was more particularly the business of the evening—the presentation of a handsome silver plated tea and coffee service, with half a dozen silver spoons, to P.G. Richard Sparks. On the base of the coffee biggin was the following inscription. "Presented by the members of the Perseverance Lodge, to Past Grand Richard Sparks, as a testimonial for his long and faithful services as secretary, Dec. 8th, 1862." The other pieces were somewhat similarly inscribed. The gift was accompanied by a handsomely coloured pictorial certificate. In making the presentation the chairman, in an excellent and touching speech, said he had known Br. Sparks for a great many years, during which time he had so succeeded as to gain the good-fellowship, not only of every member of this lodge, but the members of the district. Br. Sparks, who was received with immense applause, returned thanks in suitable terms, and pointed out the fraternal principles of, and the great benefits to be derived from friendly societies to the provident working classes, and also the moral social virtues set forth by such institutions. In responding to the toast of "Success to the Lodge," he (Br. Sparks) stated that success both numerically and financially had attended it, especially during the last four years; in that time it had upon an average, added £100 per annum to its funds, which were now upwards of £1000, all legally secured. It had paid during that time £224 for sickness, and £85 for deaths; it had now 157 members on the books, showing an increase of 80 in four years. The average age of the members was 31 years and two months. They had also eleven honorary members, lay and clerical. Amongst other interesting remarks he stated, that members in Lynn were increasing so fast, that it had been found necessary to apply for a dispensation to open a new lodge, to be called the "Stanley," thus making six lodges in the town.

LUTTERWORTH.—On Tuesday the 13th Jan., the anniversary dinner of the Earl Denbigh Lodge took place at Host Clarke's, Angel Inn, Church-street. About half-past two o'clock, upwards of a hundred members and friends sat down to dinner. Charles Burdett, Esq., occupied the chair, and Mr. W. Read, the vice-chair. The usual toasts were given and responded to, and the meeting passed off with great eclat. The chairman gave a succinct account of the origin and progress of friendly societies in England, and stated that many of them were ill managed. He had joined the Odd-fellows about twenty years ago, and he never had reason to regret it. The chairman afterwards spoke in the highest terms of the executive government of the Order. He knew that during the past year, the heads of their government had given great satisfaction. The forming of the Earl Denbigh Lodge some twenty years ago, and other matters connected with Odd-fellowship in Lutterworth, were described by the chairman. It appeared from his statement, that during the past year, the amount paid to sick members had been unusually large, notwithstanding which there had been an increase in the funds during that time of £115 17s.

NEWCASTLE.—On Christmas eve, the members of the Loyal Arthur Lodge, Newcastle district, celebrated their 23rd anniversary at the lodge-room, Lowther Inn, Bigg Market, when about forty sat down to an excellent supper.

Mr. Wm. R. Bowman, C.S. occupied the chair, P.G. Thomas Churlton, the vice-chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts was given and responded to. The secretary, W. Geo. Watson, P.G. read a statement of the financial affairs of the lodge, which showed that they had a reserved capital of £750; the number of members eighty-three, increased six during the year. The proceedings were much enhanced by the presence of the officers and members of the Welling Lodge, which is held at the same house.

NEWCASTLE.—The members of the Lord Byron Lodge, celebrated their twentieth anniversary on New-year's Day, when a large number of members and friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner. After which the company reassembled to present a very worthy past officer with a present, for his assiduous and unwearied exertion on behalf of the lodge. The duties of the presentation was intrusted to Mr. Robt. Fenwick, secretary, who, after an interesting address on the progress of civilisation, the triumphs of science, and the value of social intercourse, handed to P.G. Heslop, in the name of the lodge, a beautiful watch and chain. He said P.G. Heslop had, from the time of the opening of the lodge, twenty years ago, never ceased to devote his time and effort for the interest of his brethren. P.G. Heslop appropriately responded, and thanked the members cordially for their handsome present.

NEWCASTLE.—The annual meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne district, M.U., was held Dec. 27th, 1862, at the Garrick's Head. Prov. G.M. Moffet, occupied the chair, and Prov. D.G.M. Peter Gray the vice-chair. From the returns, it appears that during the year, many of the lodges had experienced very little sickness, and notwithstanding the scarcity of employment, the figures show an increase of twenty-eight members over the mortality. The district at present numbers 1386 members. The proceeds of the pic-nic of 1862 were appropriated as follows: £20 to the Infirmary, in the name of Mr. Temple, to constitute him a Life Governor on behalf of the district; £5 6s, Newcastle Infirmary; £3 to the Deaf and Dumb Institute; £2 10s. to the Victoria Blind Asylum; £5 to the Eye Infirmary; and £3 to widow Duglinson.

NEWCASTLE.—The members of the Albion Lodge, Felling Shore, and their friends, numbering upwards of eighty, celebrated their anniversary on New-year's Day, at the house of Mr. Laws, Odd-Fellows' Arms, Felling. After dinner, Mr. Wm. Moffett, P. Prov. G.M. was called to the chair, and Mr. Wm. Griffies, P. Prov. G.M. of the Gateshead district, occupied the vice-chair. The usual local and other toasts having been given by the chairman, and responded to, the toast of the Albion Lodge was given by Mr. Wm. Grieves, P. Prov. G.M. of the Newcastle district, and acknowledged by Mr. Crooks, secretary of the lodge, who stated that the increase of the lodge funds for the year was £77, and the total value was £567.

NEWTON HEATH.—On Tuesday the 27th of January, the members of the Prince of Wales Lodge, celebrated their first anniversary at the White Hart Inn, Miles Platting. After dinner, the chair was taken by P. Prov. G.M. Robert Jackson, supported by the Prov. G.M. of the district, Mr. George Robinson, and Mr. Elisha Taylor, the Prov. D.G.M. Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., addressed the company at considerable length, pointing out the advantages to be derived from a connexion with this society and others of a kindred nature, and strongly urged upon the young men present, who had not yet joined the society, the necessity of doing so as early as possible.

NORTH LONDON.—The members of the Pride of Westmoreland Lodge, celebrated their 17th anniversary on the 26th Feb., at the Sutton Arms, Caledonian Road. Mr. Mitchell, Prov. G.M. took the opportunity of referring to a bill about to be introduced into Parliament through the instru-

mentality of Mr. Tidd Pratt, the effect of which would be destructive to the society of Odd-fellows, as well as to kindred societies. He also referred to statements prejudicial to the society published in the *Standard*, which he showed were utterly without foundation. He expressed his astonishment at the ignorance of their society displayed by a person in such a position as Mr. Tidd Pratt, and regretted that gentlemen of the press sometimes took on themselves to criticise what—as was the case in this instance—they evidently know little or nothing about. In reply to some of those mis-statements, he was happy to say their society was never in so prosperous a condition. Mr. Danzie, Prov. C.S. followed, and gave a most satisfactory account of the great progress made by the society, and repudiated the false statements promulgated by the would-be oracle of the press.

NORTH LONDON.—The members of the St. John's Lodge, on January 28th, celebrated their anniversary at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. The chair was taken by P. Prov. G.M. Diprose, and the vice by P.G. George Balls. Mr. Danzie, C.S., in responding to the officers of the North London District, took occasion to rebut several recent misrepresentations of the Order in some of the London daily papers. Prov. G.M. Mitchell, in replying to the "Widow and Orphan Fund," said £25,000 had been distributed, and an annual sum of £2,000 was being given to widows, besides a large amount to parentless children. Mr. Pelton, secretary, responded to the toast of the lodge. The number of members on the books on the 1st of January, 1862, was 192. Present number, 213. Their ages average 33 years and 2 months. The lodge has been established upwards of 22 years, during which time the sum of £2,160 has been paid in sickness and for funerals. During the year, £147 14s. was paid as sickness allowances, and £35 10s. 11d. for funerals—jointly, £30 18s. 1d. more than the preceding year. Over £90 has, however, being added to the sick fund, the capital of which now amounts to £1,424 13s. 11½., being at the rate of about £6 15s. per member.

NORTH LONDON.—Mr. Diprose, on retiring from the office of Prov. G.M., has issued an interesting address, from which we glean the following facts:—The lodge secretaries have been found by the "Book Examiners," to be generally very efficient and sincerely devoted to the interests of the Order. He regrets that some lodges neglect to hold their lectures regularly, which he conceives to be "a great hinderance to the progress and proper management of the lodges referred too." He states that 500 travelling reliefs, exclusive of casual lodge gifts have been granted, and recommends the consideration of a more equitable plan of bearing this responsibility throughout the Unity. The total amount expended on the Roe monument, was £33 6s., and the handsome sum of £87 19s. 6d. had been collected for the orphan children of the late P.G. Short.

NORTH LONDON.—HONOUR TO ODDFELLOWSHIP IN TURKEY.—Members of various districts connected with the Unity, visited the "Hand in Hand" Lodge, at the Red Lion Tavern, Fleet Street, on the 26th January, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to P.G. Whaley, for his zealous efforts in the introduction of Oddfellowship into Turkey. Mr. Burgess, Dep. G.M. of the Order, after referring to the hearty response which had been made to the appeal on behalf of the distressed Lancashire members, made the presentation in a highly complimentary speech, in which he reminded P.G. Whaley of the responsibility which he had undertaken, and that much depended upon him with respect to the progress of Oddfellowship in the land in which he had planted it. P.G. Whaley suitably responded. He reviewed at length the difficulties which he and Brother Arnold had overcome. He had done nothing lightly or without thought, in introducing

Oddfellowship into Turkey; but after mature deliberation, and with the decided conviction that the tree of Oddfellowship would take root and flourish even in that country. The position of the lodges in Constantinople at the present moment was a proof that he was not mistaken. We understand that the members of the Star of the East Lodge, are much indebted to the zeal and exertions of their present N.G., Hekinmian, who not only takes the greatest interest in its prosperity, but who translated the laws, lectures, and charges into the Armenian tongue.

NOTTINGHAM.—On February 17th, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. R. Watson, P. Prov. G.M. and Corresponding Secretary of the Nottingham district, at the Bell Inn, Angel Row, as a testimony of the respect in which he is held by the brethren of this important and flourishing institution. The chair was taken by Mr. Councillor Beck, and the vice-chair by Mr. Place. After the usual loyal toasts, etc., had been duly given and responded to, the vice-chairman, in the absence of Dr. Hine, who was on a visit in Ireland, proposed the health of Mr. R. Watson, the Corresponding Secretary, in very flattering terms. Mr. Watson responded in a long and very able speech, in which he reviewed the past history of the Order, and pointed out the steps by which its financial laws had gradually been improved. He defended the society against some of the aspersions which had been cast upon it. He contended that it was not a baseless fabric. It stood on a foundation of two million pounds, and it had a code of laws which, for excellence and impartiality, would do honour to any body of men who could join themselves together for the purpose of improving the condition of any portion of mankind. (Hear.) It was powerful for good; it was impotent for evil. It was powerful for good in a national sense as well as in a social sense. He then referred to the presumed expensive management of the society, and showed that, of the six and sixpence per member per year contributed in his lodge to this fund, two shillings was set apart for the widows and orphans, and the remainder, with the exception of one shilling and twopence per member, was expended in the payment of the surgeon's fees. A portion even of the one and twopence was spent in charity. The lodge contributed its share towards the district's annual donation of £5 to the hospital. Several other toasts were given and responded to. The meeting was a great success.

PLYMOUTH.—On December 12th, 1882, the officers and members of the Loyal Rose of Devon Lodge invited the brethren to a banquet at Thomas's Great Western Hotel, Union street, Plymouth, to commemorate the establishment of the Rose of Devon Lodge. Most of the lodges in the district were represented. The N.G., J. R. H. Spry, occupied the chair, and the V.G. Brother Austin, the vice chair. The C.S. Mr. J. Spry replied to the toast "the Manchester Unity, and the Officers and the Executive," in a long and very interesting address, which the *Western Daily Mercury* gives at length. In the course of his speech Mr. Spry observed: "Truly the Anglo-Saxon race must be greatly enamoured with the name of Odd-fellow, for no less than six other societies in this country alone luxuriate in the same cognomen; and for your information I will mention them, with the latest return of the number of members: Ancient Noble Odd-fellows (Bolton) 12,680; Grand United Odd-fellows (Sheffield) 58,930; London United Odd-fellows (London) 14,000; National Independent Odd-fellows (Salford) 31,280; Economical Odd-fellows (Sheffield) 1,000; Imperial Odd-fellows (Nottingham) 7830; Total 125,720." Dep. P.G.M. Chapple, in responding to the toast of the Provincial Grand Lodge, said it was composed of Past Grand officers of the several lodges in the district who, from their intelligence and attention to their duties, had won the respect of their lodges, and have been deemed worthy by

the brethren to receive the purple lecture. P.G. Butchers, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, said the Plymouth district was one of the best districts of the Manchester Unity. It had been established 21 years and now comprised 27 lodges and 2,800 members, and possessed an aggregate capital of £12,000. The value of the reserved fund for the widows and orphans, was £2,700. Since its establishment it had afforded relief to 120 widows of deceased brethren, and 167 orphans. It had also relieved 14 children without father or mother, who would be provided for till they were 14 years of age. (Cheers). Many other excellent addresses were delivered. The evening was spent in a most satisfactory manner.

PLYMOUTH.—A summoned meeting of the members of the Loyal Earl of Mount Edgcumbe Lodge was held in January, at the Lodge-room, Red Lion Inn, Chapel-street, East Stonehouse. After the ordinary business had been transacted, Br. J. Spry, C.S. of the district, said he had great pleasure in having, at the request of the brethren of the lodge, to present Prov. G.M. Brother S. Bluett with a testimony of the appreciation of the valuable services which he had rendered to the lodge during the time that he had been in office. The testimonial consisted of a beautifully-framed past officer's certificate. Prov. G.M. Bluett responded, amidst loud applause, for the honour conferred upon him. He considered he had done no more than every member of the Order should do, and concluded by thanking the members for their kindness.

SHREWSBURY.—On the 18th February, a new lodge, called "The Pride of the Hill Lodge," was opened at the Leopard Inn, Shrewsbury. On the termination of the ceremony, eleven gentlemen were initiated members. A supper took place in celebration of the opening of the lodge. The chair was occupied by Mr. John France, who, after the cloth was removed, briefly proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. Several excellent speeches were made by Messrs. Hanny, Williams, Lewis, Baxter, etc., and the proceedings terminated, after a most agreeable evening. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* expresses a regret that a want of space prevented the publication of a full report.

SOUTH LONDON.—On the 3rd March, the officers and members of the Loyal Men of Kent Lodge held their anniversary dinner at their lodge-room, Host Hancock's, the George and Dragon, Blackheath hill. The chair was occupied by Br. Mann, Prov. G.M., and the vice-chair by P.G. Moore. Mr. Burgess, Deputy G.M. of the Order, responded to the "Manchester Unity," and dwelt at some length on the munificent sum subscribed for the relief of our brethren suffering from the cotton famine. The chief business was the presentation of a splendid gold watch to their respected secretary. The watch bore the following inscription: "Presented to Br. Wm. Webb, by the members of the Loyal Men of Kent Lodge, Manchester Unity, March 3rd, 1863, for his valuable services during the last 16 years." Brother Webb responded in an excellent speech. He referred especially to the importance of good investment for the reserved funds. He had seen with pleasure the efforts made to reform the evil of small subscriptions. The reform which was made had left them in a favorable position, having about £10 to every free member. The lodge, on the 31st of December last, comprised 173 members, and the total funds (including £1,148 6s. 2½d. invested in mortgages) amounted to £1,489 2s. 1½d., and there was a profit for the year of £112 13s. 1½d.

SOUTH LONDON.—The members and friends of the Pride of Clapham Lodge, held their second anniversary dinner at the Golden Lion, Bromells Road, Clapham, Dr. Greenwood, the Lodge Surgeon, in the chair, and H. Horsley, the N.G., in the vice-chair. After the usual toasts, the chairman

presented P.G. W. Potterton of the Victory Lodge, Mitcham District, with a handsome P.G.'s Sash, for his useful services since the lodge was opened. P.G. Potterton expressed his thanks in a brief but touching reply, and assured them he would still do all in his power to assist them. The vice-chairman and late secretary, said he was very glad to state, the Pride of Clapham Lodge was in as satisfactory position financially, as they could possibly expect, considering the short time it had been in existence. Among the lodges connected with this district, none has been more generous in presentations, three having taken place in two years.

SWANSEA.—GREAT SOCIAL GATHERING OF THE CAMBRIAN LODGE.—The important position held by this thriving lodge in the town and neighbourhood has awakened a most praiseworthy spirit of emulation in its younger members, to show forth the inestimable virtue of frugal habits and self-reliance. No less than eleven lodges, numbering 1,700 members, have been firmly established, and duly enrolled by Act of Parliament, in less than thirty years in this district. F. C. Falconer, Esq., Judge of the County Court, having recently advised an unworthy member of a friendly society—who sought to shelter himself under the jurisprudence of his honour—that savings bank investments were far preferable for working men than friendly societies, the management committee of the Cambrian Lodge invited the Rev. T. Price, Aberdare, a member of the Board of Directors, to attend a meeting, on the 13th January, and thus officially combat the erroneous impression sought to be made upon the minds of the working people of this county. The Reverend gentleman, unfortunately, could not attend, his absence causing considerable disappointment to a number of the representatives of the press and a numerous company. A repast was provided in the Odd-fellow's spacious hall, wherein the A.M.C. of 1858 was held. About 250 persons were present. The chair was occupied by Fred. Biggs, Esq., treasurer to the lodge, and the vice by P. Prov. G.M. D. Evans. P.G. Eli Ball, in responding to the "Cambrian Lodge," said, they had paid, since 1826, for sickness, £3,370; funeral money for 109 members and 54 members' wives £1,680; making a total of £4,950. During the last seven years they had paid for sickness £1,150; for funerals £601; and for distress gifts, since 1858, £94. Mr. Thomas Rees, the Prov. Grand Master of the district, responded to the toast in an eloquent speech. He said they had subscribed, in distress gifts (including the donation to Lancashire) £100 this year; for sickness £500; and for funerals £250. The number of members at the present time is about 1,700, and the estimated wealth of the district in funded property—harbour bonds, etc., is about £3,500. Mr. Protheroe, the district treasurer, responded to the "G.M. and Board of Directors," in a telling speech. He much regretted the absence of so able and so distinguished a member as the Rev. T. Price. Many other excellent addresses were delivered. A most agreeable and instructive evening was spent, and it is believed much good will accrue to the interest of Oddfellowship in the town and neighbourhood.

TASMANIA.—The following extract from a letter written by P. Prov. G.M. Bravan, of the Cornwall district, Tasmania, will, no doubt, prove interesting to our readers:—"If I may be permitted, I would state what progress Oddfellowship has made in the Northern side of Tasmania during the last twelve years. Our parent lodge (the Cornwall, No. 4276) was first opened in September, 1850. We had to struggle at starting; but anything can be achieved by perseverance. During that time we have opened five new lodges—one at Campbell Town, one at Deloraine, one at Carrick, one at Evandale, and the fifth, a second one in Launceston. All these lodges, except the Star of Tasmania and Cornwall, were situated in remote districts,

and thinly populated, and when, in 1862, the gold fever broke out in Victoria, the Campbell Town Lodge had to close, all the members but two left for the diggings. The lodge at Carrick, I am sorry to say, has been compelled to close on account of another benefit society having been much longer established, and which has progressed very well; but, from the fact of the scanty population in that district, the Meander Lodge, at Carrick, had to close. But the four lodges we now have working, are progressing to the entire satisfaction of the brethren. We have about from three to four hundred members in the district; we have nearly £3,000 in the various funds, and I am happy to state that those funds are protected by our laws being registered under that good and useful law, the 'Friendly Societies Act.'"

Obituary.

We regret to have to announce the demise of Mr. William Alexander, the worthy O.S. of the Leeds district, and a Past Grand Master of the Unity. A portrait and memoir of Mr. Alexander appeared in the Odd-fellows' Magazine for October, 1844. He was born at Pocklington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, on the 28th of August, 1804. He was initiated a member of the Loyal Burns Lodge, of the Leeds district, in September, 1831; he was elected Prov. G.M. in the year 1836; Corresponding Secretary in 1840 (which office he retained at the time of his death); Deputy G.M. of the Order, at Norwich, in 1857; and Grand Master, at Swansea, in 1868. He attended many Annual Moveable Committees, and was well known and respected throughout the Order, for his friendly disposition and zeal in the cause of Oddfellowship. He died on the 13th December, 1862, aged 58 years, and was interred at Woodhouse Church, Leeds, on the 21st. The great respect in which he was held in his own district and neighbourhood is attested by the fact, that his funeral was attended by upwards of 5,000 persons, including the Grand Master of the Order, Mr. Joseph Woodcock, of Glossop, Past Grand Master, Mr. Councillor Jno. Schofield, of Bradford, and other active members of the Order and friends of the deceased.

On the 12th March, Mr. Thomas Kilner, P. Prov. G.M., died very suddenly at his residence, Patricroft, near Manchester. Mr. Kilner was well known to the Unity, as a regular attender at the Annual Moveable Committees, and as a manufacturer of sashing, etc. His uniformly upright conduct, both as a tradesman and an Odd-fellow, gained him many friends and patrons, who will sincerely regret his loss. His remains were followed to their resting place, in Eccles Churchyard, by a numerous and respectable gathering of relatives and friends, amongst whom were many Odd-fellows of the Eccles district, and Past Grand Masters Messrs. Charles Hardwick, of Manchester, and William Hickton, of Stockport. A portrait and memoir of Mr. Kilner appeared in our Magazine for October, 1861. We perceive by an advertisement on the cover of the present No. that Mr. Kilner's widow intends to continue her late husband's business.

NORTH LONDON.—On Sunday, Oct. 12th, 1862, at Hastings, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Br. Matthew Ledger, aged 37, Surgeon of the Royal Oak Lodge, Harlesden Green. He was initiated on the 26th of May, 1858. During the time he was a member, he was unremitting in his exertions to advance the good and welfare of his lodge. He was also a zealous and efficient surgeon, discharging the duties of his profession with much kindness of manner and true Christian charity. He is deeply regretted by his brethren, his friends, and his family. He leaves a widow and three children to lament his loss.



Simon Moon. 777 E. 11th St.
Pross. C. S. Belpen District.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1863.

W. H. Waldram, N. Prov. G. M.

THE subject of this memoir was born on the 29th July, 1814, at Kibworth, in Leicestershire. He is one of the many self-made men, whose talents, energy, and business habits, have materially contributed to the success and prosperity of our great Unity. His father, who was a wheelwright, was unable to afford him more than a very limited amount of scholastic education. At the age of thirteen years, he was compelled to leave his home, and do battle with the world for a livelihood. In the year 1832, he removed to Leicester with the intention of entering into the wool trade, which was then, as at the present time, one of the great staple trades of the town. He relinquished it, however, after two years' experience, and accepted an engagement in a family, with whom he travelled for some time on the continent. On his return to Leicester, he became connected with a brewery firm, and eventually attained the first position in the establishment. In the autumn of 1842, he entered into an engagement as assistant manager with the late Mr. Alexander Tabberer, an extensive wholesale wine and spirit merchant. That gentlemen being in a delicate state of health, the greater part of the management devolved upon Mr. Waldram. On the death of his colleague, in November, 1845, Mr. Waldram undertook the management of the entire business, on the part of Mr. Tabberer's family, for the succeeding seven years. In 1852, they left the firm, with which Mr. Waldram has continued, as principal and managing partner, to the present time. His only partner is now about retiring, when Mr. Waldram will possess the whole of an extensive and highly respectable business connection.

Mr. Waldram was married in 1836. He has three sons and one daughter. The sons are all members of his own lodge, each having been initiated at the age of eighteen. The eldest is manager of one of the large building and contract firms in London; the second holds a situation in the Bank of London, and the youngest, now in his twenty-first year, assists in his father's business.

Mr. Waldram was, from a very early age, a warm advocate of provident and benefit societies. As soon as his age permitted, he was admitted a member of an ordinary sick club ; but, in a few years, he became so annoyed at what he regarded as mismanagement, that he withdrew his membership. On December 17th, 1839, he was initiated into the Lord Brougham Lodge, of the Leicester District of the Manchester Unity. Mr. Waldram has ever regarded that evening as a memorable one in his career. He saw some things he could not approve of, but many more that met with his warmest admiration. So great was the impression made upon his mind, that he resolved, as soon as possible, to become a *working Oddfellow*. On the first night after his initiation, he accepted the office of warden, and from that time, (a period of twenty-four years) he has never been out of office. He was the first trustee appointed by his lodge, and he has retained the appointment to the present time. He has passed three times through the N.G.'s chair of his lodge. He has likewise held all the district offices. In April, 1854, he was appointed treasurer to the district. He has continued to perform the duties of this most responsible office to the present time without pecuniary reward, and gives full and satisfactory security under the act of parliament.

In 1859, Leicester having the appointment of an auditor of the Unity accounts, Mr. Waldram was selected by a large majority. His term expired at the Brighton A.M.C. In this office his talent and business habits were conspicuously exhibited. He attended the Norwich, Shrewsbury, Bolton, and Brighton Annual Committees, and has frequently represented his district on appeals before the Board of Directors.

Mr. Waldram has ever been a warm supporter of progress and financial improvement ; and, in his time, has had, like many others, to fight some up-hill battles. On the passing of the law for increasing the annual subscription, according to age on entrance and reducing the initiation fees, he took the earliest opportunity of calling together the members in a summoned lodge, in order to consider the matter. There was a very large attendance. He addressed the meeting for upwards of an hour, but his proposition for the reduction of the entrance fee was negatived, only one person voting in his favour. About two years afterwards, finding that other lodges were rapidly increasing in numbers, while the Lord Brougham lodge was at a stand-still, the members were summoned to re-consider the question. Mr. Waldram went well prepared with facts and figures. He exhibited tables showing the action of both the old and new scales, from age 18 to 36, and demonstrated the financial superiority of the latter. The result was the adoption of the new scale, and, in a very short time, the addition of upwards of one hundred members under the age of twenty-four years. For his services in this matter, he has received many warm acknowledgments from his lodge. Indeed, no individual could be held in higher personal estimation by its members than Mr. Waldram. His energy, his zeal, his kind-heartedness, and integrity are equally appreciated by the district, which he has furnished, from time to time, with much valuable statistical and other information. Mr. Waldram is one of the many practical workers in our society, whose deeds proclaim their worth far more effectually than any rhetorical eulogy, however eloquent.

The Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

THE Directors, by special resolution passed at their meeting in February last, instructed the officers of the Order, to prepare and forward to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, an address of congratulation on the occasion of his auspicious marriage. The following address, beautifully engrossed and illuminated, was accordingly transmitted to Sandringham :—

“TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, ETC., ETC.

“We, the undersigned, the chief officers of the Independent Order of Oddfellows Manchester Unity Friendly Society, (*a society numbering nearly 350,000 loyal, self-helping, provident men, residing in every section of Her Majesty's Dominions, the great majority of whom belong to the Operative Classes, in whose moral and social well-being Your Royal Highness' August Father took so warm an interest*), respectfully offer our sincere congratulations on the occasion of the Marriage of Your Royal Highness to the illustrious Lady, whose personal character we rejoice to learn is graced with all the virtues of an amiable and accomplished Princess. It is especially gratifying to know that Your Royal Highness is united to a Princess of a free and enlightened Nation, whose history in times past has often been identified with that of Great Britain, and between whose people and ourselves, have long existed the mutual esteem and regard engendered by a common reverence for the forms of constitutional freedom and a joint heritage in its inestimable blessings. We most respectfully and heartily congratulate Your Royal Highness on the assured prospect of a happy union, founded upon mutual esteem and affection, and we devoutly pray, that Your Royal Highness and Your Illustrious Consort, may, through the favour of Divine Providence, during a prolonged life, participate largely in the blessings and happiness which so eminently characterised the domestic circle of your August Parents.

“Signed,

“JOSEPH WOODCOCK, G.M.

“VINCENT R. BURGESS, D.G.M.

“HENRY RATCLIFFE, C.S.”

Mr. Ratcliffe promptly received the following courteous acknowledgement :—

“Sandringham, April 12, 1863.

“Lieut. General Knollys has received the command of the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of the address of the Chief Officers of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, on his marriage, and to convey His Royal Highness' sincere thanks for their congratulation. His Royal Highness duly appreciates the sentiments they have expressed in their address, and desires to assure them of the interest he shall never fail to take in the welfare of so large a body of Her Majesty's subjects.

“Henry Ratcliffe, Esq., Secretary.”

Odd-fellows' Mutual Improvement Societies.

THERE exists a rather numerous class of individuals who appear to regard anything in the shape of "education" as a product, peculiar and exclusive, of the school-room or college-hall. This is not only a huge blunder in itself, but the parent of many lesser blunders. The school-master or professor may, in the first instance, well or indifferently, arm and equip his pupil for the battle of life; but the latter must, nevertheless, in the main, rely eventually on his own resources, individually or in co-operation with others, for continued success in the never-ceasing conflict. A good schoolmaster may relatively be said to best fulfil his mission by teaching his pupils how they can best teach themselves. All experience is an educational agent; but all men are not equally trained in the art of seizing upon its advantages, or distilling from its raw material lessons of practical wisdom.

The present age is pre-eminently characterised by its educational tendencies. Free schools, free libraries, mechanics' institutes, and mutual improvement societies, have become permanent institutions in the land. The value of correct rudimentary knowledge on any given subject is felt, by the most unlettered, to be essential to practical success in life. Hence the earnest effort of such men as George Stephenson—whose strong natural genius enabled him, to a large extent, to triumph in spite of the absence of early scholastic training—to provide for their children that education the want of which they full well knew had curtailed their power, and caused the useless expenditure of much mental energy. It is not surprising, therefore, that industrious men, like the members of the Manchester Unity, banded together for provident purposes, should recognise the value of co-operative effort in the furtherance of what may be termed adult education. The discussions which take place during the transaction of ordinary lodge business, as well as that of the various committees, legislative or judicial, in connection with our Order, have been operative for good in this direction. The necessity of sound preparatory knowledge has been felt and recognised by most persons who have taken an active part in these discussions; and many lodges, such as the "Benevolence," at Bradford, and the "City of London," have established libraries of no mean pretensions, with the view to afford healthy intellectual food for the members.

We have been led into these observations chiefly by the perusal of communications received from the "City of London" Lodge, South London district, and the "David Barclay" Lodge, Sunderland district. The members of the former branch have, during the past winter, devoted a portion of their time and attention, at the conclusion of lodge business, once a month, to the reading of papers or essays, written with a view to mutual instruction, by the more accomplished of the members. The substance of one, by Past Prov. G.M. Thomas N. Day, appears in the present No. of the Magazine. The subjects chosen have been varied, and eminently calculated to interest as well as instruct the auditors. Some have special reference to the Unity, and its action on the members and

society generally. We feel sure we need scarcely say that the object of our brethren of the "City of London" has our warmest approval, or that we shall rejoice to hear of the continued success of their most commendable experiment. We trust, likewise, that other branches may be induced to profit by so excellent an example. An important essay, when once prepared, might be read in many other lodges besides the one to which the author belongs, and its practical value, by this means, become materially augmented. The following list of the subjects discussed before the "City of London" Lodge will attest the sincerity and high character of the authors' efforts:—"On the Importance of the Culture and Development of the Mental Faculties, and the Expediency of the Manchester Unity encouraging the Intellectual Improvement of its Members," by P. Prov. G.M. Thomas N. Day; "How far do Benefit Societies conduce to the Prosperity of a Nation," by Brother J. E. Peyton; "On Social Economy," by Brother J. Sparrow; "On the Life of Lord Macaulay," by Brother W. J. C. Day; "On Old English Music, with Illustrations," by Brother W. Lukins.

In the communication from Brother Alfred O. Smith, of the "David Barclay" Lodge, Sunderland, we learn that the Mutual Improvement Class recently established by the members has proved a marked success, and that between thirty and forty persons already partake of its advantages. Mr. Smith is anxious the example should be followed by other districts, and pertinently says: "In commending such a step as that we have taken to the consideration of other lodges, it were superfluous to offer much of argument, as the thing manifestly recommends itself." From a copy of the rules forwarded, we learn, that the professed "object of the class is to improve the mental capacities of its members;" and that they meet, for this purpose, one evening in the week, at the lodge-room. The subscription is only one penny per week, and admission is not confined solely to the brethren of the Order. Essays or papers are read, and the "whole or part of any popular work or other writing, having a tendency to the instruction and improvement of the members," after which friendly discussion is invited.

From the pretty general establishment of such mutual improvement societies in connection with the Unity, much practical good may with confidence be predicted. While cordially approving of the varied character of the subjects studied and discussed, as well calculated to enlarge the general intellectual capability of both the readers and listeners, we would earnestly call attention to the desirability of especially devoting some portion of their attention to the diffusion of sound practical knowledge on subjects immediately interesting to the members of friendly societies, as such. This is a mission in which the executive government of the Manchester Unity has already taken a prominent part, by the publication of most valuable statistical information, culled from the past experience of the body; but in the popularising of this knowledge, in the indoctrinating of the great mass of those most interested in the reliability of friendly societies with the true principles by which alone sound financial health can be secured, there is yet ample scope for the earnest work of any number of clear-headed and warm-hearted labourers; and work, too, of a character which cannot fail to be

productive of a vast amount of social well-being, as well as of permanent satisfaction to those engaged in it. Every intelligent Odd-fellow ought to be able to tell his shopmate or fellow-workman the reason why such and such societies, which offer large benefits for small contributions, ought to be discountenanced by the truly provident man, and those alone supported whose financial regulations are framed in accordance with the laws developed by carefully compiled and scientifically digested past experience. In this great cause, Odd-fellows' mutual improvement societies may do good work, in which we earnestly wish them "God speed!"

C. H.

THE INFINITE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

We wonder at Life's secret flame,
But cannot trace the spark
Which lighted up our soul and frame
From Chaos—dead and dark.

We gaze upon the dewy blade
That glitters at our feet,
But know not how the leaf was made
So perfect and complete.

We see the noontide's golden ray
Fill'd close with atom things,
But who can guide the orb of day,
Or weave the tiny wings?

The bird that builds its simple nest
Shews skill that none can reach;
The bee that keeps its treasured heaps
Has instinct none can teach.

We see the acorn rise and fling
Its shadow o'er the field;
We ask: "How grew the leaf-crown'd king?"
But Nature's lips are sealed.

We hear the billows roll and rave,
We see worlds—bright and far,
But Art cannot attune the wave,
Nor Science fix the star.

We cannot find the germ of "Mind,"
We cannot change the Law
That governs every step we tread
And every breath we draw.

Our deepest thought—our broadest view,
 Seek as they may, must own
 That Finite knowledge leads but to
 The Infinite Unknown.

And yet with bold, presuming brain—
 Blind to the mystic—"Whence?"—
 We dare to question and arraign
 The ways of Providence.

Shall we dispute the right supreme
 Of Wisdom, Power, and Grace,
 That rules the great eternal scheme,
 And fills unbounded space?

Is it not better we should take
 Our crosses through the dust,
 Schooling our hearts to bear—not break,
 Upheld by Hope and Trust?

Till Man can tell where Life shall end,
 And how that Life began,
 Let us obey and humbly bend
 To Him who *fashioned* Man.

"By-and-Bye."

BY ELIZA COOK.

WE have often held a silent debate within our brains, as to which of two of our every-day and every-lip household utterances carries the most important and disastrous consequences with its too frequent use—whether "By-and-Bye" or "That will do" is most fraught with the results of slovenliness, discomfort, disorder, and poverty. "That will do" is a most treacherous ally to take into our performances and duties. It is a persuasive, soft-tongued, Jesuitical pleader, which thinks nothing of substituting dripping for butter, cotton for linen, nickel plate for silver, or a dusty carpet for a clean swept one. "That will do" sends a man to his office or warehouse with unbrushed coat and unblackened boots. "That will do" puts one nail in where six are required. It spreads a tablecloth covered with unsightly stains in the face of a well-bred visitor, and leaves a garden gate to hang on a single hinge until the gate drops. "That will do" uses a pin instead of a button, tucks up a wife's hair in an uncombed tangle, and makes her imperturbably regardless of a few gathers out of her waist, or a considerable trailing of her damaged flounces. It sends a husband down to breakfast with untrimmed whiskers and beard, and flabby shirt-front. "That will do" is a sad plausible sinner. It puts the milkman's weekly score off with eighteen-pence instead of half-a-crown; gives the butcher a large order instead of a small account, long due; it commits petty meannesses and social frauds beyond calculation; it offers the guests who have walked two miles to pay the friendly call, a glass of "Cape" as they are about to depart. It buys tongue-tingling cheese and emetical bacon for the "kitchen." It puts boiled

sole into the lobster salad, and uses chopped nasturtiums instead of capers to garnish a leg of mutton. It wears cleaned gloves most redolent of turpentine to delight the surrounding nostrils at Mrs. Rimmellini's *soiree*. It places a supper of bloaters, flanked by bread-and-butter before an old friend, most strenuously assuring the party that there is nothing else in the house; and thereby eliciting a vivid recollection that there is a first-rate fishmonger and an excellent butcher not three-hundred yards off. "That will do" is a bad-charactered and anomalous compound of carelessness, indifference, indolence, and a general insensibility to all the nicer phases and higher purposes of life. We have a wholesome dislike to hear it, and always expect an ill-supplied table, a comfortless bedroom, and a general want of good manners and good feeling where the expression is predominant among the inmates. It is very apt to permeate the whole constituency of a family. Let the master adopt it, and a confusion of affairs and perplexity of business are the certain results of the alip-shod system. Invoices, freights, banking-books, ledgers, clerks, putting down of appointments, taking up of bills, and the entire adjuncts of commercial routine become subject to the rule of "muddle." No wonder need be entertained at a whisper of probable insolvency, or a complaint of "connection falling off," when the head and chief has always diffused about him the very reverse spirit of Nelson's signal. Instead of inspiring his coadjutors with the precept and example suggestive of active courage and scrupulous duty, he spreads a dilatory sluggishness and feeble inertness through all the channels of which he is the fountain key, by the unceasing refrain of "That will do."

Oh! what a cozening cheat is this same light-toned utterance so continually harped on by supine and thoughtless individuals. How it dwarfs and attenuates all high intentions; and how it destroys and chills all enthusiasm in the surrounding natures which, under wiser and warmer treatment, might merge into something good and great.

No distinguished man or woman ever achieved their eminence of fame—whether their effort lay in creating a steam engine or preserving butterflies, in reforming criminals or enamelling complexions, in framing a code of fluxions or detailing the history of a poor "nigger"—no man or woman, we say, ever climbed the hill of honourable notoriety without giving their earnest and unchanging devotion to their purpose.

Stephenson did not carry out his railway over Chatmoss, nor Waghorn realize the Overland Mail passage, on the principle of "That will do;" nor did Queen Boadicea keep her enemies at bay, or Grace Darling save her fellow-creatures from the wreck, by adopting these three languid, enervating words for their rule of conduct. Why! even in our own little poet line of action, we know that there is nothing to be written worth reading, without our heart, as well as our pen, is put into it, and that a "holiday song," or "nursery rhyme," must not be concocted on the "That will do" scale, if we wish the lines to be remembered, humble though their place may be. If a ready thought occurs, we must put it to the test of our judgment, and should it not come quite up to our conscious sense of fitness, why, we must set to and hunt up another, and not sink down upon the first green bank of Parnassian temptation that offers itself to our view. We must say we reverence the enthusiastic application and energetic activity which sets about building a dog-kennel with the same desire of perfection and excellence as though it were a cathedral. Do not indulge the thought that it is *only* a dog-kennel. The elephant applies the same intention of will, and the same unerring principle of power in picking up the pin, as he does in knocking down the tree; and, guided by the same great impulse, the man or woman whose determination and works are destined to control a family or influence a people with right and valuable aid, will bestow their utmost power and expend their warmest zeal, whether in the simple arrangement of a household room, or

the composition of an essay on political economy. Earnestness, and earnestness alone, will support the noblest and best of our duties, as they *should* be supported. We despise the dilatory, slow-coach, indolent, apathetic, fish-blooded tone of the legion of those drones whose motto is, "That will do." But great as our contempt is for this unfortunate trinity of words, still more do we repudiate and dread that other invidiously fatal branch of the same family—"By-and-bye." Who can reckon up the irremediable, quiet mischief "By-and-bye" has done? "That will do" is a mere honey-tongued, indifferent, stupid, yet, perhaps, well-intentioned doctor; but "By-and-bye" is a positive and systematic poisoner, administering the noxious agent in a light beverage that may be sipped from time to time in unsuspecting indulgence. "That will do" *may*, occasionally, put a few stitches to botch up a hole in a stocking; or it *may* honour a bill just in time to escape disgrace, but "By-and-bye" looks undisturbedly at the delapidated heel-piece, and happily arrives at the conclusion that it "will go through another wash" without becoming *much* worse; and "puts off" any serious attention to the momentous morsel of paper, until the "noting" has taken place. Talk of "procrastination" being "the thief of time"—why, it is the most smooth-faced, deliberate "murderer" that ever was let loose upon this world, where the sole recognitions of life are comprised in the grammatical encumbrance—"to be, to do, and to suffer," and where an evitable consequence is, that if we neglect to "do," we "suffer" in an increased degree. Yet, how many of us try to shuffle off our imposed lot on the broad, but slippery shoulders of "By-and-bye;" and, strange to say, those who have least to endure, either mentally or physically, are usually the most dawdling, lazy, vapid, procrastinating beings in existence. Somebody has said that "By-and-bye street" leads to the house of "Never;" and, really, from what we observe around us in daily circumstances, we may question whether there is not a fabulous domicile in that remote and intangible place and period which myriads of easy-going people believe will be fitted up and kept in order for them without any trouble on their own part.

There is certainly some strange fascination in "By-and-bye" which often leads us on to a state of hopeless dilemma in some shape or other. What imputations of neglect and rudeness are incurred through the "By-and-bye," which delays the social duty of writing a few lines to a friend or acquaintance. Perhaps Mrs. Hanover has sent a present of choice peaches to Mrs. Holland which has been highly enjoyed by the recipient and her belongings; but dear, heavy-brained, lethargic Mrs. Holland puts off the civil acknowledgment day after day, though her conscience often moots the matter. Even with the desk open and paper and pens before her, she sits dawdling and chatting and deferring for some ten minutes, until the dress-maker is announced; when, of course, the attempt is abandoned with "put up the desk, I will write to Mrs. Hanover 'By-and-bye.'" And Mrs. Hanover, who is a sensitive well-bred woman, ultimately "cuts" Mrs. Holland for the cold and unladylike reception of a liberal kindness; and the families are estranged by the phlegmatic, weed-growing phrase "By-and-bye." We know a fine young man, with very fair abilities, an only son, who has been educated for the medical profession up to the age of twenty-nine; but each time we enquire respecting his prospects, we are told by his doting parents, that dear Walter's nervous timidity has hitherto prevented him from going up for any "examination;" but that there is no doubt he will take a most exalted place "By-and-bye." And when we visit his sister, "dear Walter" is seldom under the roof until near twelve o'clock at night; but we are assured that his delightful society is in great request by his fellow-students, and that he will be in the best of spirits when he returns "By-and-bye." Now, from all we note, we expect dear Walter will prove a scampish, dissipated, lazy "n'er do well," middle-aged man, still walking, jauntily, at his parents' expense, in full sight of

the mirage, "By-and-bye." See that respectable elderly gentleman-tradesman who has made a tolerably good fortune, and who has long talked of retiring and living at his ease "By-and-bye." He thinks of having such a pretty cottage and a little land "By-and-bye." He intends his wife to step into such a neat pony phaeton "By-and-bye." He calculates on full enjoyment in fishing, which he revels in, "By-and-bye." "But you are not getting younger, and begin to look rather used up," says a familiar chum, "why not do it at once?" "Oh! plenty of time" is the reply; "I'm only sixty-seven, and business will be great, I fancy, for the next year or two—I'll do it 'By-and-bye.'" Alas! "By-and-bye" traps him into a lead coffin, bearing a silver plate with this inscription, "John Strong, aged sixty-nine."

What a vortex of confused hurry is produced, and what an amount of verbrose nonsense is poured upon the public, because the gifted authors, the startling, young, highly-talented writers belonging to "*The Railway Rhapsodist*," "*The Express Comet*," or "*The Select Newgate Calendar*," think it indicative of their ethereal calling and superior power to leave the inditing of certain prose and poetic articles promised to the various editors until "By-and-bye." Tom Thunder knows he ought to have a savage column of criticisms ready on Wednesday night; and Sam Soft-touch is aware that his laudatory review on Sir A. B. C. Perfect's last astounding romance should await the printer's representative of Lucifer early on Thursday; but they are both wedded to the heading of these pages. "I shall soon do it, when I set about it," is the exclamation of each literary ruling planet, "so I'll just go over to Jollyboy's chambers and have one cigar. I'll rattle off a dozen slips in a jiffy 'By-and-bye:'" and the consequence is, that the brains which, if allowed proper time, would have done credit to themselves, justice to their subjects, and satisfied the thinking public, are driven to desperate and rash haste, and tack together pointless sarcasms, rapid platitudes, and incoherent rhodomantade, which wearies and disgusts all sensible readers, and which is most clearly traceable to that rock-a-head of "very talented young men," whose strength and intellect are so super-human that they can always trust to "By-and-bye." We often feel devoutly thankful that we had a mother who effectively extirpated all tendency to the adoption of "By-and-bye" out of us. It was useless for us to seek indulgence under it in a fit of lolling idleness, or the immediate conclusion of some bewitching story. When the clock hands betokened the proper moment for making oneself presentable at dinner, or attending to some household necessity, and our memory had been once kindly touched up by a bidding, it was useless to utter the routine words, "Yes, I know, I'll go 'By-and-bye.'" Promptness and punctuality were strenuously exacted from us; and to this moment, the valuable teaching carries its wholesome effect. We defy a printer to accuse us of keeping him unduly without copy or "proofs;" a relation to upbraid us with losing the train; a clergyman to insinuate that we have disturbed the congregation by late attendance; or the bitterest of our enemies to say that they have *twice* observed the same dropped stitches in our glove, or the same missing string or hook-and-eye in our garments.

We have almost taught ourselves to blush if any thought of putting off until to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day, enters our head, and we are fully convinced that a chief portion of our small success in life has been owing to the early inculcation of the active principle which totally repudiated the dangerous and seducing influence contained in the three simple words now treated of.

Most earnestly and warmly do we entreat all those who may suspect themselves of entertaining the enemy, to think of the text as it deserves. You, who may not have made your wills, and procrastinate about doing so, for reasons which are either weak and childish, or thoughtless and culpable, had

better at once set about making things straight; and not allow your hard-earned savings or extensive lands, your treasured relics and your choice belongings, to become the spoil of crafty lawyers or the object of venomous quarrelling among kith and kin. You will not live an hour less for having "set your house in order" and secured the arrangements by which those whom you wish to possess your leavings will possess them. It is a sad spectacle to behold family members jarring and recriminating over the scarcely cold clay of the departed, as to the right to this, and a claim on that. It is painful to find the silver tea-pot, which has been the centre of many a cheerful gathering, made a question of disputatious coveting as to who ought to have it; and is it not painfully proved that a mere worldly trifle will elicit an exhibition of feeling only rivalled by the snarling greed of hungry curs over a dirty bone thrown among them. What fierce animosity, what secret revenge, what inveterate malignity are aroused by the contests which ensue, arising solely from the listless indifference or silly superstition of those, who, when solicited on the simple point of "making a will," shrink from it as they would from signing a death warrant, taking a cowardly refuge behind "By-and-bye."

You young married ladies who are anxious to preserve the affection of your Adolphuses and Ferdinands, never fling aside an over-coat when it has been offered to your attentions for a slight repair needed in the cuff; nor put out of sight a waistcoat with a wandering button hole, under the covert of "By-and-bye;" and be equally careful that you never find the winter twilight gloom coming on without the lamp being trimmed, nor permit the dinner guest to knock at the door before the wine is decanted, on the same shuffling, evasive, comfort-destroying, domestic idiom.

You gentlemen, who promise to take your chosen ones to the Opera once in the season, or enter into an agreement touching a jaunt to Richmond, do not "put off," and "put off" until "Tamberlik" is on his way to Naples, or the "*Star and Garter*" is mellowed by an autumn mist. We know you have a trick of promising more than you care to perform, but take our word for it, that man, woman, or child, would much rather be without any delusive anticipation—especially if incorporated with those they love—than be victimized by that everlasting, tantalizing, temper-chafing resource of the deceiver—"By-and-bye."

You, hard-working mates of hard-working men, endeavour with your whole might to cast out this insidious rule of conduct from your firesides, and you will be well repaid by an increase of home comfort and self-respect which must, at least, insure the better opinions of your partners and your neighbours. If John is coming from the factory or workshop at twelve o'clock to his dinner, take care to have the stew or bit of bacon on long before a quarter-of-an-hour of the time, and do not be peeling the potatoes, nor sending one of the children for a loaf when he is at the top of the street on his way home. Always remember that it is possible to have a decent meal and a decent abode with even scanty means by the addition of a little prudent foresight, but quite impossible where the gude wife sits down to read the London Journal or gossips with her neighbour over the palings, while the beds are unmade and the breakfast things unwashed, solacing herself with narcotic doses of "By-and-bye."

One other gentle hint will we give on the strength of our title, and our desk shall be closed. That shall be offered to the husbands and fathers who have the fearful, sorrow-spreading habit of loving the tap-room or the club saloon "not wisely, but too well." We are no admirers of the extreme and ascetic bonds which forbid a man taking his draught of beer or glass of wine with a companion at proper intervals; unless the man be one of those unfortunate and heartless idiots, who is dead to his own conscience, blind to his own interest, and impervious to all the demands of reason, love, respectability, and

manhood. If an individual *will* be a criminal delinquent, and break all God-given laws, reckless of consequences, disgrace, and misery! why, he is safest under the ban of imposed incarceration—whether that incarceration exists within the walls of Newgate, or assumes its coerced restraint in the obligation of a “Temperance Oath.” We like to see a man enjoy his drop of “barley-corn” and his pipe of the “Indian weed” after a close day’s labour in mill or mine. We experience no great moral shudder on hearing a ploughman call lustily at the bar of “*The Black Horse*” for a glass of “fourpenny.” We can perfectly understand that a gentleman luxuriantly appreciates his bottle of pure White Hermitage, or pint of rich old Port, in the elegant rooms of the “*Athæneum*” or “*Reform*,” and that a “bit-o-talk” over the qualities of a new steam-engine, or an argument as to how the next cricket match will go, may have a healthy and cheering effect on the knot of sturdy toilers, who are somewhat glad of a little change in any way from the “whiz-whiz” of the eternal wheels, and the dull chinking of the pick and spade; while a spirited discussion on the great “debate” of last night, or a discursive chat on the relative merits of Macready and Fechter, may have equal attractions for the refined and educated “gentlemen at ease.” What we dread, is the visit to “*The Black Horse*,” when pint after pint only serves to wash away the strength of stalwart limbs and dilute the brain elixir until it can produce nothing but maudlin, stutering, foolish noise, which provokes a snigger of contempt even from the ignorant pot-boy; or excites it with demon-like passions, the outpouring of which in foul and awful language, or brutal and insane actions, can only degrade the highest and finest work of the Great Creator to the state of the most offensive, loathsome, abject, and worthless animal on the face of the earth. What we fear, is the abiding at the club amid tempting viands and convivial associates until the intelligent brain becomes slightly obtuse to the knowledge that “dear Emily” is setting up in eager expectancy of the well-known knock; and between the delightful auxiliaries of gorgeously furnished saloons and exquisite “creature comforts” the husband sinks into a mere selfish Sybarite. And what has formed the inclined plane down which the country clown and the town gentleman have gradually and imperceptibly glided into reprehensible and unmanly habits? Why! doubtless, the common instinct of duty has given both a powerful hint, when they first began to linger in the tap-room over another pot with jovial Ned Tomkins, or determined to broach another bottle of claret with that pleasant, clever fellow, Lord Gammonem; but, alas! the thought of “going home” is smothered as completely as poor Desdemona was, by the soft pillow of “By-and-bye.” “It is not very late yet,” is the repeated exclamation, and by degrees the furlough of “By-and-bye” finds the jerked labourer reeling in at his cottage door, to meet with terrible words, or probably, murderous blows, the just complaints of a wearied woman who naturally murmurs over her ragged children and breadless board; while the courtly gentleman is heard to moodily retuke his wife, when he returns in the “small hours” most redolent of wine and cigars, because she wishes he would come home a little earlier. The allurements of sensual pleasures is not to be resisted by these strong-minded men, who learn to think of their own firesides as places all very well in their way; but with foaming jugs of ale shared by boisterous mates at “*The Black Horse*,” or with a rubber at whist and a French *petit souper* afterwards at the “*United Service*”—why, these firesides are only to be sought “By-and-bye,” when eyes have wept and hearts have sighed over them, and the fair household pinnacle of trustful Happiness is advancing, wave by wave, toward the shoal of hopeless Despair.

We lay down our pen for the present; but it is not improbable we may resume the theme and pursue it into other ramifications “By-and-bye.”

Music as a Means of Moral and Spiritual Culture.

BY A. G. HENDERSON.

IN our number for January last, will be found an article entitled "Fine Art Influence on Civilisation," from the pen of Mr. Charles Hardwick, in which the writer contends for the moral influence of the fine arts generally, on the ground of man having special faculties beyond and superior to those that minister to his physical welfare—faculties that can only find their appropriate culture and expression in some one or other of the so-called fine arts, by which we understand, poetry, painting, music, sculpture, and architecture; and which, however far we travel back in the history of nations, even to the first rude beginnings of civilisation, have been found to exist in some degree or other, wherever man, in his multifarious migrations, has planted his foot. In fact, if we go back to the earlier phases of civilisation, all those fine arts are found existing together, and it is only in its progress that, like the division of labour in mechanical arts, they are found to diverge from each other. The first temple, however rude, constructed for religious worship, while it was the earliest form of architecture, formed the nucleus for the other four arts. Both painting and sculpture were used to represent the forms of gods and heroes, who were in those earlier ages worshipped as gods; the earliest attempts at metrical language formed the first poetry; and as this was invariably chaunted or sung, music thus added her divine voice to complete the whole.

To a mind accustomed to abstract reasoning and wide generalization, Mr. Hardwick's argument is both convincing and sufficient; but truth is more easily seized in its concrete forms, and special applications, than by abstract reasoning. Thus a separate examination of any one of the fine arts, with reference to its fundamental principles, and its mode of action, may be made by way of testing and confirming the generalization which applies to all, and which, if true, as a generalization, assumes as a principle that all the arts are united by some bond which collects them into a unity, the differences having reference to the *form* only, and the material used in their formation and development. The material of the poet is language; that of the architect and sculptor, lines; of the painter, lines combined with colours; and of the musician, sounds.

We think that a separate examination of all brings out similar results; and we have selected Music, not because it is better adapted for the purpose than the others, but because we happen to be more familiar with it, and have a special love for it. On the threshold of the enquiry, we are met by this question—Is the end and purpose of art the production of beauty, and does all its influence depend upon this alone? Yes; if the word "beauty" be taken in its widest acceptation, as including not only physical beauty, but moral, intellectual, and spiritual. It must, however, be obvious that originally beauty was sensuous, and, to a very considerable extent, still is and must be so; for sensuousness is an essential idea of all art, and its application to the purely intelligible, as in hundreds of other cases, took place in consequence of the secret unity which binds every part of nature to every other part, and which unity is reflected in language. This wide acceptation of the word, which may not be objectionable when applied to the expression of sentiment and feeling, always more or less vague, becomes a hindrance when it is a

question of analysis. We shall therefore, for this purpose, use it in its primary restricted signification, in order to avoid the almost inevitable confusion which arises when used in its extended and metaphorical meaning, as most speculations on the nature of beauty sufficiently testify. In this sense, then, what is beauty? Does it exist external to the mind, that is, is it *objective*, to use the current German phrase, does it exist only in the mind, or subjectively, or is it a product of both? Following analogically the law which obviously governs all perception, the last of these three suppositions would appear to express the truth. We know that in the perception of any external object, there is a mental act added to the action of the external thing upon the organ of sense, the product, the mental phenomenon, differing from both of the factors which compose it; so that the external world appears to one species of animal one thing, and to another species, another thing; and this is also true, in a lesser degree, such is the uniformity that prevails in the organisation of each species, in their different varieties; so that it is not saying too much if we aver, that no two men see the same thing exactly alike, nor no one man at all times. The perception of colour may be taken as a good illustration. We are startled, and are apt to be incredulous, when we are told, for the first time, that colour does not exist in the object itself that *seems* to be coloured, but is simply reflected light; and that when that light ceases to fall upon the body, or rather ceases to be reflected from the object, it is no longer coloured. The particular colour or shade of colour perceived, depends partly on the object that reflects the light, and partly upon the visual organ that perceives it; alter either, and the perception alters. Why one body should reflect red light, and another yellow, is not easy to determine. The perception of beauty we take to be analogous, only that in this case it is less difficult to determine what are the physical external qualities upon which the perception depends, always supposing the percipient organs and the percipient mind to remain unaltered. The physical factor, however, remains fixed, having all the stability that characterises the laws of nature generally. It is only, then, necessary to enquire, what the physical qualities are upon which the perception of beauty depends; and these, it can hardly be doubted, are symmetry, order, and proportion. Examine attentively any object said to be beautiful—a tree, for example; and it is found that the branches are symmetrically arranged on each side of the trunk, that there is a certain orderly arrangement of the boughs, branches, and leaves, in reference to the trunk, and with each other; and that certain harmonious proportions govern every part. It is the same with flowers, with the forms of animals, especially with that of man, and indeed with every object in nature considered to be beautiful.

To examine visual objects in detail would take us too far away from our object. But if the law of symmetry, order, and proportion is a general one, applicable to every species of beauty, and every form of art, then music should exhibit them just as much as visual objects, and arts dependent upon them, do; indeed, as will be immediately seen, music is the very best illustration that could be given, because both experiment and deductive demonstration can be brought to bear in the presentation of the truth. In the first place, then, a *musical* sound, as distinguished from any other, or mere noise, is one produced by the regular or synchronous vibration of some elastic body, such as a stretched string or membrane, atmospheric air vibrating in tubes, metallic plates, etc., the pitch, that is the height or depth, of any particular sound, being strictly determined by the velocity of these vibrations in a given time. In any collection of various sounds so placed as to form a melody, there is, in the first place, a division of the whole into equal quantities of time, by lines drawn perpendicularly across the staves; then, each character used,

breves, semibreves, minims, crotchets, etc., has a fixed proportion with each other in reference to time; if the crotchet, for example, be held any given time, say one second, the minim is held two seconds, the semibreve three seconds, and the breve four seconds. Then there is another division into phrases or sentences, which consist of a certain number of bars, either equal, or in some simple proportion; and another division into a larger number of bars, termed periods. A melody in which these conditions are not strictly adhered to, is felt to be defective and disagreeable to the ear, just as an unsymmetrical tree, with its branches all on one side, or much more on one side than the other, and without any simple proportion between them, is to the eye. The law of proportion, however, is much more remarkably exhibited in harmony than in melody. Whenever two or more sounds, simultaneously produced, are felt to be agreeable, consonant, or grateful to the ear, it is invariably found that the vibrations which produce them present simple proportions with each other, and are discordant or agreeable exactly in the proportion in which they deviate from the exact ratio. Thus, if on the pianoforte or organ the following notes be struck, C, E, G, C, the lowest being the middle C of the pianoforte, and the highest its octave, the respective velocities of the vibrations are 256, 320, 384, and 512, which, reduced to their lowest terms by dividing each by 64, become 4, 5, 6, and 8; and if the arithmetical series be extended downwards to unity, it will exhibit every consonance used in music, thus:—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8.

In whatever way notes corresponding to these figures are combined, the result is harmony; and when *all* are sounded together, as is frequently the case in orchestras and on the organ, the effect upon the ear is wonderfully grateful, resembling very much the effect produced upon the eye by the prismatic colours. It is a curious fact, too, that the note corresponding to unity is the fundamental bass of the whole. It is true that certain other combinations are used in music of a less pleasing character, and therefore termed discords, but they are very sparingly used, and mainly for the purpose of heightening the effect of the concords by contrast, in the same way that different hues or shades of colour are used along with the primary colours to produce different tones of colour.

Let us pause for a moment to consider the bearings of this beautiful scheme upon the question in hand. It will, in the first place, strike any one at all accustomed to reflection, that this curious apparatus of vibrations, in the simplest possible proportions for the production of beauty in harmony, is entirely superfluous as far as the ordinary wants of human life are concerned. We do not need to speak to each other in harmony in order to convey our thoughts and wishes, and commands, and it is therefore obvious that harmony has been instituted for another purpose, and, it cannot for a moment be doubted, for a *higher* purpose. For our mundane existence simply, it is useless, and it therefore points to something beyond. "Of all the Creator's gifts," says Madame de Staël, "music is the most magnificent, for it seems, so to speak, superfluous. The sun gives us his light; we breathe the serene air of Heaven; all the beauties of nature are in some way or other useful to man; but music is nobly useless; and this is the reason why it moves us so deeply. The further it is removed from the service of any mere useful end, the nearer it approximates to that inner source of our thoughts, which application to any one object restricts in its course."

Before proceeding further, it may be as well to consider the action of harmonious sounds in calming that irritation of the nervous system which is the inevitable result of the wear and tear of human life. The great Danish philosopher, Oersted, has put this so happily by a figure, that we will quote

his words. "Let us," he says, "imagine a quiet lake, whose smooth surface is ruffled by no wind, and where everything is still. If we now bestow upon it for one moment, life, feeling, and thought, with the previous conviction that this repose does not succeed any violent commotion, would it not, in this situation, far less perceive and enjoy life, than if there had been some previous motion in it? Would it not, on the other hand, feel its life more complete and more powerful, if it were set in motion by gentle breezes, which disturbed the equilibrium of its parts so slightly that, after a short interval, it could itself resume this equilibrium, as often as it was disturbed? But would it not, on the contrary, feel itself overwhelmed and disturbed if struggling winds incessantly altered the position of its parts, without allowing it time to pursue its internal efforts to obtain an equilibrium." He elsewhere refers to the well-known fact, that two strings vibrating near to each other will strengthen each other's movement, if they vibrate in unison, and weaken it, in the contrary case; and points out the analogy which exists between this physical phenomenon and the sympathetic action of human souls *tuned* to each other. "Souls," he says, "which harmonize together, reciprocally support each other's thoughts and feelings; minds with opposite dispositions influence each other in a hindering and disturbing manner." It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that this physical action of harmony stopped with the nervous system. Its secondary effect is upon the mind, which is, by its very nature, prepared to reciprocate the harmonic influence, "such harmony being in immortal souls," as Shakspeare finely puts it. It is in harmonizing the thoughts, feelings, and desires, that its chief action lies; in producing symmetry, order, and proportion, in place of one-sided impulse, disorder, and confusion. It is here that physical beauty passes into moral beauty, all the terms expressive of the one being used for the other. The Poets, especially the higher poets, are full of these analogies: Milton speaks of "disproportioned Sin," and Shakspeare compares Hamlet's *disordered* mind to "sweet bells jangled, and out of tune." The full significance of these considerations will appear if we refer to some of the most prominent of the laws of nature, which fixedly link the true with the good and the beautiful. Look for a moment at the laws which regulate the planetary movements, distances, etc. It was found, by Kepler, that the radius Vector—that is, the line joining every planet with the sun—describes areas exactly proportional to the times, and that the squares of the times are proportional to the longer axis of the ellipse described by the orbit. Then the distances of the planets from the sun are found to follow a simple numerical law, as the following table will shew. Supposing the distance of the earth from the sun to be 10, then the distance of Mercury is 4

Venus . . .	4 + 3	= 7
The Earth . .	4 + 3 × 2	= 10
Mars . . .	4 + 3 × 2 ²	= 16
Vesta Juno, etc.	4 + 3 × 2 ³	= 28
Jupiter . . .	4 + 3 × 2 ⁴	= 52
Saturn . . .	4 + 3 × 2 ⁵	= 100
Uranus . . .	4 + 3 × 2 ⁶	= 196

The regularity is apparent at a glance. In the chemistry of nature what do we see? One atom of oxygen and one of hydrogen are put together to form water; one of nitrogen and one of oxygen to form nitrous oxide; two of oxygen and one of nitrogen to form nitric acid; one of carbon and one of oxygen to form carbonic oxide; two of oxygen and one of carbon to form carbonic acid; and so on through various combinations, marked both in weight and bulk (where gases are concerned) by the same simple proportions already traced in musical harmony.

We have already alluded to some of the *forms* of nature, in which simple numerical relations are found at every turn: thus, the sepals, the petals, the stamens, and seed vessels, of flowers are all arranged in threes, fours, fives, and sixes, or in multiples of these; while in the most general division of plants into exogens and endogens, the latter may always be distinguished by the numbers 3 or 6, or multiples of these, the exogens being distinguished by 4 and 5, and their multiples. In the forms of animals, too, the parts are arranged with similar reference to small numerical relations. The human form, confessedly the most beautiful of all, strikingly exemplifies them. The total length of the body is divided into two equal parts, at the insertion of the thigh bone; the upper and lower divisions of the arm have the ratio of 2 to 3; the top of the head to the knee bone exhibits the ratio of 3 to 4; the top of the breast bone to the sole of the foot, 4 to 5; and the crown of the head to the mouth, 5 to 6; the very same ratios of the harmonic scheme before given. Thus is every thing weighed and measured. The synthesis of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which these facts and considerations suggest, is well expressed by the late Professor Butler, in his admirable lectures on Plato and his doctrines. "The true," he says, "being the *very reality* of things, the good the *final cause* of their being, and the beautiful *investing the true out of the strength of the final cause*: for wherever there is the good, there will infallibly be the highest measure of harmonious proportion, and proportion is the essential idea both of the good and of the beautiful." And again, when speaking of the Deity, he says: "To approach Him as the substance of truth, is science; as the substance of goodness in truth, is wisdom; as the substance of beauty in goodness and truth, is love." The cultivation of the beautiful, therefore, is a divinely appointed means of securing goodness and truth. Music may be said to be truth transmuted by eternal wisdom into sound; or truth transforming herself into beauty for the good of the human race; truth becoming incarnate and sensuous that she may lure men from earth and earthly things, knowing that if she appeared in her own refulgent brightness, she might become invisible from excess of light. Supposing the word beauty to be taken in its restricted meaning, necessarily implying some form of *sensuousness*, then all art supposes a complement to beauty, and this complement is expression. Sensuous beauty becomes the *medium* of soul and spirit, and the most perfect art is the highest beauty conveying the purest thought and emotion.

In the harmonious beauty of music are embodied the highest and noblest emotions—love, joy, resignation, penitence, aspiration of the highest good and the loftiest and purest movements of the immortal spirit. Its value, then, as a moral agent it would be impossible to overrate; and it would be, if space permitted it, a grateful task to show how, generally, the truth has been recognised by the great and the good of every age. One or two examples must suffice. Thus Milton sings:—

"In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syren's harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres
And sing to those that hold the vital shears
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To hush the daughters of necessity
And keep unsteady nature to her law,
And the low world in increased motion draw
After the heavenly tune which none can hear
Of human mold, with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze

The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Immutable sounds."

"Music," says Luther, "is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind, through which the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace." He elsewhere says: "Music is one of the finest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline: it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in the art." Barry Cornwall finely says:—

"By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled;
As sages taught where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.

And lastly, the Swan of Avon, in a passage that has been quoted a thousand times, divinely sings:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erubus:
Let no such man be trusted."

These quotations might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but we must desist. Enough has been said to show the character and value of this glorious gift of God, and the influence it *must* have upon the moral and spiritual progress of mankind. It is gratifying to know that, as an art, it is making immense strides, and is becoming every day more and more valued, especially in its higher and nobler forms. The present may indeed be said to be the age of music.

SUMMER TIME.

From Poems and Lancashire Songs, by EDWIN WAUGH.

Now summer's sunlight glowing,
Streaks the woodland shade with gold;
And balmy winds are blowing
Softly o'er the moorland wold;
Now sweet smells the blue-bell,
'Neath the valley's leafy screen;
And thick grows the wild rose,
Clust'ring o'er the hedges green.
The green fern waves upon the steep;
The smiling fields are flowered o'er;
And modest little daisies peep
Like children at a mother's door!

From dewy meadows springing,
Yonder blinding skies among,
The poet-lark is singing,
As if his heart was made of song!
While gladly and madly
In every grove, the wild birds vie,
All tingling and mingling
In tipsy routs of lyric joy!
My throbbing heart with every part
Is dancing to the chorus near,—
The gush, the thrill,—the wizard trill—
Like drops of water trickling clear!

The cottage matron, knitting
In her little garden, sings,
As wild birds, round her flitting,
Fan the blossom with their wings;
And twining, combining,
The honeysuckle and the rose,
Sweet shading, and braiding,
Round her winking lattice goes;
And wild bees through the flowers roam—
The little happy buzzing thieves!
Here and there, with busy hum,
Rifling all the honeyed leaves.

Now, hamlet urchins roaming,
All the sunny summer day,
From dewy morn till gloaming,
Through the rustling wildwood stray;
There blithely and lithely,
By warbling brook and sylvan grot,
They ramble and gamble,
All the busy world forgot;—
Like birds that wing the sunny air,
And warble in the tangled wild,
Unhaunted by the dreams of care,—
Oh! to be again a child!

Sweet scents and sunshine blending;
The wildwoods, in their leafy pride,
To the gentle south wind bending;—
Oh! the bonny summer tide!
The tinkling, the twinkling,
Where little limpid rivers lave;
The sipping, the dipping
Of wildflowers in the gilded wave;—
The fruitful leas, the blooming trees,
The pleasant fields, embroidered fair;
The wild birds' little melodies,
Scattering gladness everywhere!

Kitty's Charm.

BY MRS. M. A. COMPTON.

Is there any one in the wide world—any educated man or woman, of the present day I mean, that will candidly confess, he, or she, is afraid of ghosts? No! We *may* confess, with a half-deprecating smile at our folly, "that there are one or two *little* superstitions that we do not for an instant, of course, believe in; but we have been accustomed to respect them, and" (here we are a little more courageous) "and we like to cling to olden fancies. This is too prosaic, too material an age. In the rapid rush and jostle to acquire wealth and fame, we slight or forget the romance and poësy of former days, etc., etc. *Our* fathers and mothers never sat down to table *thirteen* in number. And, really it is strange how matters commenced on a Friday rarely terminate luckily. Some dreams, also—we have known some most extraordinary coincidences; in fact—" (here we are *very* confidential) "it may be silly, but a circumstance, that occurred to ourselves—" And then comes forth some cherished anecdote, slightly embellished or not, as the case may be, which, while ashamed of producing, we pet and fondle into shape, totally ignoring the possibility of the whole affair having been the offspring of a vivid imagination, or a fit of indigestion.

Again, we may speak most contemptuously of those weak-minded persons who fancy spirits return again to the haunts of their worldly toil and sorrow, yet, if we spoke honestly, would own that we should not exactly like to walk through a churchyard at midnight, or sleep in a haunted chamber. Depend upon it, nearly every one of the matter-of-fact people, as well as the imaginative, would come to the same conclusion, the only difference being, a matter-of-fact mind would clothe the fear in a material horror, while imagination would revel in a picture-painting of terror, whose intensity of dread would be increased from very vagueness.

I, myself, own to possessing a very—well, a very large amount of *respect* for the supernatural. True, in broad daylight, I can put down with self-satisfied superiority, the timid ghost-seer; reason sagely against the impossibility of spiritual communications, or agree with the reasonings of other sceptics, as to optical delusions, etc., etc., explaining away all ghost-stories, however well authenticated. I can also be very satirical on the faculty of second sight, and laugh at the weakness of the ghost who would return again to this mundane place of abode, having once, by fair or foul means, made his escape. I certainly never throw a pinch of salt over my left shoulder (to avert the ill-luck sure to arise from carelessly spilling some)—never count the number of guests—never feel a qualm of fear when I see the new moon through glass (though, by-the-bye, an old friend of mine, who walks as fast as age permits to the garden door, lest she should see "Dian's silver crescent" through the window, on gaining the open air, complacently turn the silver in her pocket for luck, while she gazes her fill through her *spectacles*). I never once remember picking up a coal, to see whether it were a purse or a coffin, or even listened with a moment's bated breath to the ominous sound of the death watch; but still—I *have* felt, as night drew on (and many of those nights have been both sad and lonely)—I *have* felt a strange sensation of dread—a quick fluttering of the heart—a feeling of

oppression above, around me, as if *that* were near I could neither *hear* nor *see*, only *feel*.

So much for philosophy and reason! I am a believer in despite of them, and do not know a greater pleasure than in hearing or reading a good ghost story. My early life may perhaps account for this leaning to the supernatural. I was a sickly and unlovable child, left much, from circumstances, to the care of servants; without any playfellows or companions of my own age—a great misfortune for any child. My only delight was reading—anything, everything that came in my way; literally, I was a book devourer, and cannot remember the time when I first learned to read. As everything in the shape of reading was greedily swallowed, the consequence, mentally, as it is physically, was indigestion.

My favourite books I would carry with me to the cloisters of our old cathedral. There in alooves, and on worn stone benches, that seemed made for my accommodation solely, watching the light as it fell in chequered shade and beam through the sculptured arches on to the flags at my feet, I have passed hours dreaming over fancied visions of what my life should be when childhood had passed away, or, happier moments, reading *The Castle of Otranto*, *The Old English Baron*, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, or that strange weird book to an imaginative child, *The Life of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table*, not the less valued because it was yellow with age, with queer spelling, and “*as*” like “*fs*.” I have sat, poring over my book till the daylight has faded away, and rendered me unable to distinguish one word from another, yet would I still keep my head bent down, dreading to raise my eyes, lest I should see a fleshless skeleton clothed in a monk’s garb, glaring on me phosphoric gleams from eyeless sockets.

The restless nights that followed!—the longing for a light, that I knew I must not have—the dread of opening my eyes, lest I should see something more terrible than the darkness, and yet the impossibility of keeping them closed, for the spectral lights and forms that danced under the closed lids (and which the learned in optics can explain) seemed to assume all kinds of fearful and fantastic forms, so that, in self-defence, the eyes would open, to peer into the darkness again. Many a night of true wretchedness was passed like this, till daylight brought the relief and rest so strongly needed. No wonder there were pale cheeks and sunken eyes, instead of the freshness of childhood, and no wonder I was an invalid for many years. Now it is certainly very humiliating that, with so much preparation, so much predisposition, I cannot lay claim to the title of ghost-seer, and that all my supernatural experiences should be, so to speak, second-hand. It is really very hard to be forced to own that the only skeletons I have ever seen were in museums—the only ghosts, in stereoscopic slides. But then, to counter-balance this annoyance, I remember, amongst my personal friends, one or two who have been more highly favoured than I; and I could relate some startling tales, with authenticity enough to satisfy Mrs. Crowe. None, however, made so deep an impression upon me as the following “tale of a charm,” repeated to me by as truthful a girl as ever lived, though filling no higher position than a servant maid in Bristol.

Kitty, a strong, healthy, Welsh girl, with a round merry face, red cheeks, and eyes as black and as sparkling as eyes could well be, was an honest, hard-working good girl; and, at the same time, a firm believer in charms, spells, ghosts, and witchcraft. She had come from Pont-y- somewhere, a village with a name ending with enumerable double consonants, and only correctly pronounced with throats afflicted with perpetual colds. Her memory was stored with tales and legends—all *true*—for she had known the people concerned therein, or their children, of the third and fourth generation.

Only too happy was Kitty, when the daily work was done (to do her justice, she never neglected that), to pour out her countless host of tales and adventures to my listening ears. In the truth of her own experiences Kitty fully believed, whoever else might doubt. She had kept company, as it is termed, with a young man, the only son of a small farmer. The humble home of Kitty was only separated by a field or two from the farm, and they had been sweethearts from childhood; but the farmer, not liking the match, had some high words with his son, ending in the said son taking himself off to sea—the usual refuge of young men who can't do as they like at home. The young people had written once now and then, during the three years' absence—at least, Kitty employed some one else to write for her, as she was decidedly ignorant of the first principles of education. The father died. His widow, longing for her son's return, and liking Kitty's hard-working ways, and patient waiting, gave her full consent to the marriage.

The three years the young man was to have been absent had expired. Every day, every hour, might bring him home, when Kitty bethought her there could be no great mischief done by trying a little charm, to see if her sailor remained still faithful. This charm consists in dipping some article of dress that once belonged to the lover, in a running stream, with the accompaniment of certain magic words (and, unfortunately, these words, being in Welsh, I never could master them). The next process is to hang the wet clothing before the fire, wrong side outwards. The lover, if constant, appears in the act of turning the garment to dry, or, if on the contrary, false to his vows, with an angry face, he endeavours to snatch the offending articles away, as (a warning to all false lovers!) he suffers anguish indescribable during the process of drying. A bright-coloured handkerchief, the gift of her absent sailor, had been dipped thrice in the running stream, duly had the charm been said, and Kitty turned to retrace her steps to the cottage fire. Well (Kitty used to say)—well she remembered the moment! A hundred yards from the little stream, in which she had filled her pitcher for many a year, stood the little cot, her humble home. She had left the door open on leaving the house, and the ruddy-streak of firelight that issued from it, lay athwart the road, in rich contrast with the bright moonlight that silvered each surrounding object. To her surprise, but not fear, she beheld, seated on a bank by the roadside, between the cottage and the stream, an apparently wearied wayfaring man. Poor Kitty's heart melted with pity for the supposed traveller—he looked so worn and weary. They are charitable, soft-hearted people in those far-away places. Still more did Kitty's heart warm to the weary man when she recognised the well-known sailor's garb. A few steps and Kitty was by his side. At the sound of her merry voice the man looked up, with such a wan sad face, poor Kitty used to say, as if the heart lay very very heavy within him. But who can tell one half of the rush of glad feeling, of gratitude, through her faithful bosom, when, despite of all the three years change, of toil, and the weariness of travel, she recognised her own true love.

Afterwards, Kitty used to say, she remembered what *then* she did not notice: she made no attempt to greet him, neither did he rise to meet her; but, in a sad far-away voice, bade her tell his mother he had come home again, and he would follow her. Spells—charms—were all forgotten; *he* had returned, and Kitty hastened at his bidding, never doubting that he wished her to break the news of his return gently to his mother. Onward Kitty hastened, past her own wide open door, over the red light that streamed out upon her path. Once she looked back, but beyond that red light all was dark; still, he was behind her—*must* be—she fancied she heard his step; and on she sped, till the old farm-house rose quiet and dark before her.

The widow, and some gossips, were cozily seated in the large room that served for parlour, kitchen, and hall, when Kitty, wild with excitement, yet chilled by a scarcely acknowledged fear, burst amongst them. But, poor girl! words fail her, and, for the first and last time in her life, poor Kitty was in hysterics. However, poor people generally recover rather rapidly from nervous attacks, fashionable physicians being somewhat scarce in their neighbourhood. Composure returning, the glad news was received by the poor old mother in tearful gratitude—by the rest in noisy congratulations. They waited; he did not come; and, with the same nameless fear heavy at her heart—it had been lying there poor Kitty felt since first she crossed the threshold—she and his mother, upheld by her strong young arm—for the poor old dame felt weak from joy—slowly paced down the road to meet their long absent one.

On—past Kitty's cottage from which the red streak had now faded away—still no son, no lover! On—even to the bank on which, as if to mark the spot, the handkerchief still lay where poor Kitty dropped it in her startled joy—still no living being in sight! Slowly—silently they turned back, the mother hoping to find her son in Kitty's home. He had not been there! With faltering words that betrayed their sinking hopes, they fancied he might have gone to the village, some two miles distant, to some of his early friends. Patiently the couple plodded on. He had not been seen!

It was some years after this event in Kitty's life when I knew her; yet she never liked to speak of that night. Perhaps she thought I was too childish to comprehend the bitter anguish of those thrice-long hours; or rather her homely phrases were too weak, or she fancied them so (though they went to my young heart in their quaint misery) to express the full sorrow of her fallen hopes.

The next morning saw the poor widow on a sick-bed. It was a long illness; but Kitty nursed her as tenderly as if *his* mother had been her own. And the widow recovered; for grief does not often kill, except in novels.

Kitty's story got wind. Some kind people made enquiries for her, in the proper quarter. And let philosophers or materialists explain it how they will, as nearly at the period of Kitty's trial of the charm as could well be calculated, the merchant-vessel, and all its crew, had perished in one of the storms of the Atlantic.

CONTRADICTIONS IN THE LITERARY CHARACTER.—In proving that the character of the man may be very opposite to that of his writings, we must recollect that the habits of the life may be contrary to the habits of the mind. The influence of their studies over men of genius is limited. Out of the ideal world, man is reduced to be the active creature of sensation. An author has, in truth, two distinct characters: the literary, formed by the habits of his study; the personal, by the habits of his situation. Gray, cold, effeminate, and timid in his personal, was lofty and awful in his literary character. We see men of polished manners and bland affections, who, in grasping a pen, are thrusting a poniard; while others in domestic life, with the simplicity of children and the feebleness of nervous affections, can shake the senate or the bar with the vehemence of their eloquence and the intrepidity of their spirit. The heart may be feeble, though the mind is strong. To think boldly may be the habit of the mind, to act weakly may be the habit of the constitution.—*Isaac D'Israeli*.

INDOLENCE.—There is a fascination in indolence which steals upon us, and the inaction which we at first abhorred becomes a passion.—*Tacitus*.

SYMPATHY.—No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—*Romola*.

Success: or, "Look at the Briggess."

BY JAMES CHARLES HEAVISIDE.

THERE is something, it strikes us, very harsh in the judgment of the world with respect to that portion of mankind who may be briefly designated "the unsuccessful." We enjoy the prospect of a self-made man, and rejoice to see him reach the top stave of the ladder, and are never tardy in praising his skill, as he stands proudly on his elevated pedestal, proclaiming, not unfrequently, his own success. We like the man for this *success*, and excuse his vaunting "look at me!" not so much because his success contributes one jot to our own welfare, or, so far as we know, to that of society generally, but simply because he has come in the first at the winning-post. He may be, and often is, a churl, a vulgar specimen of puffed-up humanity, without one grace of character, yet he has been successful; so, without troubling ourselves to examine critically the mode by which he climbed, or the mud through which he has waded, to the goal, we recognise him at once as a social hero, and mentally bow down and worship him. It is the way of the world, we say; and perhaps it is necessary that those poor souls who remain at the foot of the ladder, or those who never reach even the distance-post in the race, should be cast aside as of no estimation. True, he has tried hard, after his way, to climb, and he has not made his many falls without personal injury. True, he struggled vigorously at the commencement of the race, and his poor sides show signs of whip and spur; but then he broke down. We want *successful* climbers; we want runners who can hold out to the end of the contest. In short, we want those with lasting qualities; so, such as have thin skins, and broken wind, must be content to be looked upon as failures in this world. We deal them the rough injustice of an occasional kick, by way of remembrancer, in their prostrate condition, and even go so far as to lend our strength to lift the successful man a little higher, if possible.

Many years ago, we heard a young man recommend one of about his own age to have nothing to do with unsuccessful men; as a matter of policy to shun them, as if the moral atmosphere which surrounded them was apt to infect those who came within its circle. As if he had said, "What is the use of running the risk of fever?—the man has the fever—he has got it somehow—let him get out of it in the same way." Both these persons are still in the land of the living, adviser and advised. The first, we are inclined to believe, has consistently acted up to his theory: he is very wealthy, a most successful tradesman, and looked up to as such. The other, we fear, cannot be designated "successful," at least as the world goes. Perhaps he is too much of the gentleman, (nay, let us speak out,) too much of a Christian, to act up to the advice so freely tendered; perhaps he has some sweet lingering memories of the "Good Samaritan" sort nestling about his heart, which have promoted the exercise of charity to the unfortunate when the more "successful" of the world "passed by on the other side." We dare to say he was a richer man in money-value than his adviser twenty years ago. Meanwhile, his hair has turned from brown to grey; his step has lost some of its elasticity; his eye some of its fire; and there is a certain shade of care cast over his countenance of late years, indicative, to us, of the whip and spur, and the bruises attendant on failures.

We have often speculated on the possibility of constructing a sort of moral gauge, or barometer, by which the amount of solid satisfaction possessed by individuals might be accurately measured; and we have amused our-

selves by attempting to put into practice a kind of mental weighing up of our neighbours. We have always, however, come to a bar to our progress in this description of employment, from our inability to put a proper value on certain events in the minds and hearts of different individuals. In other words, we have not succeeded. There is an infinitely varying capacity in mankind, to bear tramping over dirty ways. Some men shudder at the least particle of mud on their boots, whilst others can wade knee-deep in offensive matter, if a prospect of gain appears on the other side. Such men as these latter feel nothing whatever from the tirades, which from time to time are launched at the doers of dirty actions. Consequently, any comparison of inward happiness between this sort and their thin-skinned neighbours, is useless; for the gain of happiness to the one in doing a noble action may be equalled by that enjoyed by the successful man in a little skilful villany. Nevertheless, (though by no means indifferent to the advantages attending the possession of wealth) we have a sneaking fondness for the gentle wretch who has not succeeded. We would not have it supposed, from what we have said, that we hold the opinion that the possession of wealth cannot be attained except by resort to actions of moral turpitude; for the world has very many instances of honourably acquired wealth nobly spent by successful men. We want, however, to protest against the worship of wealth—as such—without having regard to the mode in which the same has been acquired. We believe that industry and perseverance are necessary, as a general rule, for the attainment of success in any career. But there is, we feel convinced, another element for which we want an English word fully to express the value. We name this element *luck*. This doctrine may raise a smile on the countenances of some of our readers; nevertheless, we hold to our position, although the word may not fully express to all that we mean to convey. We assert, that of two men equally endowed with talent, tact, genius, patience, perseverance, and all the other necessary ingredients to a prosperous course, there shall be inequality in the ultimate result of the competition. We will even suppose, that any little inequality in the mental constitution, necessary to the wading over dirty ways, shall, in these two cases, be absent, and they shall be in fact and deed perfectly on an equality; yet, one shall find more substantial reward than the other. The most fortunate, if disposed to answer an enquiry truthfully, will frequently be compelled to admit, that his long run of success may be traced to the occurrence of what he cannot but designate "a fortunate accident." It may be urged, that, had the same accident occurred in the case of another man, he might not have been able to secure the advantages flowing from it. But we, on the other hand, hold that the accident *did not* occur to the other, and consequently, he could not avail himself of it. In short, he was not so lucky as his opponent. We have here a very wide question opened, (into which, however, we decline to enter,) as to the existence of *luck* or *chance* in the affairs of this world; we simply use the words as we find them, and most people understand our meaning.

Many a man, when contemplating the elevated position of some former schoolfellow, from his own comparatively lowly standing-place, may, if of a thoughtful nature, be impressed with a feeling, though not perhaps of envy, yet of grudging.

"There is Fortunatus," says he, "whom I have 'licked' at school scores of times; who was the butt of the place for his stupidity; who danced like a bear, swam like a log, played like an elephant, and studied like a jackass. Whom I have tried in vain, after school-days were over, to improve; whom I shadowed under my wing, and protected not so many years ago. There he is, I say, too big to see me now-a-days at any price. We have not spoken together for years, now. The last occasion was when I met him in a business

part of the town, and slipped my arm through his, presuming on our long acquaintance. He withdrew his as if my familiarity had spoiled the nap of his coat, and I bade him proceed alone, and blessed him. He had given up inviting me to his grand parties, then, for some time; and had set up his carriage. He has two or three of them now, and a house as big as the King of Bavaria's, and folk say he will be member for the county some day. I wonder if he remembers when I lent him that five-pound note, how he thanked me, and said, that whatever he had in future days, I should be welcome to share! He would not lend me a five-shilling piece now, if I were to ask him. But, thank goodness, I don't require one! How has the fellow done it?"

We cannot answer the question, oh friend! But we know something of Fortunatus, and can inform thee, that in all things, such as thou knewest him at school, and afterwards, he is as stupid as thou representest him to have been. Nevertheless, he is liked by the set with which he now mixes. He is certainly hospitable, and has a charming wife; his dwelling is luxurious, and his viands good; and if he be somewhat vulgar in his profusion, it is a venial fault, and little noticed now. Of a truth, we often wonder "how he has done it." How, in particular, he managed to persuade that charming, rich young widow to marry him perplexes us; but so it is, and this is *his* secret. She appears to doat on him, at all events, and we should say he is not in the least degree henpecked. As for the mythical five shillings thou speakest of, friend, thou hast no need to try him by mentioning it. As for the five-pound note, thou hadst it back many-a-year ago; and it is always better to be able to lend such an article, than to be under the obligation to borrow, as he evidently was on one occasion. Altogether, thou hast, we think, in this respect, the better position of the two. Fortunatus is a puzzle to us. He certainly is not clever—he never was; and we fancy his shins bear many bruises, encountered in slipping from the ladder, during his earlier career. A dogged perseverance does wonders, particularly when assisted by the turn up of a lucky number in the great lottery; and this perseverance he must have had in his pursuit of wealth.

"Look at the Briggses!" says a brother of the pen to us frequently, as we sit and smoke the evening pipe of meditation, and consume the "modest quencher" of sociality. "Look at the Briggses!" he says; "we all went to school together; the families were almost brought up together; yet, I think, if there was any difference, ours occupied the higher social position, and had perhaps more to do with in the way of money. Yet, look at that family; they have all succeeded in whatever they have undertaken; in fact, are all approaching to wealth, if not all in possession of it, whilst we have enough to do, with all our industry, to keep good coats on our backs, and make the two ends meet. Even Sam, who has adopted my own profession, makes better out of it than I do, notwithstanding my matter and style is, I flatter myself, so much in advance of his own. How does it happen that *all* these lads have succeeded so much better than our own?"

Knowing both families intimately, we hesitate not emphatically to state that, in our opinion, "the Briggses" have the advantage in the "staying quality." We feel morally certain that they have clean hands after their tussels with the world, and that their success is attributable mainly to their ability to "bide their time," and their carefulness to hoard the gain, however small it may be at times. They have not one particle of poetry or even of imagination in their natures, yet they have what the world specially wants, *constancy*. They are constant in their endeavours, and constant in their affections, for each other, which, in a large family depending on their own exertions, is an exceedingly useful commodity, and which goes a long way. They have never lost one opportunity of each advancing the interest of the

other; and however far distant, have ever kept this object in view. If a little of "toadying" has been necessary in the process, they have not felt the humiliation, for there is an obtuseness of perception among them in this respect. They have succeeded, and will, doubtless, leave an honourable name to their children. But it is questionable how far you, individually, would be able to enjoy the particular kind of prosperity the Briggses have secured to themselves, if it was now placed within your grasp. You have shaped for yourself a peculiar mode of life, in which you have secured a certain amount of personal liberty, which they do not possess. Your mode of life is certainly independent; and you have gained for yourself the right to move in a certain course, which the world generally would designate "eccentric." You ignore many of the conventionalities of society; and, in thus setting up your own standard, you forfeit your claim to many advantages which those who conform to the usual standard have a right to calculate upon. You have gathered about you all the necessities to your existence; many of the luxuries of life are within your grasp, and are enjoyed by you, in a manner not to be appreciated by people of the Briggs' calibre. In short, we come to the opinion, not hastily, but firmly, that you have "succeeded" fully as well as your exertions have deserved, and that your position is possibly envied by many, who have strained every nerve to reach the same stage of the social ladder on which you have so firm a footing, and who have, with as much talent as yourself, miserably failed.

The failures are of everyday occurrence; the great successes are few and far between, and are recorded, whilst the others, day by day, sink into oblivion and are heard of no more. Some of the greatest of the world's conquerors "in arms, in arts, in song," are miserable curmudgeons at home, when stripped of the bravery which success gives to the eyes of the world at large. There are few men indeed whom the possession of great wealth has a tendency really to improve. Full garners by no means contain within them any assurance of the enjoyment of their contents, and instances are not few of individuals gaining (figuratively speaking) the whole world, and losing, in the process, their own souls: a poor exchange truly, when all the fruits of the earth are as ashes to the palate, and the sweets of life are turned to very bitterness and loathing. May we not gain some satisfaction, under the knowledge of our own failures, from the reflection that they have not been the result of want of industry; that we have *tried* to win fame, or name, by pure means; and if we have failed to win the prize, owing to some natural inaptitude, we have not lost our self-respect by the resort to measures which carry with them satisfaction to the coarsest minds only. The unfortunates in the world's race are everywhere seen, with bleeding sides, heaving chests, and quivering flanks, lying by the way. It may be necessary in the world's economy that they should be allowed to remain where they have fallen, and leave the course for the stronger and less scrupulous competitors; but, at all events, we can refrain from adding insult to their misery, by dealing them a contemptuous blow. We may learn wisdom from their mistakes; but, at all events, let us not revile them for the blunders which serve as a caution to us in our onward career. And, rest assured, the time (in the long run) will not be wasted that we spend in dropping a word of comfort or encouragement to them, even if our means refuse the medicinal "oil and wine." It is a characteristic of the lower animals, to shun or cast out the sickly and useless; and even the king of beasts will run danger of starving if he chance to wound his foot; but it becomes our duty to protest against the continuance of such practice among the human kind. If the memory of early friendships and early struggles fail to move us towards philanthropic action, we have little hope that the recital of the griefs and disappointments,

the sighs, and groanings, under repeated failure, will call us to look upon the world's unfortunates with the moist eye of pity. Nevertheless, we shall not cease to urge what we consider the Christian course of duty. Though many instances of failure in all our experiences are clearly attributable to short-comings, or even criminal excesses, on the parts of our fellows; though want of the commonest prudence or foresight has precipitated the fall of others; we hesitate not to say, that many an unfortunate whom we could name, has worked as well, and with as ably directed exertions, as many another who now basks in the full blaze of prosperity, who, so far as mere human vision can penetrate, no more deserve their ill-fate than the thousand-and-one fortunates, whom a lucky turn of the wheel has placed at the top. All cannot be conquerors in war, nor all even survivors; yet, after some great campaign, when, having rewarded the conquerors, praised the survivors, and having found time to reckon up the gain to the commonwealth, we think, also, of those who have succumbed in the day of trial. Even those who have never faced the engines of destruction wielded by the enemy, but who have quietly breathed away their spirits in the crowded hospitals, are not, as a rule, amongst civilized nations, wholly forgotten. No: they did their best, they fell in their endeavour, and we record their names in our churches, or public places, and in our hearts. It is a mistake to suppose that our victories are gained by the survivors alone. How much may the unfortunates of the world have contributed to the triumphs of society, and to the wealth which the fortunates either enjoy or hoard? "Yes, but success is the great touchstone," remarks our brother of the pen, when we arrive at this point—"look at the Briggses!"

We have looked at the Briggses, and respectfully dedicate these remarks to them, earnestly challenging their attention to our arguments.

Brutus Outdone in Galway.

BY JOHN LEAF.

THE town of Galway, at present describable as a second-rate Irish port, was in former times one of the foremost maritime emporiums in the three kingdoms, and greatly renowned for its commercial vigour and prosperity. It was called, by way of distinction, the "City of the Tribes of Merchants;" and its historians of the olden time compared it, with patriotic pride and veneration, to Rome, the mistress of nations, giving Galway considerably the best of the comparison. Rome might boast of her "seven hills," but Galway could boast of something greater—to wit, her "twice seven lofty towers"—"twice seven massive gates"—"twice seven strong castles"—"twice seven bridges"—twice seven everything—including, among other wonders, her "twice seven illustrious families." So, literally, runs an ancient Latin rhyme, as translated by a heavy-fisted versifier, named Hardiman, in a local history of Galway, page 25. Apart, however, from this grandiloquent testimony, there is ample reliable evidence of Galway's commercial greatness and importance during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In Oliver Cromwell's time, it had the honour of being mentioned in a State paper in terms of high laudation; Henry Cromwell and the Privy Council of Ireland declaring, "That for the situation thereof—voisinage—and commerce it hath with Spain, the Strays, West Indies, and other places, noe town or port in the three nations

(London excepted) is more considerable." Something of its commercial dignity was, no doubt, owing to Spanish settlers, who appear to have been its earliest merchants, and to have introduced some of their native stateliness and love of luxury. The old parts of the town still present many traces of Spanish architecture, and relics of decayed magnificence; and there are traditions of 1,200 tuns of wine being annually landed from Spain, of which—supposing the bulk of it to have passed elsewhere in the way of merchandize—no doubt a reasonable share was drunk by the Galway merchants.

There was wine flowing pretty freely, in all likelihood, one day in the year 1493, when the citizens met in their town-hall or market-place to elect, out of their eligible "illustrious families," a new mayor or chief magistrate. We presume the "illustrious families" were alone eligible for this dignity; merchant princes, from those of Venice downwards, being of the nature of an oligarchy, and, whenever they have supreme power, favouring, if not always an aristocracy, or government of the wisest, at any rate a government of the richest. Be this as it may, the Galway citizens elected their new mayor in the year aforesaid; the choice falling upon James Lynch Fitzstephen—a merchant citizen notable among his contemporaries for his wealth, his large benevolence, and irreproachable integrity. This is said to have been the general character of the Galway merchants; but Fitzstephen represented their high qualities in a degree even surpassing that of the rest of the illustrious order of which he was an ornament. His election to the chief magistracy, therefore, while it was an honour to himself, may be considered to have been an act of wisdom and just discernment in his fellow-citizens; here being evidently a man who in all emergencies might be relied upon for faithfully and impartially administering his functions, and, without regard to personal or interested considerations, doing even-handed justice. It was a high day of rejoicing. Merrily rang the bells from the steeples of church and convent; freely flowed the wine at the corporation tables; cheers and congratulations rose high in street and market-place; and when the newly-inducted dignitary retired from the scene of triumph and festivity, to lay his head, with its encircled honours, on the domestic pillow, he may be supposed to have fallen asleep with the pleasant consciousness that he was now the greatest man in Galway, and to have had his slumbers glorified by a splendid imagery of dreams.

Up in the morning he rises from his balmy rest, to meet the greetings of his wife and son, and the deferential attentions and sollicitudes of his household. On going abroad, all hats are doffed at his appearance: in the market-place, in the court-house, on the quay, he is the object of the general observation and respect; and old friends, with whom he stops to exchange courtesies, approach him and take leave of him with smiles of profound complacency. Such agreeable recognition awaits him every day for many weeks, and in course of time he becomes used to it; and as he is too sensible a man to be puffed up by it, he feels no privation in dispensing with it, on finding, after awhile, that his own personal affairs require such attention as to oblige him to make a voyage to Spain. His present civic duties being nowise urgent, he accordingly goes off to Cadiz, exactly as he might have done had he been only a private merchant.

At Cadiz he was hospitably entertained by a gentleman of the name of Gomes, with whom he had been long connected by mercantile transactions; and as he was greatly gratified by the urbanity and friendliness of his entertainer, he sought to reciprocate his kindness by inviting his son, a youth of engaging manners and high character, to accompany him back to Ireland. This invitation being acceded to, young Gomes returned with the Galway merchant, and became for awhile a member of his family. Being about the

same age as young Fitzstephen, the two seemed likely to be suitable companions; and the former, being somewhat of a fast young gentleman, did not fail to introduce the stranger to the gaieties of the town and neighbourhood. Father Fitzstephen hoped that the sedate example of young Gomes might have a happy influence upon his son; the young man being, to say the truth, a little given to wildness, and somewhat unduly proud of his prepossessing person, which rendered him a favourite with the ladies. He was at this time the accepted lover of a beautiful and accomplished Galway girl, whom he was expecting before very long to marry. Of course the young Spaniard was introduced to her, no one dreaming that any harm could spring out of the friendly intimacy which was naturally the result. The pretty Agnes chatted with him in a frank and genial Irish manner; smiled on him occasionally with an innocent Irish smile; but never meant, nor thought of meaning, anything by what she did beyond the merest common kindness and good nature. Her heart, in all its purity and full affection, remained true to her affianced lover; and he must surely have been a churl, of an extremely unpromising character, who could entertain suspicions of her faithfulness. Henry Fitzstephen, however, with his wild disordered passions, was so infatuated as to suspect her; and, bursting one day abruptly into her presence, he asked, "What did she mean by favouring the Spaniard?"

"The Spaniard!" she returned, with great surprise; "What can have led you to suppose that I ever favoured him?"

"Fence not with my words," said he; "you have been false to me: you love the Spaniard! But, mind me, I am not to be cast off like a worn-out glove, nor disgraced by witnessing submissively the success of any rival."

"Henry!" she broke out, as if on the verge of a passionate appeal; but, choked by her emotions, she stopped short, and seemed to disdain any further answer. She felt suddenly too proud to deny a charge which had no manner of foundation; too crushed and humiliated to care, for the moment, about vindicating her truthfulness to her unjust upbraider. They parted in silence and in anger; and the young man went off in a storm of rage and jealousy.

Miserably infatuated, he believed himself slighted and despised, and, with his fierce temper, at once resolved on being revenged for his imaginary wrong. He stayed from home all day, brooding over his madness; and returning at night by the house in which Agnes lived, he chanced to see the Spanish youth pass out of the door—he having spent the evening there at the invitation of her father. Not knowing this innocent circumstance, the distracted lover tracked the steps of his supposed rival; followed him furtively from street to street, and, on overtaking him at the edge of the city, sprang upon him and stabbed him with a poignard. Finding him dead in a few minutes, he dragged the body some little distance, and cast it into the sea; then turning, fled away with the sense of a great horror on his soul, and sought immediate concealment in a forest which lay a short way from the city.

Naturally, his first impulse was to escape out of the country; but after passing the night alone with his alarmed conscience, his remorse was such as to impel him, without delay, to yield himself up to justice. The body of the Spaniard was found next morning, cast up by the tide on the sea-shore; and a band of troopers was forthwith ordered to go out and scour the neighbourhood, in search after the murderer. They were just passing out of the town when young Fitzstephen met them, and, after a brief confession of the deed, surrendered himself a prisoner.

Now, then, there is unexpected work for the chief magistrate. Think of his astonishment and grief on hearing his son's confession! What could he, the father, do in this extremity to save him, and still at the same time do justice? There was verily but one course open, and that was terrible. The

mayors of Galway held the power of life and death over their subjects; and it must needs fall to the father, in this case, to be the judge of his own son! O stern, inexorable Duty, whither draggest thou, at the wheels of thy ruthless chariot, the imploring instincts and affections of a parent's afflicted heart! Is there not, he asks of the offended Heavens, some way of escape from this dread ordeal!—some door of merciful deliverance whereby this guilty one, so much beloved, may pass out and be shriven of the penalty which Justice in all lands exacts for the deed that he has done! Unwavering Duty answers—**NONE!** As in thine own person thou representest Justice, thou must verily fulfil her most terrible behests. So the astonished and desolate old man, who throughout his life has gone in the strength of his uprightness, turns himself with energy to do what lies before him—to do it with all pity and compassion, but with decision unrelenting and uncompromising.

From prison to the judgment seat is brought the trembling offender, who, under the weight of his remorse and guilt, is unable to raise his eyes to the stern, sad presence in which he stands. Seeing him stand there so pitiless and helpless, the soul of the father is moved within the judge, and he longs to spring down and embrace him, and bid him welcome to his home again, forgiven. But his was but a momentary weakness; the fearful, earnest voice of Duty urging him to constrain his natural affections, and to proceed with the dread solemnity as calmly and impartially as though his feelings were unconcerned. To this effort, therefore, he bends his resolution. The trial was brief—the prisoner's confession permitting no legal subtleties to warp the course of justice. The accustomed formalities being gone through, a great awe filled the court, and all faces were blanched with consternation, as the judge prepared to deliver sentence. Was it possible that a father could sit there and condemn his own and only son to death! It was a hard and terrible thing to do, but inasmuch as it was the *just* thing, the old man could not abate himself from doing it. Even as the patriot Brutus, in the Roman legend, had condemned his son to death for being concerned in a conspiracy against the commonwealth, so, with a stoical disregard of all natural interests and sympathies, did this stern, impartial Irish ruler enforce himself to act in his strange and sad emergency—cutting off from life the only son whom he would have gladly given his own life to spare, and accepting for himself all the intolerable wretchedness that could not but arise out of the tragical necessity to which he sacrificed his feelings and affections.

He went out of the court conscious that he had acted righteously, but with a countenance so woe-begone and sorrowful as to excite the compassion of the spectators. The doomed criminal, for the moment, was forgotten in the spectacle of misery which passed before them in the judge; and it seemed that he, with his faltering footstep and his honourable grey hairs, was more to be pitied than the other. He went home, to bear in privacy and silence, the great agony that oppressed him; but the seclusion which he sought he was not permitted to indulge in, for the honourable men of the place came round him, beseeching him to reconsider his decision, and by virtue of the prerogative invested in his office to supersede the sentence he had passed upon his son. The populace, moreover, gathered round his house, demanding that the young man should be liberated; and on their petition being refused, military force had to be called out to prevent them from breaking down the prison. Night fell on the excited multitude; the soldiers keeping them at bay with pointed weapons, but unable to compel them to quit the streets and withdraw to their own homes.

Apprehending, under these circumstances, that the prisoner would be rescued, his father, in his fierce determination to inflict impartial justice, formed the terrible resolution of going to the prison to be himself the young

man's gaoler, and even, if need should be, his immediate executioner. The awful vigil of that night can hardly be paralleled in history. A priest who was present, and who has given an account of the last scene of the tragedy, states that the old man entered his son's cell with a lamp, "locking the grating carefully," held fast the keys, and seated himself in a recess of the wall to wait the issue. The poor unhappy youth approached him, and with faltering tongue besought to know if he might hope that his life would, after all, be spared. But the father was unyielding. "No," answered he, "your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die. Ere now I have prayed for your prosperity, but that is all gone by—with the world you have now done for ever. Had any other but your wretched father been your judge, I might have dropt a tear over my child's misfortune, and sued passionately for his life, even stained as it has been with murder. But it is not permitted for the judge to do, in the face of Heaven, anything but impartial justice; and intrusted as I am to see this done, I tell you, you must die. I am now come to join with this good man in praying God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." Then, as if fearful lest his natural tenderness and generosity of heart should overcome his purpose, and make him forget the great duty he had imposed upon himself, he requested the priest to proceed at once with his religious services. Father and son knelt down, and the priest administered the rites of the church to the unhappy criminal, to fortify him for his approaching end. The young man's native spirit seemed gradually to be restored; he joined fervently in the prayers, and, though sighing heavily from time to time in his soul's great travail, spoke no more of life or its concerns. And thus, with intervals of silence, the terrible night passed over.

At earliest dawn the soldiers on guard were summoned to attend the execution. And now the stern father, so inflexible and persistent in his determination to flinch nothing for the sake of justice, had to contend with a further trial, such as even his resolute consistency must have found it hard to go through. In the last hour, his friends and relatives thronged around him, entreating him once more to relent. Still immovable, he repulsed their solicitations, as a wrong to his integrity. Finding him so rigorous, some of them went out and appealed to the townsmen to take arms, and rescue the young man before he could be executed. There was a ready response to this appeal. Excited crowds rushed towards the prison, crying out, that they would kill their chief magistrate if he refused any longer to comply with their desires. The soldiers, too, moved by the tears of the distracted mother, now no more endeavoured to keep back the infuriated populace. To attempt to reach the place of execution, which was some distance from the prison, was under these circumstances out of the question. One would have thought that the sternest father might have felt himself excused, if, after having so far acted the part of an upright judge, he had offered no further opposition to the unanimously expressed wishes of his fellow-citizens. But the Galway magistrate stood firm to his resolution; feeling that justice could be satisfied only by the death of the offender; and that it would be a weak and sinful shrinking from his duty, if he permitted so conspicuous a malefactor to escape. Had it been the case of any ordinary murderer—some neglected outcast of the social body, who had plunged through a round of graduated crimes, in reckless precipitation to the gallows, of which no one warned him—would not the penalty of his crime have been rigorously inflicted? Why, then, should this criminal of an honourable house, who could plead no ignorance or mis-guidance in mitigation of his criminality, be dealt with in any kinder fashion? To Fitzstephen's mind, it seemed that at the risk of every sacrifice even-handed justice must be done, and that his personal

honour and reputation for integrity would all be lost, if he were now to swerve from doing it. What, then, would be the worth of his example? And how could anyone thereafter be punished for any crime, and the majesty of law be vindicated? But who in the present tumult would consent to do the work of executioner? He saw plainly that no one would. Not for that, however, would he by any means shrink back: he would perform the part of executioner himself! This resolution taken, he turned to the young man, embraced him for the last time, and led him to a window which overlooked the street; then, attaching one end of a cord to an iron bar projecting from the wall, he fastened the other round the neck of his son—and thus, to the surprise and horror of the spectators, hurled him off into the terrific darkness that covers in the realms of Death!

Justice then is done—done in such fierce uncompromising fashion, that none can look at the old man without a shuddering wonder at his firmness and impartiality. Nor can they wholly help admiring the deed, albeit they may think he might have been more merciful. The exasperated populace, whom he had defied, are so astonished, that, instead of tearing him to pieces, as they seemed prepared to do, let him pass unharmed. They can see that the hairs of his venerable head have grown visibly "more grey since yesterday; and, touched at this sign of suffering, they sympathise with his uprightness and his sorrow. Stern, implacable old man! on whom the burden of so inexorable a necessity was laid, has he not need of pity? Desolate for evermore is his hearthstone among households. The wife of his bosom, made childless by his act, turns from him with upbraiding looks. There is nothing left him in the world which can yield him any consolation, save his inner consciousness of unimpeachable integrity—the consciousness that he has done broad justice when he had the power to have done the contrary, and done it in the face of so many harrowing besetments. Let him rest under the shadow of that cold unyielding rock; waiting patiently for the hour which he longs for, that shall deliver him to the peace and quietness of the grave.

If you go to Galway they will shew you a place called "Dead Man's Lane," which according to tradition was the scene of this sad tragedy. There is a representation, in black marble, of a human skull with two crossbones, which commemorates the execution. The date inscribed is upwards of 120 years after that assigned to the event, but the memorial is believed to have been erected by some descendant of the family. Of the gentle little Agnes the story only relates further that she died of grief. It does not say how long the severe old Fitzstephen lived after his tremendous illustration of impartial government; nor give us any particulars concerning the relations in which he passed the remainder of his life. One can fancy that he must have straightway retired from all public service, and given the rest of his days to pious meditation in a convent. Whether or not he did so, is of small concern to us; and, save for the rare and almost unexampled integrity of his judicial administration, as reflected in this story, it would be a matter of no interest to revive his memory. Yet as the similar deed of Brutus stands as a memorable thing in ancient history, it cannot surely be accounted a small one which is here related of the Galway magistrate; who, while equalling the Roman Consul in the measure of his patriotic virtue, may be considered to have surpassed him in heroic rigour, and abnegation of the affections—having not only condemned his son to death, but executed the sentence with his own paternal hand. Unnatural and incredible as the tale may seem, it appears to be founded on good evidence, and is presented, without questioning, as matter-of-fact in the local histories. An outline of the story was given not long ago in Mr. Weld's *Vacations in Ireland*; and, on the whole, it may be considered as being sufficiently well authenticated.

Self Help : *

OR, WORK, WAIT, AND WIN.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS,

Author of "Queen's Musketeers," etc., etc. Editor of Hogarth's Works (last edition), etc., etc.

PART I. SELF HELP.

CHAPTER I. SOME VARIOUS VIEWS OF LIFE.

As living human creatures, we find ourselves born in a world, where, although everything in sea, earth, and air seem convertible to the uses of man—as a general rule—he is soon made to know that he has no absolute ownership in any of the vast and inexhaustible productions which are yielded with such boundless benignity. He must purchase before he can own. He must buy before he can sell; and, by consequence, he must prepare himself with as much of that indispensable circulating medium familiarly known as money, before he can become a proprietor upon this beautiful and boundless world. Something in illustration of this I shall endeavour to show by solving the problem of "Self-Help," how "Work" is the basis of success; and how the great virtue of "Waiting" will help the patient, but also the persevering, to "Win."

Our story opens in Silktown, near Bankopolis, Workshire, (we use the topography with an author's license, and for the most transparent of reasons) and in a certain house of this same town some of the principal personages of our narrative are assembled.

It is a little after the hour of noon, and approaching one o'clock, when, one after another, a group of lads gather in a knot together, at a wide window in a singular-looking room, which, while there is a strange confusion in the aspect of its medley contents, and a want of harmony in its heterogeneous furniture, that might come under the denomination of "lumber," there is also evidently a purpose about the multifarious articles lying about, which clearly the owner of that quaint chamber knows full well. In short, it is the house of a hand-loom weaver—one Roland Detroit, of whom we shall say a little more anon. For the present we will stick to the chamber.

A loom occupied one corner, upon which came the full light of those long (horizontal) windows, peculiar in especial to Spitalfields—in fact, the kind of window indispensable to the workers from the abundant light it conveys. In this was a piece of unfinished velvet of matchless texture, and of unrivalled tone, for its maker was one of the foremost of his class. But the trade was precarious—tastes, uncertain, and, despite his library, his glass cases (with their collections) sufficiently well made for an amateur—despite certain old carved chairs and a little furniture, speaking of a loftier origin, an air of poverty fought with the rigid cleanliness of the place, which might indicate industry though it did not denote success. Thrift, without thorough thriving, was visible enough, and that was all.

The boys referred to have come up the old stairs, a little nosily, flushed

* The Author reserves the Right of Translation.

with heat, and panting from recent play. The oldest might be fourteen, the youngest not less than ten; so that, out of the half-dozen present, three or four of them are of about equal ages.

They were lounging on a long form, which ran before an old worm-eaten oak table—this latter being covered with tattered "Mavor's Readers," blotted copy-books, cracked slates, and the like.

"Blow these here lessons," said one lad, running his short fingers through a stubbly shock of yellowish hair, "there aint much fun in them, I don't think." And he tossed over the leaves of a book with impatient restlessness.

"That, you see, Ike Sleak," said another, who was possessed of a keen physiognomy, and an active pair of restless eyes—"that, you see, is because you han't a gift for lessons."

"May be not, Talky Slop—may be not," he replied, in a sullen manner; "but it don't foller as every one can be as quick as you. Oh, you're down as a hammer, aint you, I don't think." A sharpish touch of irony in the tone expressed a latent bitterness.

"Well, you can't help that, you know—can he, Harry Fairlight?"

"Oh, you know, Talky, and so does Ike Sleak too, that there's ever so much to be done, if you only try," replied the really handsome boy.

"Oh! ah! come!" broke in a sulky-looking lad, with a brow that might indicate intelligence if it did not wear so lowering an air—"Oh! ah! yes—of course—try and try, and try; that's wot you do, and much you get out of it, don't you?"

"I hope so," was Harry Fairlight's reply, in a quiet tone, as he, too, turned over the leaves of a book. "It seems, you see, we must learn to do something for our own living, and to do something, as our teachers tell us, we must learn *what* to do, and then *how* to do it."

"Oh, dear me," said Bully Tuck, "only hear how the good boy talks. His mother has given him a lesson to-day." And he sneered, as boys in their silly shame of the tendernesses of home will sneer, at all which appertains to the mother.

"Perhaps so, Bully," was the unmoved reply, for Harry had great moral courage. "If you was to pay a little attention to what your mother says, you wouldn't get into such scrapes with your father, and so often as you do." A titter ran among the boys; for Bully's paternal castigations were known to be rough and ready, and patent enough to the neighbourhood.

"Oh, my mother be blowed!" growled Tuck, "let's ha' no more of that; and as for dad, if he slaps me, I s'pose it's his business, aint it?"

"It's yours and his, you know, Bully," said Billy Pritchett, with a mischievous wink, "so we'll leave it between you."

"Come," growled Bully Tuck, "no more of that now."

"Oh, of course," sneered Pritchett, while his glance was overburning with an impish sense of mirth, "you can't be hit, can you; and you can hit anybody as doesn't hit you back in turn."

"I'll hit you, in a minute," said the Bully, clenching his fist. He obtained his soubriquet or nickname from his disposition, as, indeed, several of them did.

"Will you though," laughed the other, scornfully.

"Come lads, come," said Harry Fairlight, at this juncture, and taking the more placable side of the matter, as if it might go too far, "let us have no quarrelling. We must not put our kind master out of patience with us—let's have a game—let's try 'supposing.'"

"Supposing!" ejaculated one or two, "how do you add that up?"

"Aye, 'supposing' what we'd like to be when we grow to be men. I suppose we shall in time."

"If we live long enough," said Pritchett, who never lost an opportunity of putting in an apt word that might finish a phrase.

"I say," cried Ike Sleak, with a slight elevation in his voice, and acting on Harry Fairlight's hint, as if he had hit upon an excellent subject for diverting the conversation. "I say, lads, how would you like to be rich. I put it rich—supposing we was agoing to play at the game of 'supposing,' as that there clever good boy,"—pointing to Harry—"has this here minute said."

"Rich! rich!" The word ran with a swift electric thrill through every poor boy's breast then present! For they had known, all of them, what it was to be poor, by bitter, sad, almost continued experience, from their very cradles; and now, beginning the school of life, leaped eagerly at the brilliant dream.

"Aye rich, like Goldust the banker. My eye!—like Madame Bombazin, in Battle-square; or like Sir Showy Loftie, at the great hall out by Fairhill yonder;—as rich as old Mercer, who drives his carriage—as rich as Mister Lombard, who has such hatfuls of suverns in his shop window, that oh, my wig! don't it make a feller's mouth water!" Thus far Master Sleak.

"Or like old Pewter, the publican, who is so fat and bloated and jolly—it's a sight to look at him," said Pritchett.

"Ah!" exclaimed Talky Slop, with some disgust, "I don't care much for him, and his gouty, chalky hands won't hold no more."

"Some of our dads have helped to make *him* rich enough, I think, too," said Jack Hugget.

"Well, but about this 'supposin' to be rich," he said; "let's have the game out, and see wot it comes to."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ike Sleak, rubbing his knees, "wouldn't it be jolly—to be rich—rich," he added, with a certain rich unction, "and not never have to work for it."

"Not work for it!" ejaculated Harry Fairlight.

"Ah—yes—just so," added Billy Pritchett, who had by this time resumed his place again; "you would like to be rich, and not work for it, wouldn't you?"

"Well," replied the other, "so would you, if you come to that?"

Certainly there was something indefeasible in the way the latter put the form of the question, which even the glib Pritchett could not reply to.

"Werry good," continued Ike, seeing that silence gave him a certain power. "Think of that there feller, as old Roland Detriot, our master here—blow him, with his hard lessons—only think of the feller as he talks of, Midus, I think he calls him—as every-think *he* touched turned into goold—goold," he continued, rubbing his hands. "O my! how prime that would be!"

"Well, you know, Ike," said Jack Hugget, "everybody would like to be well off: but you would like to be rich at once, wouldn't you?"

"Oh—wouldn't I, rather," was the lingering but engaging reply.

"Well, 'taint so hard, after all," put in Talky Slop; "see what money Johnny Cooper's father makes on races, betting and the like."

"Don't show much of it at home, I reckon," said plain Jack Hugget. "If he wins, he loses."

"But this is out of the question," said Harry Fairlight, a little dictationally. "I say a fellow must work."

"And wait to win—that's what you say," said Ike, scornfully. "Not a bit of it. I don't want to work if I can help it."

"But if you can't," pleaded Harry. "There, you see, you are."

"I don't want to wait. I don't want to work—who wants to work? I'd rather play—come, hurray—who's for a game—let's bolt."

"No, no; that wont do, Ike," interrupted Billy Pritchett, regardless of the other's threatening look. "Let's have our little bit of game of 'supposins' out. You'll work, Harry? Eh!—of course."

"Of course," replied Harry, adding to this a nod of assent.

"And you'd rather not?" addressing Ike Sleak.

Isaac Sleak nodded.

"And you, Talky Slop?"

"Oh, I'll talk about it as long as you like. What we want, you see, is to know what to do."

"And that," said Harry Fairlight, "is what Roland Detroit is trying to show us."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, as much as he can," said Bully, detractingly.

"I'll tell you what it is, Bully, you aint thankful for much, I think."

"When you show me what I've got to be thankful for," said Bully, doggedly, "I'll tell you."

"Come, come, try 'supposings' again," cried Harry, with a laugh.

"Well, I suppose it's the happiest thing in the world to be rich—to have your pocket run over—to roll in goold," continued Sleak, with breathless enjoyment; "there, that's my 'supposins.'"

"It wont come without work—it wont come without waiting after work; and then you may count on winning," said Harry Fairlight, in a tone of determined firmness.

CHAPTER II. THEORIZING:

At this juncture, the boys were disturbed in their colloquy, which, while it was beginning to grow highly interesting to them—flavoured with that magical touch of fancy the youthful imagination, always vivid, can impart to its wishes, and so far transmuting Oriental fable into a quickening reality—the tread of footsteps on the stairs dispelled every illusion. The boys seized their books as by instinct, and a silence pervaded the room.

The speaker, to describe him briefly, was a spare, active-looking, wiry man of some six or eight and forty years of age. His face was handsomely cut, and while its expression was marked by acuteness, and while some amount of pallor darkened the healthier hues of his thin cheeks, his eyes had a vivacious sparkle in them, while a certain twinkle—half grave, half humorous, spoke of the satirist, but one in whom the innate kindness of a more genial nature was pre-eminent. His forehead was high, wide, and very white; and its breadth and squareness spoke eloquently of the cultured intellect within. The jaw, too, indicated firmness almost allied to obstinacy. Altogether, the head was of a remarkably fine type, and a thorough good nature beamed out of every look. The hair, worn somewhat long, had once been jet black; but it was becoming plentifully besprinkled with grey, which by no means lessened the pleasing characteristics of the countenance. The eye-brows were black and bushy, and lent a certain force to the electric glance that seemed to pierce through and through. The hands were white; the fingers thin and long—possibly his occupation may have had something to do with their shape; but if there be an aristocracy—a touch of "blue blood," the true *sang azul*, in the veins of an artisan, by whatever chance that may have been, certainly it was pre-eminent in the person of Roland Detroit.

A certain foreign air bespoke other than an English nationality; but though English born, his parents, as his antecedents were, of French origin. The "Reign of Terror" had driven them, with hundreds of others, from that dreadful Gehenna; and, establishing themselves at Silktown, the art of

weaving, which his ancestors had followed for generations at Lyons, supported them in their exile.

Roland Detroit, had like others, one or more passions—birds, botany, and boys; the latter he loved especially to teach, to play with, whether over their lessons, or in the fields, and a better playfellow than Roland Detroit never lived. "I love them," he would say. "They are more frank than men—more honest, more impressionable; not all, but as a rule they are. They are rough, but that is a quality to be cultivated into tenderness. They are ready; which is one of the resources where quick minds find ready exposition. And here, in Silktown, there are many who are advancing to the cross-roads of life, and know not which to take; in Heaven's name let us help them." And he did, to the utmost of his power.

His passion for botany—and let us add for birds—was evident, by the contents of his curiously-crowded room. Glass-cases, of his own making, mostly contained rare specimens of our wilder flora; while winged insects, prepared by himself, added not a little to the contents of his museum. Cages were abundant; and the linnet and the lark, the blackbird and the bulfinch, the thrush and the canary, improved the melody of his chamber. He stood deservedly high among his town-folk, and could place many of the boys he was known to take so much gratuitous trouble in teaching, in situations, which more influential persons could not succeed in doing. He had never been married; possibly from those prudential fears and honest dread of making poverty for two where one was enough to endure. But there was an old love-story extant, and it was said to exist still, the woman being as constant as he—as industrious, as independent in her sweet humility of nature, and as poor. Some day he hoped to see the object of his life come to pass. At present, and hitherto, it had seemed hopelessly distant, and the man's buoyant spirit was at times saddened and inclined to rebel. Better thoughts, with more thinking, however, soon yielded him a fresh stock of philosophy; and so he struggled through, and endured, and waited until he could win.

Such was the man who now entered the room where we have found the boys. And putting down his hat, which contained some plants, the produce of a walk, "Well boys, he exclaimed, you seem to be amused. What's this I hear about being 'rich?' and what not—eh!"

"Oh," cried Harry Fairlight, and one or two others simultaneously. "We were only having a bit of fun to ourselves."

"Yes, sir," said Ike Sleak, purringly—"playing at 'supposins,' as Harry there stated."

"Well, there's no harm in that, I'm sure." And the speaker took a seat at the end of the table. "I daresay I should have enjoyed the fun too. I like to laugh, as you know."

"Ah, yes," put in Billy Pritchett, "that's true enough; and whether it's *at* or *with*, it don't make much matter."

"Not much, Billy," assented Detroit—"not much, my boy. I laugh *at* the fools, and I laugh *with* the witty and the wise."

"When you finds 'em," struck in Billy, in a lower tone, but which did not escape the other's quick ear.

"You are getting witty, my little friend," said the weaver. "It's not your fault either. But you are quite right; and to be right is the correct seasoning of wit. But let us try at 'supposing' again. Who'd like to be rich all at once?"

"I would," exclaimed Sleak, eagerly. "My! wouldn't I, that's all!" And then there was a lingering ecstasy about his manner which, in this respect, at last vouched for his veracity.

"Well," said Detroit, ponderingly, as if he wished to give a certain

emphasis and point to his words, and convert the relaxation into a lesson, "to be rich is a fine thing, no doubt. Probably, after all, although not in strict conformity with the catechism, to be rich, to grow wealthy, to make money, is the chief end of man; at all events, that is the pursuit in which his allotted span of life is usually exhausted in. But then, you see, Sleak, he must work."

"Ah, well—yes—just so," muttered Ike, as he puckered his lips, and curled his thin and pointed nose. "Work—blow that."

"What! you'd be rich without that trouble, then."

"I should say so—rather."

"Hum! but you are a little unreasonable, I think; because work must be done." And his eye unconsciously wandered to his loom, where the unfinished velvet flashed superbly, in its rich pearl-like hues, and at which, since the earliest day-break, the indefatigable man had been labouring.

"Well, master," ventured Sleak, "after all, I don't see as work does much."

"Eh! the deuce!"

"Why, them as works the hardest, don't seem to get on much better than them as does less—not much better than them as does little more than nothing."

"What you say, my lad, sounds like a truism; but then it's a truism that resolves itself into a platitude."

"I don't understand."

"I mean, it's a truism that wont stand examination, that wont bear the test. Many men work hard and earn plenty of money, but then there requires prudence, some self-denial in expenditure, habits of saving, which need not become parsimony."

"But you, master—you," said Ike Sleak, with gentle oiliness.

Roland Detroit started as if an adder had bitten him; then coloured—hesitated a moment ere he replied to the insinuation thus conveyed, and conveyed by no means so illogically as might be supposed. For the weaver was to be, in some degree, the illustration of his own theory. His industry was proverbial. His straightforward integrity and truthfulness of character gave to his noted perseverance, in the many hard struggles of life he had to battle through, almost the loftiness of a virtue. And yet he, unsuccessful, always almost behindhand with the world, but while barely earning a living—he was never known to be in debt.

Ike Sleak's query, therefore, was not without its barb; and the point was a little increased by the almost impudent sarcasm of the query.

"Ah, my boys," he replied, with a sigh, "I can't deny that what Sleak says comes home to me. I have worked, heaven knows how hard—early and late, but I have not won—as yet."

"And you expect, Master, don't yer?" continued Sleak, with an assumption of sympathy that was almost mockery.

"I have had difficulties to contend against in my trade which affect few others; and they have proved too strong for me. The fluctuation in markets for the raw produce have affected me, humble individual as I am. The caprices of fashion have been no less an obstacle. The improvements in machinery have been added to my difficulties."

"That's what father says," put in Jack Hugget, but also in his easy-going manner. "He says as machinery ruins all labour—and he ought to know."

"That's a question on which he and I disagree upon, and it is one not worth discussing with you, since as you grow up you will be better able to understand it. But—I have not won."

"More's the pity, Master," here said Harry Fairlight, in a tone the sincerity of which enhanced its genuine commiseration.

"Thank you, Harry—thank you," replied the weaver; "but if I shall have been able, in my small way, to see that any one—I hope all of you—shall have benefited by the little I have sought to teach, I shall not grudge the time or the labour."

"So you see then, after all, Master, as work is nothing without luck," said Ike Sleak triumphantly.

"Stop, stop—you can work—every one can work, but he can't command luck, although luck, which is only the reward of industry, is almost sure to follow."

"Ah, well, I don't know—I don't see it. Why should I work, after all?" "Why?" and Detroit turned his keen flashing eyes upon the speaker—Ike

— "to be an independent man, if nothing more."

"Independent!" And a smile that was allied to a sneer broadened on that young person's face. It was not a very attractive one either, being pinched, and having a cunning in its expression not bodeful of much to hope from.

"Independence! aye, *mon garçon*, independence! Labour creates it. Work creates it. Work gives zest to life—benefits brain and body; it is the handmaid of health, which is man's mainspring—the results in view, may be the motive power to action, but action which is labour; labour which is industry keeps the soul from rust; even while it invigorates every fibre, every nerve, every sensuous action of a man's whole body and frame."

Something so energetic and overpowering was in the man's words as he spoke, that the silence deepened into the most profound attention.

"Work is man's noblest heritage," he went on. "Though the sweat of a man's brow by which he gains his bread, is said to be the sign and seal of the curse first inflicted upon him for his first transgression—but I do not read that text so—it is still his heritage, and a noble one, for it still makes him equal to the greatest of the earth; and the power of monarchs, or the hand which makes men knightly, can do no more."

The boys listened open-mouthed to this rhapsody.

"What can be finer," continued Detroit, "than meeting any living man, you neither lower the eye before him, nor shrink from his presence, because you owe him *nothing*, and work has rendered you independent of him! I know no finer source of enjoyment than that which springs from that principle of self-help, which is self-dependence; and leaves man his freedom of will, thought, and act, to be neither the bondsman to pecuniary obligations, nor the vassal of one who has you in his gripe, because you are also in his power."

The clear brown eyes of Harry Fairlight were beginning to lighten up and glow as the excited man spoke on.

"The lillies toil not, neither do they spin," he said; "yet the stars, the moon, the planets, the rolling tides, and the august seasons, which ever bring their productions to our feet, have work—work—for ever work to do, and they do it. If we want examples, can we go higher than the Great Master Worker of the universe. Ah, boys! boys! think nobly of labour—think highly of work; it is better than a title and lands in the long run—better to work than to be rich all at once."

Here Ike Sleak made a mouth—a grimace of dissent—and Billy Pritchett tittered; but Roland Detroit, now mounted on his hobby, was not to be put out, or turned aside.

"Your own Shakespere," he continued, "has happily hit upon the theme, when, in his terrible tragedy of the Scottish Thane, he finds work going on *above*. There's 'husbandry in heaven,' he makes one say, and I believe so too. So, boys, the text is 'work'—the business is 'work'—and—but stop! it is only Isaac Sleak who has spoken as yet, who else has? Let us have another opinion, by all means."

"Oh," said the sarcastic Billy Pritchett, "there's Harry Fairlight—he says he'll work; so will I for that matter; but then he says that he'll wait, and win."

"He says well," responded Detroit, in his deep musical voice.

"Suppose, like you, master, he doesn't win?" hazarded Ike Sleak, who was inclined to be a very wet blanket this particular morning.

"Ah—well, he might have better said that he would *wait* to win, than seem to insist, that because he waits, he *must* win. It does not for ever follow; but it is the law, and a mere word makes no difference in the meaning. I think Harry has spoken thoughtfully, and therefore he has spoken well—has any other boy a word to say."

"Oh!" grumbled Bully Tuck, "I may work, I s'pose, as I must, or look out for more larrupping. I may wait and whistle; but," added the lad, with placid discontent, "I don't think as I shall win."

"There's no knowing, Bully, my boy," said Roland cheerily; "only try—do that, and if you don't succeed to your wish, at all events you won't carry about with you that most miserable of bosom companions—"

"What's that, master?" asked Jack Hugget, with a yawn.

"Self-reproach; that corroding sorrow for time mis-spent—that bitter grieving for the loss of that which will never—never come back to you." And, strangely enough, a cloud came over the man's open brow. He seemed to sink into a troubled thought, as though he—even *he*—might have had something of the kind to accuse himself of; which was certainly not the case. And for a few brief moments there was a pause—an interval of silence—which none of them ventured to break.

It would be wrong to say, or even to suppose, that because these lads were poor—lowly-born—nurtured through daily struggles of life against poverty, improvidence, and, with exceptional cases, general neglect, that, because they might be uncouth, unkempt—as unlike the heroes of a story as it is possible to imagine—it would be wrong, we repeat, to say that the man's fluent and excited words were without effect upon them. Not of a very active kind perhaps—upon all—nor was it quite of a passive nature.

Three, at least, felt the force of the argument deeply; but they felt it in different forms. Harry Fairlight felt with the sympathy of conviction, and subscribed to every word that had been said. Billy Pritchett felt it too; but with a certain misgiving, and with a reservation, too, that if he must work, he would do as little as possible; and even then he would make himself the paramount object. His selfishness, not altogether to be blamed, made him the centre of his own interests, and his business would be how to serve them best. Ike Sleak had his opinion; and differed utterly, and in every way, from his master's dicta. As for Jack Hugget, he cared nothing about the matter. The sun was very pleasant without, and he longed to go out and lounge in the meadows hard by Silktown, or lie under the green hedges, and go fast asleep, with his head upon a bank of daisies. In effect, one of the great charms which the weaver exercised in order to obtain a sufficient ascendancy over his pupils, so as to secure a pretty punctual attendance, was the plan he had of making the fields, the hedges, the wayside lanes, and the running streams, so many class-books; and to this all his tastes tended.

The silence was after a moment or so broken by Detroit, who, in a cheery voice said, "Well, lads, well; let's not become sullen over the matter. To return then—since work has been our theme. Work, besides being material, is also religious, as an old saying goes, "*Ora est orare*"—work is prayer. I come straight to the point." The boys looked up at him with awakened curiosity.

"I have been enabled to do something for two or three of you as a start

my lads. And first, you, Harry Fairlight, as you have shewn an aptitude for mechanics. The foreman of Nutt and Bolt, the engineers, will give you a chance in their works."

Harry Fairlight looked his gratitude; and his trembling lips shewed he would have spoken, but he could not. Roland Detroit only smiled and gave him a kindly nod.

"Now, Bully Tuck, for you!"

"Oh!" cried Bully, readily, "I'm a going next week to Mr. Briakett the butcher's."

"Then you're settled," remarked Roland cheerfully. "As for you, Ike Sleak, it is of no use offering you—"

"Thank you, Mr. Detroit—not much; I think I can manage," replied Ike, with his usual demureness.

"Without work? Very well, try! Now you others, I am going to make a lawyer of one of you," and he laughed. The boys grinned this time in turn.

"There is a little chair in a corner of Mr. Latitat's office—you know it—stone front, and brass knocker, in Parchment Street. This may grow into a stool. They will take a smart lad at my recommendation. Who speaks?"

Roland looked at Jack Hugget as he put the question. Jack shook his head complacently.

"What! send a place, that may make a chancellor, a-begging! Come, come. You, Billy Pritchett, what do you say—"

"I'm a going in for the 'rights of man' and be a printer," was the grave reply. "I'll write my own tracts, and publish them—that's what I'll do."

Roland Detroit smiled, enjoying the audacious humour of the assertion.

"I see, I see; but still I want my lawyer's clerk yet."

"Say no more, master," here put in Talky Slop, "I'm your man."

"And, upon my word, the right man too," said Roland. "I see you in your counsel's gown already! But that's all right. Go and play now boys; the rest of the day is a holiday, while I must go and finish my work. To-morrow I'll take you both to your places, and hope in time to come to see you do well. Good day, my lads, good day." And with a beaming smile he saw them hurry off; while ten minutes after the flashing shuttles, and the clicking sound of the loom, showed the man of work putting his precept into practice.

Let it suffice in closing our chapter, and finishing an era in our story, that on the morrow he saw two of his young *protégés* beginning their work in earnest, while within a week the indefatigable young republican, Billy Pritchett, had commenced *his*, and was as veritable a "printer's devil" as ever waited for "copy" on the door-step.

To be continued.

THE SALTS IN THE SEA.—Taking the average depth of the ocean at three miles, and its average saltiness at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., it appears that there is salt enough in the sea to cover to the thickness of one mile, an area of several millions of square miles. These millions of cubic miles of crystal salt have not made the sea any fuller. All this solid matter has been received into the interstices of the sea water without swelling the mass; for chemists tell us that water is not increased in volume by the salt it dissolves. Here we have therefore displayed before us an economy of space calculated to surprise even the learned author himself of the "Plurality of Worlds."

Lieut. Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea.

The Importance of the Culture and Development of the Mental Faculties ;

AND THE EXPEDIENCY OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY ENCOURAGING THE INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT OF ITS MEMBERS.

The substance of an Essay read in the City of London Lodge, by P.P.G.M. Thomas N. Day.

THE lamentable fact that mankind in general are negligent and careless in the cultivation and development of one of the greatest of God's earthly gifts, would never obtain credence were it not a matter beyond dispute and established by the daily experience of each one of us. What judgment would you be inclined to pass upon an individual, who, on being surrounded by all the luxuries of life, and being in possession of every object that could facilitate and administer to his pleasure and happiness, should refuse, from sheer idleness and indifference, to partake of them? Yet the folly of this person would be trifling in comparison with that of the man who would wilfully exclude himself from the pleasures experienced by an educated and carefully-trained intellect. The possessor of such a treasure has a continual source of enjoyment within himself; for the educated man views every object and circumstance through very different media to the ignorant and illiterate man, whose mind is little better than a blank. The former possesses (if I may use the figure) a telescopic and microscopic power to examine and scrutinize every object and every event that presents itself to his notice; the proportions of everything become enlarged before him, so that he can grasp them and turn them to his own immediate advantage. Beyond this, he is enabled to discover, and to some extent appreciate, the grand laws by which the power, wisdom, and goodness, of the Great Supreme are displayed in the starry heavens above, in the earth beneath, and, indeed, in all the works of creation.

It will be readily admitted that man (so far as he is but an animal), is distinguished from the brute creation chiefly by the possession of an intellect. The brute may, indeed, and does possess powers of imitation, much skill, cunning, sagacity, and other important attributes; but he is utterly unable to compare and reflect; and consequently unable to improve, and to advance in knowledge and wisdom: in fact, he knows nothing of the law of progress. It is the possession of intellectual power in various degrees that distinguishes one man from another. Now some will say all this is very true; but this difference of talent depends upon the constitution; some men are naturally more clever than others. Time will not permit me to enter into any metaphysical discussion of this point. I may, however, state it as my conviction, that the intellectual powers, in early childhood, vary in a far less degree than is usually admitted. But however this may be, universal experience has taught that the faculties of the mind are capable of improvement to an unlimited extent; and that the great difference which exists between the learned and the unlearned, between the philosopher and the clown, arises chiefly from the amount of time and care which they have respectively bestowed on the cultivation and development of their minds. Are we not then forced to the conclusion, that it is our highest privilege as well as our most sacred duty, as far as possible to increase and improve this power?

It will not be possible on the present occasion to discourse on the various faculties of the human mind, or even of the best means to be adopted for improving them. This may form the subject of another paper: my subject is, at the present moment, to impress you with the importance, the privilege, and the duty of making the best possible use you can of the greatest of all earthly gifts, for your own happiness and advancement, both for time and eternity.

One of our best poets has said, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" but this is not universally true, for it is easy to show what an immense advantage the individual possesses who has even a little learning in conjunction with a cultivated mind. When he views the works of Nature, every living being becomes an object of interest to him; every natural production has a history and a tale to unfold; every plant and every stone will exhibit and proclaim some wise and unchangeable law of its Divine Author. The student will be struck with wonder and admiration, as the beautiful order and arrangement of all organized beings gradually unfold to him, and he will be no less delighted, on discovering the adaptation of the various organs of all plants and animals to answer the ends for which they are respectively designed. The pleasure arising from the acquisition and possession of such knowledge as this is more than sufficient to compensate any expenditure of time and labour in its acquisition; but this pleasure increases to delight as the student, mastering the sublime laws of astronomy, discovers that the world in which he lives, though upwards of 24,000 miles in circumference, and teeming with a thousand millions of human beings, is but a speck in the great universe: and that nearly every glittering orb in the spangled heavens is a globe millions of millions of miles distant, and many times greater than the earth: and that the law of gravitation, counteracted by the centrifugal force, is sufficient to keep these heavenly bodies in ceaseless motion, without any clashing or confusion.

The advantages of an educated mind are quite as great in respect to the enjoyment to be derived from the works of art. It would be easy to show, did time allow, that works of sculpture, painting, music, and architecture, all possess an endless source of enjoyment to persons who study these arts, and make themselves acquainted with the principles upon which they are founded. Now some of my friends may again reply, this is very good for those who have plenty of leisure, but working men have no time for such pursuits: and others may ask, will mental improvement and learning get us our daily bread? Allow me, in turn, to ask such this simple question—Would you get your daily bread if every one neglected the cultivation of the intellect? This brings me to the practical part of the subject; and I am sure that one moment's reflection will be sufficient to convince any one of the absolute necessity of knowledge, wisdom, prudence, skill, and all the powers and talents that spring from mental culture, were it only to supply the inhabitants that people this mighty and overgrown metropolis with food, and clothing. And how much greater is the demand on these powers and faculties, when 3,000,000 of human beings are not simply to be sheltered, clothed, and fed, but when the majority of them are supplied in abundance with all the luxuries of civilized life. Now, mere physical strength could not accomplish this, if the whole population of the earth were to labour like slaves from "dawn to dewy eve." Intelligence and skill of the highest order are indispensable to the accomplishment of this purpose. Thus it is, that as the population of the earth increases, so it is essential for man to multiply and increase his powers of production, and to exercise greater skill and prudence in applying them to the exigencies of life. Just contrast the comforts of life possessed by the London mechanic in the receipt of 30s. per week with the half-civilized negro, the American Indian, or the native of Australia. Fill up the picture for yourselves, and then remember

that this great difference arises chiefly from the difference of character and the amount of intelligence possessed by the individuals composing the various nations to which they respectively belong. Are we not then irresistibly compelled to admit the vast importance of the subject under consideration? Again, if we examine the principles and laws by which society is held together, we shall discover, that years of patient toil, and exercise of mind and thought, have been necessary to produce the result which we all have the happiness to enjoy. For what is the state of the individual, and what is the state of society, in those countries where ignorance reigns supreme? Do we not have there injustice and oppression, crime and bloodshed, want and misery?

Now it will possibly be argued by some, that there are men in the upper classes of society, whose business it is to look after all these things; and that they have time and opportunity to pursue them; but their time and thoughts are all sufficiently occupied in getting a livelihood. I would ask such an one—Are you content to pass through life in darkness and ignorance, when light and knowledge is strewn around your path, and may be had, as it were by asking for? Or are you content—that is, do you from choice feed upon husks, while you allow your fellow-men to luxuriate exclusively in the pleasures and enjoyment of learning and knowledge? Is it dignified, on your part, to allow others to think and care for you, when you have the power and opportunity of doing it for yourself? And more than this, is it fair or just in you, as a member of society, to partake of the benefits of that society, to enjoy its privileges, and to be a recipient of all the blessings and advantages which flow from its accumulated skill, wisdom, and knowledge, without your striving in some slight degree to increase the stock from which you have so long been drawing? I trust we may all be led to serious reflection on this matter, and become stirred up to a stronger sense of our responsibility in this respect. But should these motives be insufficient to arouse us to mental activity, let it be remembered, that just as society is advanced by the knowledge and skill of its members, so, in the same degree, does the individual increase in market value. That is, he acquires the power of securing higher wages or income for his labour; and thus he is enabled to procure in greater abundance the necessaries and luxuries of life. Take, for example, the rapid, clever, and trustworthy accountant. An employer is glad to retain his services, even at a considerable increase of salary. And every one knows, that the success in life of a doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher, almost entirely depends on the extent of his education. And does not the man of business stand to great advantage, with a good general knowledge of the world, (its climate, productions, inhabitants,) and a cultivated mind? The same may be said of the mechanic, who can measure and estimate work, either for himself or for a master; and also of the man who can execute his work from a plan or drawing, or even make a plan or drawing for himself; such men are of far higher value in the labour market, than those who are ignorant. What an advantage it would often be to the plumber, in constructing and repairing the pump, if he thoroughly understood the principle of its action; and the marine or locomotive engine driver would be able to overcome many difficulties, and prevent many accidents, or breakdowns, were he an intelligent engineer.

Had I but time, it would be easy to show, that a thoroughly educated and well-stored mind gives to its possessor a wonderful power to meet and combat the struggles incident to life; and this holds good for every position in society. Under every circumstance, from the exalted peer of the realm, in the council chamber of royalty, to the labouring swain at his humble occupation, or in his lowly cot, teaching and training his little ones, it enables him to triumph over many trials and difficulties to which he would otherwise inevitably succumb.

In many cases his labour is marvellously abridged by the use of machinery and the application of steam; while the comforts and luxuries of life are at the same time multiplied to an almost unlimited degree. At all times his position in society is improved, and he is enabled to derive both pleasure and profit from every book, every object, and every circumstance with which he comes in contact.

It will now be a very simple matter to apply my subject to the Manchester Unity; for we can all readily understand, that what is good for the whole is good for a part of that whole; and that which would benefit society in general, would benefit the Manchester Unity as a portion of society.

But inasmuch as the Manchester Unity is an institution in itself, having its legislation and government devolving entirely on its members, it behoves us to look well to it, and to see that we possess knowledge, skill, and intelligence, necessary to carry out such a gigantic society successfully. This noble institution, to which we are all proud to bear allegiance, was instituted, and has been handed down to us, by the industrious, thoughtful, and prudent men of the last generation, who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow; and it stands out in bold relief, not only to the people of England, but to all the nations of the earth, as a gigantic, glorious, and, I trust, an imperishable monument of their intelligence, wisdom, prudence, and forethought. It has, doubtless, to a far greater extent than they ever anticipated, already been the means of distributing numberless blessings, and of accomplishing an incalculable amount of good. The distressed, the sick, the afflicted, the dying, the bereaved, the widow, and the orphan, have all and each in turn taken refuge, and received solace, aid, and comfort under its benign influence. But our society has also the power of diffusing, collaterally with this comfort and relief for the body, the means of benefitting and improving the mind. Where then is the man who is bold enough to circumscribe or limit the operations of this great society, and who will stand forth to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?" If we are worthy successors of those noble heroes, the founders of our beloved institution, we shall not be slow to perceive that an important moral duty, as well as a privilege, is imposed upon us, namely, to legislate with the view to improve and to bring it to maturity. This can be done efficiently, only by concentrating on its government and management all the talent, knowledge, and wisdom, that its members are able to command. Thus we see at a glance the vital importance of the Order giving every possible encouragement to the intellectual improvement of its members. Take, for example, the financial position of the society. Does it not require a large experience, an extended knowledge, mathematical skill, a clear head, and a sound judgment, to place it on a firm permanent basis? Constant experience teaches us, that the most skilful and powerful reasoner frequently fails to convince the uneducated, that a society which promises to make large sick-payments, for small and insufficient weekly subscriptions, must eventually become bankrupt, although hundreds of benefit societies have flourished for a few years, and then expired from this very cause. There are many other respects in which it could be easily shown that the Manchester Unity could be greatly benefited by the mental improvement of its members. Thus, an acquaintance with the laws of health and social economy, an introduction to the arts and sciences, furnishing a practical knowledge of what are termed common things, a clear understanding of the mathematical principles upon which the statistics of the Unity are based, would prove a great advantage to every member, and an immense boon to the Order at large. In short, may I not say, that just in the same degree as each individual member becomes enlightened, skilful, and intelligent (*ceteris paribus*), so will his pecuniary means become improved, and he will

be more certain to keep up his payments, and less likely to need the relief guaranteed by the funds of his lodge. I trust that you will give this subject your most serious consideration, that we may each become impressed with the duty and importance of contributing our quota to the common stock of knowledge and experience, which is so essential to the prosperity of the Unity.

The Annual Moveable Committee.

THE A.M.C. of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows Manchester Unity Friendly Society commenced its sittings on Whit-Monday, at Leamington. About 167 deputies were in attendance.

In the course of his opening address, the Grand Master (Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop) observed that the rate of increase in the number of members had not been equal to that of several previous years. This, he believed, arose solely from the distress prevalent in the cotton manufacturing districts. Notwithstanding this drawback, the figures show an increase of about 7,800 persons. The directors had reason to congratulate the meeting on the manner in which the Order generally, and especially the colonial lodges, has responded to their appeal for aid for our distressed Lancashire brethren. The munificent sum of £4,624 had been subscribed for this purpose. The money thus provided had prevented large numbers of brethren from forfeiting their membership. They must, however, remember that the stability of the society rested more on its financial prosperity than on the number of its members. This was the most important matter, and he trusted it would ever be their chief aim and object. The subscription for the widow and family of the late P.G.M. James Roe, of London, amounted to £305, and that for Mrs. Wright, of Nottingham, to £46. The expenses during the past year had been a little heavier than usual, which he attributed chiefly to the extra meetings necessitated by the distress he had referred to. The sale of the Magazine had slightly decreased, but its fund was in a better position by about £20 or £30 than it was last year. Mr. Woodcock then commented on the dispute between the Directors and Mr. Tidd Pratt, and expressed confidence that the opinion of the Attorney General would give satisfaction to the members.

The auditor's report was received and read, and the various sub-committees appointed; after which the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday the reports of the New Districts, Relief, and Estimate Sub-committees were presented, and, after some discussion, they were adopted without amendment by the general meeting.

An application for permission to re-instate a lodge belonging to the National Order in Salford was withdrawn after a lengthy discussion. It appeared that the lodge possessed a reserve fund equal to only £1 19s. 6d. per member, instead of £6 4s. 4d. which the General Law bearing upon re-admissions of this character demanded, on account of the advanced age of the members.

Several propositions for alterations in the General Laws were afterwards discussed. The following are the most important:—

The method of polling in the election of the officers of the Order, etc., was modified, so as to prevent unnecessary repetition. Instead of merely casting out the lowest number on each poll, all the lower numbers which added together will not secure a majority of the meeting are in future to be withdrawn. The word "delegate" was struck out of several laws, and the word "deputy" inserted, with the view to promote uniformity of expression. The proposition

from Bradford confining the nomination of candidates for district offices to the lodges to which such candidates belong, was lost by a majority of 117 to 6. A most important proposition from Norwich was carried after a spirited discussion, by 70 against 50 votes, which effects the following alteration in the 94th General Law:—District officers shall “once in every two years examine the books of each lodge in the district, and see that they are properly kept and audited, in accordance with the 126th, 127th, and 176th General Laws, and report to every district meeting what lodge accounts they have examined since the previous meeting, and the manner in which the books are kept. Any lodge refusing to have their books examined once every two years, when applied to by the district officer, shall for the first offence be fined the sum of ten shillings; for the second offence twenty shillings; and for the third offence suspended until they comply. The officers or members appointed to sign their names and put the date when the accounts were examined, at the end of each examination. The C. S. of the district to keep a register of all lodges whose accounts have been examined, and the date of examination.”

On Tuesday evening the Grand Banquet was held in the Royal Pump Room. The Right Hon. Lord Leigh (Lord Lieutenant of the county) occupied the chair, and was supported on the right by C. M. Caldecott, Esq., (High Sheriff), the Rev. J. Craig, vicar, the Rev. S. H. Widdrington (Coventry), the Rev. Edward Ferrier (Isle of Man), the Rev. T. B. Whitehurst, Dr. Thomson, J. Newberry George, Esq., and on the left by Mr. J. Woodcock, Grand Master of the M.U., R. Baker, Esq., Rev. Dr. Bickmore, Capt. Machen, 10th W. R. V., D. Young, Esq., Dr. Horniblow, F. Wilson, Esq., J. W. Marriott, Esq., the Rev. T. B. Dickens, &c. There were also present Signor Giachosa, H. Summerfield, Esq., Dr. Jeaffreson, J. Biddle, Esq., Messrs. J. Haddon, T. Muddeman, J. Glover, W. Russell, W. Ballard, J. Lund, W. Gascoyne, J. Jury, P. Jacks, J. Gilbert, R. Willifer, J. Oldham, W. Mann, Jun., T. Snape, Jun., W. R. Magrath, D. Johnson, Rev. T. Price (Aberdare), J. Curtis (Brighton), V. R. Burgess, D.G.M., W. Sikes (Birkenhead), B. Allen, D. Taylor (Coventry), H. Davis, J. R. Morgan (Brighton), Alfred Holmes, P.P.G.M., J. Gale, P.G.M., S. Daynes (Norwich), J. Gerrard (Chester), H. Buck (Birmingham), W. Williamson, J. Schofield (Bradford), W. Smith (Warwick), Bermingham (Oldham), Collins (Wolverhampton), Ramsden (Sheffield), Ashton (Newton Heath), Stanley (Kirkham), Hardwick (Editor of the *Odd-fellows' Magazine*), H. Ratcliffe (Corresponding Secretary of the Order), Skinner (Sheffield), Bowman (Newcastle-upon-Tyne), Wade (Sunderland), C. Orton, etc., etc.

Several very able speeches were made, Mr. Daynes responding with his usual ability to the chief toast—“Prosperity to the Manchester Unity.” The Rev. S. H. Widdrington, vicar of St. Michael's, Coventry, proposed “The Lord Lieutenant and the Magistrates of the County.” The noble chairman in responding, said he returned his best thanks to Mr. Widdrington for the handsome way in which he had proposed his health, and to them for the enthusiastic manner in which they had responded to it. He hoped what Mr. Widdrington had stated in regard to the magistracy of the county was true, and that the county of Warwick would always find its magistrates willing and anxious to do their duty in an impartial and fearless manner. He believed the present magistrates were characterised by their anxiety to discharge the functions appertaining to their office, and he sincerely hoped they would never be found to retrograde from the position they now maintained in the county. It gave him especial pleasure in having his health proposed by Mr. Widdrington, as it instructively brought back to his mind the very happy evening they spent together in Coventry a few months ago, when they were

both initiated members of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows. (Applause.) But not only so; there was a gentleman on the right of Mr. Widdrington who was made a member of the society at the same time. He had no doubt that Mr. Widdrington had similar feelings to his own when he was made a member, for he (the chairman) was well assured the society had not only been the means of doing a great amount of good in Coventry, but also in his immediate neighbourhood. He was well aware that a large number of his poorer brethren had derived great benefit from the Order, and therefore he felt that he himself ought to enrol his name as a member of their great and good society. (Applause.) He believed it was a well ascertained fact that there were no less than 352,000 persons in this Society, who belonged to something like 4,000 lodges. One utility of the Order was to be found in the independent spirit of its members, an independence in thought, in pocket, and in spirit; an independence which every man felt who earned his own bread, who educated his children to the best of his power, and who laid by all he possibly could for the future. (Applause.) It had been calculated that the Manchester Unity and similar societies had saved the pockets of the ratepayers something like two million pounds, and when they considered what a great boon it must be to the community at large to have such a society, he thought it became the duty of every man to assist in carrying out its principles. (Applause.) He would not detain them by any more remarks on the subject, as there were the Grand Master of the Order and many other gentlemen present who were far more competent to give them further particulars than himself upon the subject. He would only remark that he felt it to be a high honour and privilege to be allowed to preside on that occasion, and he welcomed with the greatest delight the visit of the A.M.C. of the great Order of Odd-fellows to Leamington. (Applause.)

The proceedings of the evening will leave pleasant reminiscences in the minds of all present.

On Wednesday, Mr. F. Collins, as chairman of the sub-committee appointed to examine the proceedings of the Grand Master and Board of Directors, presented the report.

The first clause, in which the committee expressed "their most cordial approval of the proceedings of the Board" with respect to the presentation of a loyal and dutiful address on behalf of the Order to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his marriage with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, was adopted unanimously, as was the second, which reads as follows:—

"The Directors having obtained a copy of the Paper read by Mr. Hardwick before the International and Philanthropic Congress held in London last year, and the same containing an excellent epitome of the principles and objects of the Manchester Unity, it has been resolved to print the same for circulation among the Lodges at a nominal price. Your committee are of opinion that the thanks of the meeting are due to Mr. Hardwick for the ability displayed in the preparation of the Paper in question, and hope that the same will be largely distributed among the members and the public generally."

The third clause caused some discussion, but was ultimately adopted. It reads—

"Your committee are of opinion that in the event of any member engaging in the military or naval service of any foreign country, he should forfeit all pecuniary benefits in connexion with the Order whilst so engaged. And your committee would suggest the propriety of a rule being made as soon as possible to meet such cases."

The fourth, congratulating the Deputies on the increase of the Order in foreign countries and the colonies, was adopted without comment.

The fifth, having reference to the application of a "National" Lodge for permission to join the Order, was superseded by a previous resolution.

The sixth, approving of the resolution of the Directors, that all questions for the opinion of the Board, should be forwarded so as to be received at least ten days previous to each meeting, so that they might be printed, was unanimously adopted.

The seventh had reference to a dispute with the officers of the Cardiff District, who complained that they had received no notice in a recent case of appeal. After some discussion it was shown that the notice had been forwarded, and that no blame attached either to the Directors or the Corresponding Secretary.

The eighth was carried *nem. con.* It read as follows:—

"It appears that during the past year thirteen Lodges, having surplus capital, have applied to the Board of Directors for permission to appropriate the same under the provisions of the 126th General Law. Your committee consider this a matter for congratulation, as evincing commendable prudence and forethought on the part of the members in the management of their funds, and the beneficial results from the law in question."

The ninth was carried with acclamation. It commended the Directors for their prompt action with reference to the Lancashire Distress, and expressed an opinion that the thanks of the Unity are due for the "ability they have displayed in the distribution already made on account of the large sum of £4,537 18s. 4d., which has been subscribed for the above purpose up to this time." The committee further add:—"In connection with this subject, your committee beg to call attention to the handsome and generous manner in which members of Colonial districts have come forward in aid of their distressed brethren in England, thus exhibiting a practical illustration of that fraternal feeling which exists throughout the most distant parts of the Unity."

The consideration of the tenth clause was adjourned until the following day, in order that the case drawn up by Mr. Watson, solicitor, and the Attorney General's opinion thereon, might, in the meantime, be printed and circulated amongst the deputies.

The eleventh, which was adopted, recommended the publication, in the form of a pamphlet, of reports of important legal decisions in matters relating to Friendly Societies' law.

The twelfth, containing the usual vote of thanks to the Officers and Directors, was carried unanimously.

An attempt was made to re-open the case of Mr. Ormond, the C.S. of the Manchester District, which had been disposed of in the report of the relief committee, owing to want of evidence. It was lost, however, by a majority of eleven, and a private subscription recommended.

The nominations for the elections having been made, some propositions for alterations of General Laws were considered. The 98th Law was so altered, as to give power to officers to remove the suspension from any lodge, on compliance with the resolution causing its suspension, without waiting for the approval of the succeeding district meeting.

The proposition from Brighton was, after some discussion, lost by 85 votes against 10. It proposed to enact that "No lodge secretary shall be allowed to receive contributions from members after ten minutes previous to the time fixed for opening the lodge."

The 120th Law was rescinded. It provided that "no naval, military, or other member," should be admitted into a lodge-room with "side arms."

Thursday was wholly occupied by the elections, which the exception of the reading and commenting upon a letter from Henry James, son of the late Mr. James Roe, in which he thanked the Order, on his own, his mother's, and his sister's behalf, for the handsome sum subscribed for them by the Unity. He says "the value of the present is greatly enhanced by the thought that it is a token of respect to my late father, and that in appreciation of his services it

is given. It shows the esteem in which he was held, and the liberality of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows." The sum subscribed amounted to £305.

Mr. Vincent Robert Burgess, of South London, Deputy Grand Master, was unanimously elected Grand Master of the Order for the ensuing year.

The following is the result of the voting for the office of Deputy Grand Master:—

First polling, Richmond, (Manchester) 71; Price, Rev. T. (Aberdare) 37; Geves, (Leeds) 18; Price, Mark (Manchester) 15; Curtis, (Brighton) 8; Waldram, (Leicester) 7; Harris, (North London) 4; Skinner, (Sheffield) 3. Second polling;—Richmond, 93; Price, (Aberdare) 68; Mr. Frederick Richmond, of Manchester, was therefore elected Deputy Grand Master of the Order for the ensuing year.

As there was no opposition to Mr. Ratcliffe, for Corresponding Secretary, that gentleman retains his office without re-election.

For the office of Director, thirty-one persons went to the poll. The following six having a clear majority of the votes, were elected on the first polling:—Mr. Daynes, (Norwich) 117; The Rev. T. Price, (Aberdare) 112; Mr. Buck, (Birmingham) 105; Mr. Schofield, (Bradford) 99; Mr. David Jack, (Durham) 88; and Mr. Gale, (Liverpool) 86. In the fourth polling, Mr. Curtis, (Brighton) obtained 70 votes, and Mr. Geves, (Leeds) 72, and were declared elected. The contest for the remaining director lay between Mr. Street, (Worksworth) and Mr. Riley, (Rochdale). Mr. Street polled 82 votes, and Mr. Riley 62. The following are the Directors for the ensuing year:—the retiring Grand Master, Mr. Woodcock, Mr. Daynes, Mr. Price, Mr. Buck, Mr. Schofield, Mr. Jack, Mr. Gale, Mr. Geves, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Street. Messrs. Riley and Waldram, (Leicester) being next on the poll will be called upon in the order named in case of vacancies.

Sixteen towns were nominated as the locality for the A.M.C. of 1864. Birkenhead polled 86 votes, and obtained a clear majority on the first polling.

Twenty districts aspired to the privilege of appointing an auditor of the Unity accounts. The choice eventually fell upon Edmonscote, which includes Leamington and Warwick, the votes being, Edmonscote, 65; Bingley, 44; and West London (late Pimlico), 21.

On Friday, the first business was the selection of four persons whose portraits and memoirs should appear in the Quarterly Magazine during the next year, Messrs. Collins (Wolverhampton) 85 votes; Gibson (Wigton) 72 votes; Crispin (Ipswich) 60 votes; and Thompson (Leeds) 44 votes; were duly elected, and their portraits will appear in the order named.

A vote of confidence was passed in the existing trustees, Messrs. Daynes, Street, Schofield, Luff, (Liverpool), and Hickton, (Stockport), who retain office without re-election.

THE MANCHESTER UNITY AND THE REGISTRAR OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

The case and the opinion of the Attorney General, having been printed and circulated, the Committee proceeded to consider the 10th clause of the Sub-Committee's Report. Owing to its great importance we insert it at length:—

"Your Committee find that during the past year the proceedings of Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, with reference to the registration of District and Lodge Bye-laws, and the alterations of such Rules when previously registered, have occasioned very considerable trouble and difficulty throughout the Unity.

"At the Meeting of the Directors in August last, a resolution was passed appointing the officers of the Order, in conjunction with Messrs. Buck and Daynes, as a deputation to wait upon Mr. Pratt on the subject. This step

was deemed advisable in consequence of the very numerous and repeated complaints made for a long time past to the Executive of your Order by Districts and Lodges who wished to register their laws or alterations, and found very great difficulty thrown in their way in so doing, the Registrar seeking to introduce matter into the rules of a different nature to that submitted to him, and in many instances foreign to the principles on which the Unity is founded, and at length it was reported to the Board that he had apparently taken a final stand on the point, having refused to register District Bye-laws, containing any rules applicable to, or interfering with, the government of Lodges, on the ground that, as he alleged Lodges and Districts were distinct and separate Societies. This being directly opposed to the main principles of your Order, and calculated to throw the whole machinery of the Unity into confusion, it became of course necessary to resist; but the Board, conceiving that possibly the Registrar had misconstrued or misunderstood, not only the rules of the Order, but also the clauses of the Acts of Parliament bearing upon them, determined to see him personally and endeavour to come to some understanding with him. The Deputation accordingly waited upon him, and a long discussion ensued, but with no material result. The report of the Deputation will be found in full in the January Quarterly Reports, to which your Committee beg to refer you.

"At the meeting of the Board in November last, after considerable deliberation on the difficulties of the case, the Directors resolved on stating a Case for the opinion of the Attorney General on the matter,—considering that where the interests of the Order were so largely at stake it was desirable to have the opinion and advice of the highest legal authority, and Mr. Watson (P.P.G.M.) solicitor, of Durham, was instructed to prepare a case for the Attorney General's opinion accordingly. Mr. Tidd Pratt was apprised of this determination, and an arrangement was made with him that he should see the Case before it was sent to Counsel; the object being, if possible, to induce him to abide by that opinion, the effect of which, as to the main point at issue, your Executive had little doubt of. The Case was accordingly prepared, and adopted at the last meeting of the Directors, held in the present month, and Mr. Burgess, the D.G.M. of the Order, was appointed to wait upon the Registrar with it for his perusal, and to give him any explanation respecting it. Mr. Tidd Pratt, however, in his interview with Mr. Burgess, objected to the wording of the Case, and stated that he should not be bound by it, and he wished it, amongst other things, to state distinctly that all Districts and Lodges *were* distinct and separate Societies. This, of course, could not be submitted to; and, as it became important to obtain the opinion in time for the present A.M.C., the Case on behalf of the Society was delivered as it stood to the Attorney General. His opinion has been received whilst your Committee has been sitting, and will be found to be in a great measure satisfactory, and establishes the fact that the principles for which the Order is contending against the Registrar are correct and legal, and, with the modifications suggested by the Attorney General, can be carried out.

"The Case and Opinion will be produced to you, and it will be found that the Attorney General advises that, in order to enable Districts to pass laws governing Lodges, the 6th section of the 1st General Law requires amendment.

"Your Committee observe amongst the propositions for alteration of General Laws to be submitted to the present A.M.C., one from Birmingham District for alteration of the section in question. This does not go to the extent advised by the Attorney General, but the meeting may probably decide that the proposition be amended to the required extent and passed at the meeting, which your Committee consider it desirable if it can be legally done. If not, it may be done by a proposition from some District at the

next A.M.C.; and in that case your Committee recommend that in the meantime as little action as possible be taken by Districts with respect to the registration of their Bye-laws, or alterations which may re-open the question with the Registrar. Your Committee are unanimously of opinion that in the event of any unnecessary difficulty being raised by Mr. Tidd Pratt with reference to the registration of any of the alterations of General Laws made at the present A.M.C., the difficulty should be met and grappled with at once; and that the Directors be empowered to take such steps as under legal advice may be deemed necessary to compel the Registrar to register such alterations: or otherwise, that the Directors obtain a decision on the subject, so that, in the event of its being held in the Law Courts that he can place his own construction on our laws and on the Friendly Societies Acts, contrary to all the previous views and opinions of the Unity and its advisers, a course of action may be resolved upon and proposed for discussion at the next A.M.C. on this important subject, which will enable the Order, if possible, to become independent and free from any obtrusive interference with our constitution and rules.

"In connection with the above, your Committee find that similar difficulties attend our Irish brethren, the Registrar there apparently taking similar or nearly similar views to Mr. Tidd Pratt, with whom he has been in communication; and your Committee repeat on this case also, their recommendation as to District Bye-Laws above contained. But it has transpired whilst your Committee have been investigating the matter, that the General Laws have never been registered in Ireland, which your Committee are of opinion should forthwith be done, so as to place the Order in Ireland, on exactly the same legal footing as it is in England and Scotland."

The following is the reply of the Attorney General, (after reading the case drawn by Mr. Watson) to the questions submitted:—

"Counsel is requested to advise the Board of Directors of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, Friendly Society:—

Question.

"1. If the Society as at present constituted, its Rules having been certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies as being in conformity to the provisions of the Act 13 & 14 Vict., c. 115, and since its repeal, the amended and altered Rules having also been certified under the provisions of the 18 & 19 Vict., c. 63 (power being given by the Rules to establish Branches—see 5th sec. of Rule 1)—can, by its Annual Moveable Committee, make General Rules to govern and bind its Branches, called Districts and Lodges, which were established before the passing of the Act 18 & 19 Vict., c. 63.

Answer.

"1. I answer this question in the affirmative. The General Rules of the Society having been registered and certified under the 13th & 14th Vict., c. 115, were, by an express provision of the Repealing Act, (18 & 19 Vict, c. 63, s. 3), to be deemed "valid and in force" until "altered or rescinded," notwithstanding the repeal. It appears from the Registrar's certificate of 30th of June, 1862, appended to the General Rules, that certain "alterations or amendment" of these rules had then been made; and such alterations or amendments the Registrar certified to be "in conformity with law." The case does not point out what the alterations or amendments were; but I take for granted they are consistent with the portions of the General Rules, which have remained unaltered since the passing of the 18th & 19th Vict., c. 63; and, if so, I am of opinion that such unaltered parts of the General Rules are now in force, as well as the "alterations or amendments" which have been certified. But, according to General Rule number 1, the

Society is to comprise "Branches called Districts and Lodges," and, by rule No. 5, every Branch is to be bound by the General Rules of the Society.

Question.

- "2. If so, have Districts in like manner authority to make Rules applicable to Lodges?"

Answer.

- "2. I have failed to discover on the face of the General Rules any authority in "Districts" to make rules applicable to "Lodges." The power of district meetings, under the 115th General Rule, to determine the hours of the opening and closing of Lodges, appears to be the single exception, and rests, probably, on special grounds. In other respects, General Rule No. 5, is explicit that each Branch (which includes both District and Lodge) may make such rules "as such Branch may think fit," the only condition being that the District and Lodge rules, equally, shall be consistent with the General Rules, and that the Lodge rules, moreover, shall be consistent with the District rules.

Question.

- "3. Is the Society (Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M. U. Friendly Society) authorised by the provisions of the Act 18 & 19 Vict., c. 63 to establish Branches?"

Answer.

- "3. I think that the Society is authorised according to the provisions of the 18 & 19 Vict., c. 63 to continue all Branches which had been established at the passing of that Act, and I incline to the opinion that they are empowered to establish new and additional Branches. This they clearly could have done under their original Rules; and those Rules, it appears to me, are continued in force, under the 3rd section of the latter Act, until (and I should read and "except in so far as") they may be altered, &c.

Question.

- "4. If Counsel should be of opinion that the Newton Heath District Rules, which the Registrar has refused to certify, are not inconsistent with the General Rules of the Society, can any and what proceedings be taken against the Registrar to obtain the required certificate?"

Answer.

- "4. According to the view expressed in my answer to the 2nd question, no rule of the Newton Heath District would be consistent with the General Rules of the Society, which should be applicable to Lodges, and which should extend beyond fixing the hours of opening and closing, in accordance with the 115th General Rule. To this extent, I concur in the objection made by the Registrar to the Rules in question; and I would, therefore, advise that the Rules be amended so far, and, in their amended shape, presented to the Registrar for his certificate, together with a statement of the views and the argument in support thereof which I have above expressed."

"23rd May, 1863."

(Signed) "WM. ATHERTON,
Temple."

An interesting discussion followed, from which it appears evident, that, although a general desire prevails to treat Mr. Pratt with due courtesy, it is the unanimous determination of the members of the Unity to resist to the utmost any interference of the Registrar in the management of the affairs of the Order. It is to be hoped, Mr. Pratt will at once see the necessity of inter-

preting the law in the spirit in which was enacted, which expressly left the internal management in the hands of the members themselves. If he still persists, a select committee of the House of Commons can readily be obtained, to enquire into the working of the Act, and to define more rigorously the Registrar's official duties. It would be well if influential members of the Order in various parts of the country, were to communicate with their parliamentary representatives, on this most important question, without delay. We are quite satisfied there is no wish on the part of the legislature to sanction Mr Pratt's encroachments, but rather a desire to encourage industrious provident men to rely upon themselves, and not on either government official or any other extraneous aid in such matters.

The senior Auditor, (Mr. Baxter, Shrewsbury), read the Auditors' report, which was unanimously adopted. The following are the most important paragraphs:—

"The expenses of management for the past year amount to £1,070 11s. 6½d., including benevolent grants at the Brighton A.M.C., amounting to £86, shewing the actual working cost to be £984 11s. 6½d.; this, however, includes the cost of disbursing the grants to the distressed operatives in the manufacturing districts; a sum of £53 5s. 7½d., arising from the necessity of an extraordinary meeting of the Directors in December, the printing and postage of circulars, &c. Amongst the items that do not occur annually, is the cost of a copy of the statistics presented to each deputy at the Brighton A.M.C.

"The profits from the sale of goods have amounted to the very considerable sum of £1,035 15s. 0½d.; a sum larger than the actual working expenses of the Order; amongst the items of profit are two that do not accrue annually, viz.:—That on the sale of the statistical tables from the quinquennial returns, and on the biennial publication of the list of lodges, so that the profits of 1862 should not be placed in comparison with other years; if however we deduct these extraordinary items, we find that from ordinary sources we derive profits amounting to £840 15s. 6½d., which exceed those of the former year by £181 15s. 4½d. This is the more remarkable, when we consider that a very large number of our brethren in the manufacturing districts have for some time been suffering great privations, and consequently we might have expected a decrease in goods sold to members. We are glad to find that the profits on the magazines have risen from £14 5s. 2d. in 1861, to £37 13s. 1½d. in 1862, in consequence of the abolition of the paper duty; the actual sale has decreased from 45,948 in 1861, to 42,180 in 1862.

"As allusion was made in the Auditors report of last year, to a probable profit on the statistics from the quinquennial returns, it may not be out of place to give a statement of the total cost of its production, sale, &c.

1862.	Dr.	£	s.	d.	Ch.	£	s.	d.
Cost of compilation as per report for 1861		113	8	5	By sale of statistics and copies to officers of the Order, and deputies at the Brighton A.M.C. ...	381	8	0
Ditto, ditto 1862		5	13	4				
Grant to C.S. Ratcliffe at Brighton A.M.C.		50	0	0				
Printing 4,018 copies.....		188	5	9				
Carriage, &c.		5	5	1				
Profit		18	15	5				
		£381	8	0		£381	8	0

There are still 484 copies on hand.

"The Unity levy of one half-penny per member debited to the various districts of the Unity amounts to £627 12s. 6d.; this amount does not agree

with the charge on the number of members in the returns of 31st December, 1861, as published in the list of lodges. This apparent discrepancy requires explanation; some of the Colonial districts, as Canada, &c., are not charged with levies, and there are in the published list several errors in the numbers, from indistinct figures in the returns."

The propositions for the amendment of laws were then proceeded with. The following are the more important alterations:—

The fifth section of the first General Law was amended so as to require amended district laws to be certified by the C.S. of the Order, as consistent with the General Laws, and amended lodge laws to be certified by the district secretary as not inconsistent with the district laws, before they shall be legally forwarded to Mr. J. Tidd Pratt for registration.

The proposition from North London, which sought to legalize the payment of surgeons' fees out of the reserved sick fund, was lost by 87 votes against 14. The meeting evidently regarded the proposition as an attempt indirectly to reduce the annual amount of contribution to the sick and funeral fund.

Some discussion took place with regard to non-resident members' contributions for medical advice and attendance, but no alteration was made in the existing law.

A long debate took place on the proposition from Oldham, which suggested that it "be discretionary with districts what amount of additional annual contributions they charge for persons entering above twenty-four years of age." It was met by a motion "that the law remain as it is," which was carried by 84 against 44 votes, which prevented the consideration of the propositions from Birmingham and Bristol, for the equitable adjustment of the law, being considered this year. It is understood, however, that at the next A.M.C. these important propositions will receive the first attention of the deputies when the alteration of the financial law comes under their consideration.

Several verbal alterations were made at the suggestion of Mr. Daynes, such as substituting "initiated" for "made," and "deposit" for "throw in" as applied to cards or clearances.

An important proposition from Norwich was carried by 55 against 34 votes. It refers to the payment of sick members belonging to other districts, and enacts that "any lodge advancing more than one week's sick allowance without the authority of the lodge to which he belongs, shall absolutely forfeit one half of the money so paid, and shall have no claim whatever should the member not be in compliance."

Several improvements in the wording of the laws relating to appeals were adopted on propositions from Birmingham.

A proposition from Norwich was adopted, legalizing the serving of a summons on the recognised agent of a member whose residence was not known.

A proposition from Hull was adopted which rendered it necessary for a member having been convicted of felony, to obtain the consent of a *summoned* lodge, as well as the district committee, previous to reinstatement.

The following important proposition from Birmingham was carried by a large majority:—"That the General Laws of the Order be re-written and classified, with a view to their simplification, shortening, and more ready reference." Of course the laws when so altered will be circulated as if they were propositions from individual districts, and will require confirmation by the next annual meeting. The new index will be printed with the unbound as well as the bound copies.

A proposition from Birmingham ordering the publication of new model laws for lodges and districts was adopted.

The following proposition from Bristol was adopted:—"That where a permanent secretary is employed by a Lodge, all words relating to duties performed

by such officer be omitted from declaration made by the elective secretary on taking office."

The following proposition from Glossop was carried by 46 votes against 10: "That an annual voluntary subscription be made in every lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U., in aid of the funds of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the proceeds to be forwarded to the Officers of the Order and Board of Directors, who shall remit the same to the Committee of the National Lifeboat Institution, as the subscription of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows Friendly Society in aid of their noble and philanthropic institution."

The usual votes of thanks were given to the officers, and the complimentary £10 to the retiring Grand Master, for expenses, voted with acclamation. Similar votes of thanks were passed to Lord Leigh, the Medical Officers, the Committee of Management, the Representatives of the Press, and the Coventry Manufacturers who have permitted deputies to visit their works. The sum of £15 was presented to the Warneford Hospital, Leamington, and £5 to the Warwick Dispensary. The meeting was then closed.

During the week many deputies visited Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick Castle, and other places of beauty or historic interest in the neighbourhood. At the rising of the A.M.C. on Friday afternoon, a large number of the deputies proceeded in vehicles to Kenilworth and Stoneleigh Abbey. The ruins of Kenilworth Castle were greatly admired, and owing to the kindness of Lord Leigh, the abbey, park, and grounds at Stoneleigh were thrown open to the deputies. A very pleasant evening was spent and universal admiration of the beautiful and romantic scenery immortalised by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, was expressed by the visitors.

On Thursday an agreeable social meeting was held in the Court Room, Warwick, which was kindly granted by the Mayor for the purpose. It was presided over by the Grand Master, and many past officers, directors, and deputies were present.

The arrangements for the comfort of the visitors appear to have given general satisfaction.

Literary Notice.

Everybody's New Guide, Companion, and Associate, to the Isle of Man. By William F. Peacock. Manchester: John Heywood, Deansgate.

Guide Books are proverbially dry books, especially when read at a distance from the scenes described by the literary pilot. Mr. Peacock, evidently, thoroughly understands the public feeling on this subject, and has set himself with earnest good will to practically refute the proverb. His book is a chatty, lively, and agreeable companion, and may be read with pleasure and profit, even by those who do not include in their prospective excursions, a trip to the "celebrated lonely isle." To those who do propose to visit Manxland, the work is almost as indispensable to a thorough intellectual enjoyment of the trip, as is a proper supply of the current coin of the realm to the procuration of the necessary physical comforts. History, topography, commerce, manners, superstitions, geography, geology, and vivid descriptions of picturesque scenery, are agreeably intermixed with personal adventure and wayside gossip. Mr. Peacock has certainly succeeded in rendering otherwise dry details interesting to the casual tourist, and by this means, he has administered not merely to

his immediate gratification as a pleasure seeker, but has contributed to his stock of useful as well as entertaining knowledge. The work contains an interesting description of a remarkable geological feature, named "The twelve chasms," which it appears, has hitherto escaped the notice both of tourists and men of science; and likewise some strictures on the tardiness of government, with reference to the proposed construction of a breakwater at Port Erin on the western coast. Something of the kind appears to be decidedly called for, both on the score of humanity and commercial economy. The absence of a harbour of refuge in this neighbourhood, has caused the loss of many a "tall ship" and valuable cargo, and of numbers of still more valuable lives. Mr. Peacock pertinently says:—

"The value of the fish taken each season, is estimated at £100,000; but it is not too much to say, that the quantity of 'takes,' would be doubled or trebled, if the fishermen had only a harbour of refuge. At present, they dare not risk the danger of putting to sea with a strong westerly wind; and this frequently happens when the offing is literally swarming with fish, and when one successful night's labour, might realise from £3000 to £5000. Instances have been known, where the boats, owing to the direction of the winds, have been detained twenty-one nights at Port St. Mary; and in the season of 1855, the fishermen were unable to go out for upwards of forty nights! With a harbour of refuge at Port Erin, the boats might venture to sea almost every night; but so long as this 'penny wise and pound foolish' system is continued, so long will there be an annual loss to the community of something like £300,000, owing to the 'takes' of herrings not realising more than one third what they ought to do. What say the fishermen themselves? 'Give us a place of safety to run into at Port Erin, and we can take twice or three times as many herrings in the season.' An increased supply of any article, means a reduction in price; and a cheapening of the price of herrings would be hailed as a great boon to the public."

It appears, the fishermen have held a meeting, and agreed to the payment of a toll of £2 per boat annually, provided the project be accomplished; and that they have subscribed £900 amongst themselves towards the construction of the work.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES OF BRADFORD.—On Tuesday evening, May 19, upwards of forty officers in connection with the various Friendly Societies of Bradford, sat down to a good and substantial dinner at the Druid's Arms Inn, Westgate. There were representatives present from the Ancient Order of Foresters, Knights of Malta, the Manchester Unity, Grand United, and National Independent Orders of Odd-fellows, the Loyal Society of Orangemen, and the Golden Fleece. After the withdrawal of the cloth, Mr. Edmondson was called upon to preside, Mr. Laverty occupying the vice-chair, when the usual toasts were gone through; after which, Mr. Jacob Brown, in some pertinent remarks on the benefits accruing from friendly societies, gave "Prosperity to the Friendly Societies of Bradford;" which was responded to by Mr. Squire Auty in some practical remarks on the government of such societies, and the necessity of uniting together in defence of them. "The Mayor and Corporation of Bradford," was next given by Mr. Shaw, and responded to by Mr. Councillor Schofield, who also entered into the practical working of friendly societies throughout the country—especially of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows. Mr. Kingdom next gave "The Ancient Order of Foresters," responded to by Mr. Laverty, which was followed by Mr. Jonas Hey, giving "The Officers of the various Friendly Societies of Bradford who took part in the rejoicings on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," which was responded to by

Mr. Councillor Illingworth. During this stage of the proceedings, it was agreed that similar meetings to the one now taking place, should be held on three separate occasions during each year, for the purpose of mutual instruction, and of creating good fellowship in connection with the various friendly societies of Bradford; and that the Loyal Society of Orangemen should be the next party to provide such an entertainment, in September next.

EMBEZZLEMENT OF THE FUNDS OF A FRIENDLY SOCIETY AT HULL.—On the 13th April, at the Hull Quarter Sessions, Thomas Bromley Bell, was charged before Samuel Warren, Esq., Q.C., D.C.L., the recorder, with defrauding the Hull Fishermen's Widow and Orphan Society, of which he was Secretary, of the sum of £297 14s. 0½d. Negotiations were entered into with a view to arranging the matter, and Mr. Pettingell, the society's solicitor, hearing that there was £100 in the bank to the account of the society, proposed that the prisoner should give an order for the transfer of the money, and the society would give him a legal release and indemnify him from all further claim. The prisoner, taking advantage of a mistake that had been made at the bank—for it afterwards turned out that the banker had mistaken the societies, the one which held the funds being the Fishermen's Assurance Society—got his solicitor to prepare a draft of release and indemnity, for approval by Mr. Pettingell; but before the trick could be perpetrated, the mistake was discovered. The society, acting on the advice of Mr. Pettingell, procured its legal enrolment, and then criminal proceedings were instituted against the prisoner. He was, apprehended by Detective Clarke in London, where he was keeping a beer-shop. Upon being charged with the embezzlement, he said he was innocent. He further said that all the money he had in the world was 3s. 6d. In consequence of the prisoner's default, the funds of the society have been impoverished, and were unable to meet the claims made upon them during the heavy gales last winter. They had depended upon public subscriptions for keeping the society in existence. The case occupied several hours in hearing, and at the conclusion, the jury found the prisoner guilty, and the learned Recorder sentenced him to three years' penal servitude.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ASHTON.—SOCIAL GATHERING.—On the 6th of May, a meeting took place in connection with Oddfellowship, which will long be remembered by the members who were present on the occasion. The Star of Dukinfield Lodge, held at the house of P. Prov. G.M. John Sykes, Astley Street, Dukinfield, has for a long time been labouring under very discouraging circumstances, in consequence of the present distressed state of the cotton trade; and, through some of their members having emigrated, six only were left to carry on the lodge. The District Officers determined to get up a visit to the lodge, for the encouragement of the young members thus left. About 250 members of the Order were present, representing 19 different districts. The interest in the meeting was increased by the presence of seven of the Board of Directors, viz., D.G.M. Burgess, Messrs. Daynes, Price, Schofield, Curtis, Geves, and Jack. On the opening of the lodge, Mr. William Taylor, the respected C.S. was appointed to fill the N.G.'s chair, and Mr. Charles Hadfield, V.G., the vice-chair. The chairman said he hoped every one would for a time at least, forget the sorrow and trials through which many who were present were passing through, and endeavour to enjoy themselves on so

auspicious an occasion. Mr. William Aitken, P. Prov. G.M. in proposing "The Health of the G.M. and Board of Directors" alluded to the assistance the members of the Order had rendered to the people of Ireland during the famine, and to the amount now raised (nearly £5,000) to pay the contributions of the members suffering through the distressed state of the cotton trade, (loud cheers). Mr. Daynes, P.G.M., of Norwich, as the Senior Director, in responding to the toast, commented with his accustomed eloquence on the heroic bearing of the suffering people of all classes in the manufacturing districts. He expressed his fears as to the state of affairs during the next winter, but he felt confident the directors would, if need be, make another appeal to the Unity, and he had no doubt that appeal would be handsomely responded to. (Cheers.) Mr. Daynes's speech produced a marked effect upon the meeting, and justly called forth the heartiest applause. Each of the directors testified to the willingness of the members of the Unity to assist those who were unable to pay their contributions. Mr. Price, of Aberdare, stated, that in two places where he had spoken on behalf of the suffering brethren, one district granted £50, and the other £20, with the assurance that if the distress continued, similar sums would be again voted. (Cheers.) Mr. Thomas Hodson, P.C.S., Staleybridge, referred to the riot which recently took place in his district, and expressed the satisfaction it afforded him, and he doubted not, it would be equally satisfactory to every one present, to know that not one Odd-fellow had taken part in that disgraceful proceeding. (Cheers.) Several other excellent addresses were delivered.

BLACKBURN.—From the annual report issued by Mr. Z. Mawdsley, C.S., we find that this district now numbers 2,957 members, showing an increase during the past year of 43, notwithstanding the cotton famine. The total reserved funds of the lodges is £17,269 17s. 4d., which exceeds the amount announced in the previous report by £1,008 14s. 0½d. The sum of £1,667 0s. 7d. has been paid for sickness, and £599 on the mortality account. Travellers to the number of 530 have been relieved, at a cost of £28 3s. 0d.

BOLTON.—VISIT OF THE GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER.—Recently, a very interesting meeting of the Settle's Pride Lodge was held at the Woodman's Cottage, Moor Lane, on the occasion of the visit to Bolton of Mr. Joseph Woodcock, of Glossop, the Grand Master of the Manchester Unity. He was met by the district officers and a large number of members of the district. After the ordinary business of the lodge had been transacted, "The Queen," and a number of other customary toasts were duly honoured. P.G. Samuel Openshaw proposed the health of the Grand Master. He much appreciated the honour conferred upon the lodge by the visit of the Grand Master of the Unity, and in a highly eulogistic speech bore testimony to the ability of Mr. Woodcock to fulfil the onerous duties of his office. P.G. John Garstang, of the Kearsley District, supplemented the toast by an original poetic effusion. The toast was drunk with musical honours, followed by enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Woodcock warmly thanked them for the very cordial manner in which they had responded to the toast, and in a speech of some length commented upon the important influence for good which Oddfellowship and kindred institutions exercised upon the working population of this country, and earnestly advised them at all times to strictly watch the finances of the lodge. "The Board of Directors," "The Prov. Grand Master, Mr. Simpson," and other toasts followed and were duly responded to.

BRADFORD.—On Monday evening, April 27th, the members of the Loyal Globe Lodge, No. 287, M.U., celebrated their thirty-fifth anniversary at the Market Tavern, when above sixty members and wives sat down to tea. After tea was over, the chair was taken by Mr. Councillor John T. Illingworth, Prov. C.S., supported by the other district officers, Prov. G.M. H. Wyatt,

and Prov. D.G.M. Edw. Jagger. The usual loyal and local toasts were duly honoured. In responding to the toast of "Prosperity to the Loyal Globe Lodge," the chairman stated that during 1862, there had been paid for sick pay £123 17s. 10d., and for funeral levies £39 10s. 4d., yet the lodge made a clear gain to its funds of £35, its capital being £1275, judiciously invested in corporation debentures. The number of members was 171. He further remarked that during the time he had been secretary to the lodge, 16 years, there had been received, up to December, 1862, as contributions for sickness and funerals, £2622 17s. 7d.; initiations, £36 2s. 6d.; interest, £585 5s. 3d.; income to Sick and Funeral Fund, £3244 5s. 4d. In the same period, paid for sick pay, £1781 3s. 6d.; levies to District Funeral Fund, £663 4s. 6d. Total expenditure, £2434 8s. 0.; leaving a nett gain in 16 years, of £809 17s. 4d. At the end of 1846, the lodge was worth £1 17s. 7d. per member, though it had existed 19 years, and every member had paid at least £1 1s. as initiation money alone. At its thirty-fifth birthday, it is now worth £7 9s. 2d. per member, a convincing proof of the soundness of the legislation of the Glasgow and Preston A.M.Cs.

BRADFORD.—On Easter Tuesday, April 7th, the members of the Loyal Industry Lodge celebrated their anniversary at the Odd-fellows' Hall, when about sixty sat down to an excellent dinner; after which the company re-assembled for business. P.G. Lawrence Cottam, occupied the chair, and P.G. James Cliff, the vice-chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to. In the absence of the secretary, P. Prov. G.M. Jonas Hey, read a statement of the financial affairs of the lodge, which showed that they had 220 members on the books, with a reserved capital of £1260; paid for sick pay last year £152 9s. 4d., and that they had gained since January 1st, 1863, about £63. The attraction of the evening was the presentation of a testimonial to P. Prov. G.M. Jonas Hey, with his photograph, as a token of esteem and respect in which he is held; and for the able services which he has rendered to his lodge and the district. The testimonial was presented to him in a feeling speech by G.M. Jonas Smith. This testimonial is in addition to the one presented to him in January by the district. Mr. Hey, feelingly acknowledged the high compliment, and concluded an eloquent speech amid great applause. During the evening, P.G.M. Mr. Councillor Schofield responded to the toast of the Grand Master and Board of Directors in a very long and excellent speech. Several other excellent addresses were delivered during the evening, by Mr. Councillor Illingworth, C.S.; P.G.M. Wyatt, and Prov. D.G.M. Jagger, and the vocalists gave a very varied selection of glees, etc., which had the effect of making the meeting a very pleasant one.

BRADFORD.—From the elaborate report of the state of the lodges in this district, compiled by C.S. Illingworth, we gather the following particulars:—In January, 1862, the district numbered 2,929 members; in January, 1863, 3,063, shewing an increase of 134. During the year 1862, the sum of £833 7s., has been added to the reserve fund. The amount paid for sickness during that period, is £1,996 12s. 9d., an advance of £166 on the sick pay of 1861, and which gives an average of 13s. 7½d. per member. In 1858, the average was 11s. 6d.; in 1859, 11s. 11½d.; in 1860, 12s. 5d.; and in 1861, 12s. 6d. The sum paid for funerals amounts to £748, which required a levy of 4s. 7½d. per member, or 4d. more than was required in the preceding year. Mr. Illingworth ably refutes the conventional slander respecting the cost of management. He shows that eight per cent. on the contributions has been sufficient to meet all demands under this head.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Oak and Ivy Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, at the George Inn, Clayton. After a procession had taken place in the morning, the members and friends returned to the lodge-

house to dinner. Mr. Turner occupied the chair. The usual loyal and appropriate toasts were given, after which, the chairman in the name of the lodge, presented to Dr. Alfred King, late of Brighton, who is now occupying a high position on the military staff, a very handsome glass claret jug, silver capped and ornamented, as some little appreciation of services rendered by him to the lodge as honorary physician. Dr. King, in suitably acknowledging the presentation, alluded to circumstances causing his connection with the lodge. He was now sojourning miles distant from them. He was an old soldier (for it was twenty-eight years ago since he entered the Artillery at Woolwich); but he must say, that among the many pleasant days he had experienced, this was one of the pleasantest, and the remembrance of it would go with him through life. Other toasts followed, and it was stated that the lodge was in a flourishing condition, having 69 members, and a reserve fund of nearly £420.

DURHAM.—The second grand annual pic-nic, under the auspices of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows and their friends, was held on the 26th of May, in the New Park at Durham, which had been thrown open through the liberty of W. L. Wharton, Esq. Arrangements had been made for excursion trains to run from Sunderland, Hartlepool, Newcastle, and neighbouring towns to the city of Durham; and the fine old city has not for centuries, perhaps, contained within its boundaries such a vast number of strangers in any one day. The excursion was considered to be the excursion of the season, and there was a mingling of classes such as is rarely seen on such occasions. In its palmy days the Cathedral never could have held larger congregations than were assembled; the notes from the "pealing organ" never had more attentive listeners; and the choir—perhaps the finest church choir in the kingdom—never delighted greater multitudes. The bands entered for a band contest in the Park, perambulated the streets as they entered the city, and while many—and when speaking of many, we must be understood to mean thousands—went to the park direct from the railway station, others became scattered in groups through the streets, the castle, and other buildings, and along the pleasantly wooded banks of the Wear, the surface of which soon became specked by more than the usual number of small boats. In the park itself, which might be regarded as the nucleus of all the other attractions of the day, there could scarcely have been less than about 8,000 people at one time. In the brass band contest, the first prize of £8 was awarded to the South Hetton band. At three o'clock in the afternoon, dancing commenced in different parts of the grounds, and at the same time a variety of other games were engaged in by both sexes. At four o'clock, a series of athletic entertainments were begun; including pole-leaping, running high leap, and a hurdle race, for which prizes were given. They were followed by a public meeting, which was addressed by John Richardson, Esq., P.G.M., in his usual enthusiastic and eloquent manner; and by Councillor Curry, of Newcastle (Treasurer), Mr. Tiplady, of Durham, etc. The proceedings were brought to a close by the bands playing the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia"; and then the movement from all quarters was towards the trains for the different towns. The arrangements, considering the difficulty of making preparations for such immense numbers, were most perfect and harmonious, and these and the fine weather combined to make the day a pleasant one for all, and it is to be hoped a lucrative one for the society by the exertions of whose officers so much pleasure was obtained.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening, Dec. 12th, 1862, upwards of 70 members and friends of the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge, 1882, met in Prov. D.G.M. George Cranston's Crow Hotel, George Square, to celebrate the twenty-fourth anniversary of the lodge. P. Prov. G.M. William Crawford occupied the chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given in true Oddfellow

style, and were heartily responded to. After which the chairman gave the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge." After speaking in glowing terms on the principles of Oddfellowship, he said, the lodge had paid, since it was opened, for Sick Gift, upwards of £2,500, for Funeral Gift £890, or an average of £141 per year. As a proof that our principles were not on the decline, during the present year there had been initiated twenty-two promising young members, whose average age were twenty-four years. In monetary matters, the lodge was in a most flourishing condition. At the end of 1861 the total lodge funds amounted to £1,416 8s. 3d.; contributions received during the year, £217 9s. 0d.; entry money, interest, etc., £56 11s. 2d.; showing a total income of £274 0s. 2. The lodge had paid for Sick Gift £156 0s. 8d.; Funeral Gift £59 5s. 0d.; for management, rent, and miscellaneous expenses £16 8s. 10d.; showing the total disbursements to be £231 14s. 6d.; giving a profit on the year of £42 5s. 8d.; and leaving a reserved capital of £1,468 13s. 11d.

GRIMSHILL DISTRICT.—SALOP.—The members of the Loyal Pemhill Lodge, Hamer Hill, celebrated their anniversary on Whit-Monday. They met in the forenoon, at the Red Castle Inn, whence they proceeded to Middle Church, where an eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. G. H. Egerton. After service the procession returned to the Red Castle Inn, where the members partook of an excellent dinner. After dinner the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and responded to. Dancing was afterwards kept up to the strains of the Shrewsbury Odd-fellows' Brass Band.

GUERNSEY.—The members of the Island of Guernsey District, M.U., I.O.O.F., celebrated their eighteenth anniversary by a banquet, on the 3rd of March, in the lodge room, Manchester Unity Hotel, Market-place. The chair was occupied by P.G.M. W. J. Lenfestey, the vice-chair by P. Prov. G.M. A. Ford. In the course of the evening, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drank and duly acknowledged. On the Guernsey District being pledged, Mr. W. Myres, the Prov. C.S., eloquently responded, and gave a lengthened statement respecting the rise and progress of the Order in Guernsey. The Loyal Guernsey Lodge was opened in January, 1845. At the present time, it numbered no less than 230 members, with an accumulated capital, on the 31st December last, of £1,458, and this after paying all claims upon its sick, funeral management, and relief funds. The Pride of Sarnia Lodge was opened on the 25th April, 1849. From that period, the numbers have gradually increased, till now they can boast of 121 members, with a capital of nearly £700. The past year has been peculiarly favourable to the cause of Oddfellowship in the Channel Islands, two new lodges having been opened, the funds of both of which are in as satisfactory a state as the most sanguine could have anticipated. During the year just ended, no less than 71 new members have enrolled themselves under our standard in this district—a fact which speaks louder than words can convey of the estimation in which the Manchester Unity is held. The Guernsey District is now worth considerably above £2,200.

GUERNSEY.—THE LOYAL ST. ANDREW'S LODGE, No. 5038, M.U.I.O.O.F. It will be recollected that the above lodge was opened on the 9th of last June, at Mr. Guilbert's house, Rue Frairie, St. Andrew's. So rapid has been its progress, that the present room has been found altogether too small for carrying on the business of the lodge. A room for the use of the "Loyal St. Andrew's," measuring 30 feet by 16, is about to be built on the above premises, and is to be completed by the 24th of June. As the room will only be occupied on each alternate Monday by the club, it is the intention to let it for sales by auction, lectures, or concerts.—*Guernsey Star*.

HOLT DISTRICT.—The members of the Loyal Hastings Lodge, Hindolveston, celebrated their twelfth anniversary on the 29th of May. The members

formed in procession and attended church, where an admirable sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. Delaval Astley, in behalf of the Widow and Orphan Fund, and the collection much exceeded that of last year. After service the procession returned to the lodge-house to dinner, which was served in a spacious marquée kindly lent by the right Hon. Lord Hastings, whose absence from the meeting was a source of great regret, especially as it was the result of indisposition. The chair was occupied by J. T. Mott, Esq., of Barningham, and the vice-chair by the Rev. J. Fenwick, of Thirning. There were also among the company the High Sheriff (J. S. Scott Chad, Esq.), the Hon. and Rev. Delaval Astley, the Rev. Shovel Bereton, and most of the principal parishioners. Several excellent addresses were delivered. This lodge has been established twelve years, and has paid for sickness, funerals, distressed gifts, and medical attendance, during that period, £525 12s. 3d.; it has an accumulated capital of £440 2s. 6½d.; and the average age of members is 27 years 10 months. A valuation of the assets and liabilities of this lodge has been made by Mr. H. Ratcliffe, whose report is most satisfactory, showing a large surplus capital.

LEEDS DISTRICT.—On Thursday evening, February 26th, the officers and brothers of the Leeds District were honoured with a visit paid them by P.G. Stephen Whaley of the North London District, a gentleman connected with Her Majesty's Embassy in Constantinople, and who has been instrumental in planting the standard of Oddfellowship in Turkey. P.G. Whaley was introduced to the officers and members of the district by P. Prov. G.M. John Geves in a very appropriate and complimentary speech. He spoke of him as one who well deserved the best thanks of every well-wisher of our Order, for the energy and perseverance he had shewn himself possessed of, in thus aiding in the great work of civilization by the establishment of Odd-fellows' lodges in Turkey. Mr. Whaley gave a very pleasing account of the origin and progress of Oddfellowship in Constantinople, which was highly gratifying to all present. Before separating, P.G.M. Thomas Hawksworth invited all present to join him in paying a visit on Saturday evening, the 23th inst., to the Shakspeare Lodge, Churwell, the lodge house being near the residence of P.G.M. Whaley. The call was very heartily responded to, and on Saturday evening the visit was a bumper. The evening was spent in a social and profitable manner, the health of P.G. Whaley was given by the N.G., who was well supported by P. Prov. G.M. Geves, in an eloquent and energetic speech. He briefly reviewed the past history of Oddfellowship, which he said had undergone many changes during the past 25 years, yet all that had been done, had been of a progressive character. The health proposed was drunk in a most enthusiastic manner. P.G. Whaley replied in a very feeling manner, expressing himself highly gratified with the reception he had met with amongst Yorkshire Odd-fellows. P.C.S. Thompson afterwards, in a very neat speech, presented to P.G. Whaley a Coventry Sash, as a memento of that evening's proceedings. The recipient expressed himself highly pleased with the gift, and promised that he would ever hold it in remembrance of that very happy and pleasant evening. On Thursday evening, March 5th, 1863, being the night previous to Mr. Whaley's departure for London, the officers and trustees of the Leeds District, determined to entertain him at a dinner specially got up for the occasion, at Host Norbury's, Three Legs Inn, Lowerhead Row, Leeds. After the usual toasts, "Our guest, P.G. S. Whalby," was given with the honours of the Order. It was responded to in a very effective and pleasing speech, in which P.G. Whaley acknowledged most gratefully the kind feeling which had been manifested towards him by P. Prov. G.M. John Geves, P.C.S. Thompson, the G.M., Deputy G.M., Trustees and Members of the Leeds District, who had been pleased to honour

him with their presence on several happy meetings. Other complimentary toasts followed. One to Mr. Frith, the worthy host of the Shakspeare Lodge, for his personal courtesy and kindness to Mr. Whaley during his visit to Leeds, was very warmly received.

LINCOLN.—On the 31st January a numerous assemblage of the members of the Worsley Lodge, also several visiting brothers, including the district officers, attended to witness the presentation to Br. David Barker, the respected Warden, of his portrait in his robes of office, painted by Br. Tollerton, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his long and faithful services. Br. Bacon, P. Prov. G.M. in making the presentation, alluded to the circumstance that after fifteen years hard service they found Br. Barker still in his present humble office, although he might, had he desired it, at this time been in possession of the highest honors of the lodge and district. Mr. Barker, who was received with much enthusiasm, responded in appropriate terms.

LONDON NORTH.—At the quarterly meeting of the Cambridge Lodge, held at the Masons' Arms, Paddington, a handsome inkstand, subscribed for by twenty-five of the members, was presented to Br. George Lane, for his philanthropic conduct towards the orphans of the late P.G. Short, in the collection of a large sum of money to purchase their admission into an asylum, where they will receive an excellent education. The presentation was made by D. M. Stephens, Prov. D.G.M., in highly eulogistic and appropriate terms. Br. Lane, in acknowledging the present, stated it was the last of his thoughts to receive such a flattering mark of respect from his fellow-members, and what had been done for the parentless children of the late P.G. Short he considered only his duty as a man and an odd-fellow. He should always prize this mark of their approbation, and look back with pride to the origin of its possession. Several members complained of its not having been made a lodge matter, so as to have had an opportunity of subscribing; and no doubt, from the feeling evinced Br. Lane will receive a further acknowledgment of his services.

LONDON NORTH.—From the tabular report compiled by C.S. Danzie, we gather the following particulars respecting the financial condition of this district:—At the end of the year 1861, the district numbered 8,661 members, at the end of the year 1862, 9,249, showing an increase of 588. The average age is rather over 34½ years. The capital at the end of 1861, amounted to £61,032 19s. 4½d. During 1862, £532 16s. 7d. were received for admission fees, £9,447 6s. 2d. for contributions, and £1,805 1s. 10d. for interest. During the same period, the sum of £5,209 7s. 9½d. was paid on sick claims, £1,671 4s. 10½d. for funeral levies. The capital in hand at the end of 1862, was £66,037 11s. 3½d. From the above, it will be seen that the funds have increased £5,004 14s. 11d. during the year, and that the interest has been more than sufficient to pay the funeral levies by £233 16s. 11½d.

LONDON NORTH.—The lodge-room of the Jolly Bucks, Cheshire Cheese, Phillips's Buildings, Somers Town, on Feb. 5th, was crowded to overflowing by brethren anxious to witness the presentation of two handsome silver chased goblets, elaborately engraved with appropriate inscriptions, the produce of voluntary subscriptions, to P.G. Roche, Senr, and P.G. Clarke, the much respected and talented secretary of the above lodge. P.G. Wade made the presentation in an eloquent and forcible speech. P.G. Roche, Senr. replied in an excellent address. During the 14 years he had been a member, he had proposed 41 persons and seconded 32 others, all whom had been initiated members. P.G. Clarke likewise most ably responded. The health of P.G. Clarke, and that of P.G. Roche, were received with unbounded applause. Then followed the healths of P.G. Wade and the testimonial committees. The visitors were large contributors to the harmony of the evening.

LONDON SOUTH.—At the weekly meeting of the City of London Lodge, on

Thursday, the 21st May, Richard Lewis, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Secretary of the National Life-boat Association, was initiated an honorary member of the Order. Subsequently, in responding to the toast of his health, he expressed himself highly gratified at the compliment paid him. He felt confident the more the principles of Oddfellowship were known, the more they would be appreciated. Mr. Lewis availed himself of the opportunity to refer to a proposition which had been forwarded from Glossop to the A.M.C. for consideration. The proposition recommended an annual voluntary subscription throughout the Order, in aid of the funds of the National Life-boat Association. Our readers will perceive, on reference to our summary of the proceedings at Leamington, that the proposition was adopted. Mr. Lewis entered into an interesting detailed statement of the operation of the institution. Amongst other interesting facts he mentioned, that 1,400 shipwrecks took place every year, and that the annual loss of life was about 1,000. Altogether 13,000 lives have been saved through the instrumentality of the Association. Mr. Lewis pertinently observed, that, apart from the immediate benefits thus resulting to the shipwrecked sailors themselves, no one can tell the amount of happiness which such services have conferred on the wives and children of the rescued men, who, but for the life-boat, would to day be widows and orphans, and would, in many cases no doubt, be receiving relief from Orders such as ours. Mr. Lewis said that the expense of keeping up a life-boat establishment could not be reckoned at much less than £50 a year. The cost of an entire life-boat station is between £400 and £500.

MANCHESTER.—The members of the St. David's Lodge, together with their wives and sweethearts, held high carnival on Tuesday, the 10th ult., at their Lodge House, the City Road Inn, Gaythorn, in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and were numerously joined by representatives and visitors from several other lodges. P.G. C. G. Bell was called to the chair, and on the removal of the tea equipage and the substitution of a first class dessert, gave the loyal toasts, which were right loyally received. The entire company joined in the National Anthem. Several other toasts were duly honoured, after which the chairman proposed "The St. David's Lodge," coupled with the health of P.G. Joseph Wilson, observing that as Mr. Wilson had faithfully and gratuitously served the lodge in the capacity of treasurer for the last twenty-four years, they had resolved to mark their appreciation of such disinterested conduct, by presenting him with a watch, bearing a suitable inscription, as a small acknowledgment of his worth and services. P. Prov. G.M. Mark Price presented the watch in a most eloquent address. P.G. Wilson, who seemed much affected by the marked respect shewn to him, briefly returned thanks. Other toasts followed, after which the room was cleared for dancing, which was heartily enjoyed until an early hour.

NEATH.—At a meeting of the Lord Villiers Lodge, Briton Ferry, held at the Villiers Arms Inn, on January 31st, a testimonial was presented to the treasurer, P.G. James Young. It consisted of an emblem elegantly framed in rosewood, and bore the following inscription: "Presented to P.G. James Young, by the Lord Villiers Lodge, 4590 M.U. for his zeal in promoting the Order." P.G. Daniel Jones, in presenting the testimonial, made some excellent remarks on the example which Br. Young had set the lodge. The secretary P. Prov. G.M. John Macdonald stated that Br. Young had proposed upwards of 30 members in the lodge, and was still as busy as ever in promoting the cause of Oddfellowship. P.G. Young, in thanking the members, said that he should look back with feelings of grateful remembrance to the occasion, and he assured them he would still do all in his power to further the interests of the lodge.

NORWICH.—From the annual report presented by P.G.M. Daynes, C.S., we perceive that this district has during the past year, continued in its usual

prosperous course. It at present numbers 7,101 members, shewing an increase during the year of 241. Mr. Daynes adds:—"The Financial condition of the district continues most satisfactory. We commenced the year with a capital of £46,854 0s. 5d., at its close, we possessed £51,637 4s. 1½d., exclusive of the District Fund, which carries the value of the district to upwards of £52,000; the saving during the year amounted to £4,783 3s. 8½d. The capital of the district, on the first of January, 1853, amounted to £15,664 4s. 8d., with 3,628 members; during the ten years we have added nearly £37,000 to our capital, and increased our numbers by 3,500 members. No other district in the Unity can show an equal amount of success, numerical and financial, for the same period."

NOTTINGHAM.—A farewell dinner, on the eve of his departure to New Zealand, was given to Mr. Sampson Place, P. Prov. G.M., at the Marquis of Granby Inn, on the 21st May. There was a large number of his friends present on the occasion, presided over by Mr. Hynes, surgeon. During the evening, a plain silver cup was presented to Mr. Place, on which was inscribed:—"Presented to Sampson Place, P.P.G.M., in grateful recognition of valuable services during a connection of 23 years with the Nottingham District of the M.U.I.O.O.F., May 21, 1863." A handsome gold brooch was also presented to Mrs. Place. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, the chairman, in an eloquent address, made the presentation. He referred to the testimonial as an indication of the appreciation of Mr. Place's character as a townsman and of his valuable services in connection with that philanthropic institution, the Nottingham District of the Manchester Order of Odd-fellows. After expressing the general regret at the loss of his services in England, he felt assured Mr. Place would find ample room for exertion in another field. It is not, he observed, in the palatial residences, or in the aristocratic regions, that the exertions of the working Odd-fellow are called into requisition; but it is in the dwellings of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread with the sweat of their brow. In these quarters, I say, the effects of your philanthropy and zeal are cordially acknowledged and appreciated; and although they are unboastful and unostentatious, they exercise a vast influence in improving the condition of many persons who are provident enough to avail themselves of the benefits such an institution confers. Mr. Place feelingly responded. He reminded his friends, that the country to which he was about to emigrate—Auckland, in New Zealand—has four lodges in connection with this Unity. One lodge numbers 195 members. So that he should be able to meet with Odd-fellows there the same as he had done in England. The public position he had held in connection with Oddfellowship and its business had gained for him a large circle of friends and associates. (Hear, hear.) He had not the least doubt that it will have some good effect on his destiny at the antipodes (hear, hear); for when he got amongst the Odd-fellows there, they would see that he had been useful amongst the Manchester Unity, and might be equally useful amongst them. (Hear, hear.) They would, therefore, doubtless take him by the hand and acknowledge him as a fellow-creature and a brother. (Loud cheering.)

NOTTINGHAM.—The members of the Band of Hope lodge met at the house of Mrs. Royce, the Bell Inn, Angel Row, Nottingham, on Tuesday evening, the 24th ult., for the purpose of presenting their permanent secretary with a testimonial, as a mark of respect for his services to the lodge during the past twelve years. After supper, Mr. Wm. Turney, the present N.G. of the lodge, took the chair, P.G. Wm. Bailey officiating as vice-chairman. The usual loyal toasts having been proposed and duly responded to, P.G. John Parrott made the presentation (consisting of a splendid silver-gilt inkstand,

with salver, etc.) to P.G. John Cross, accompanying the same with very eulogistic remarks on his past conduct, and the pleasure it afforded the managing committee to see the unanimous manner in which all subscribed to the fund for purchasing the testimonial. P.G. Cross, in a very brief speech, returned thanks for the honour they had conferred on him, and for the pleasure it had given him to find his past services had merited their approval. The remainder of the evening was spent in a most pleasant manner, the harmony of the meeting being much added to by Mr. Burton, who, in addition to singing and playing several beautiful airs, accompanied each singer on the piano.

OXFORD.—The anniversary of the Wellington and Good Intent Lodges of Odd-fellows, was celebrated in the Town Hall on the 7th April. The chair was taken by the Mayor (Ald. Thompson), and amongst the company present, which numbered nearly 200 persons, were Mr. Ex-Sheriff Carr, Mr. Curator E. T. Spiers, Councillors Joseph and James Castle, Grant, and Higgins, G. Godfrey, Esq., and Messrs. Anderson, Walter, Goundrey, Smith, German, etc. After the loyal toasts, etc., were disposed of, Mr. Anderson proposed the "G.M. and Board of Directors," which was responded to in a very able address by P.G. James N. Green, who reviewed the present position and action of the Order at some length. The Mayor proposed "Prosperity to the Wellington and Good Intent Lodges," to which Mr. Anderson responded. He was happy to state that they had made satisfactory progress during the last two years. In 1860, the cash in hand amounted to £583 16s. 11d., and in the two succeeding years, there was added £413 0s. 4d., making a total of £1001 17s. 3d. The lodge numbered at the present time 145 members, and the balance in hand, including the interest from the money invested in the Water Works and the Savings Bank, amounted to £826 10s. 10d. (Cheers).

ROTHERHAM.—On the 10th March last, the members of this district made a most loyal demonstration in connexion with the public procession of the town of Rotherham—on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's Marriage—with banners and insignia, preceded by the Thurstleton Band, and their principal officers: Charles Longden, G.M.; George Stother, D.G.M.; John Norton, C.S. The lodges represented were, the "Loyal Parkgate Lodge," "Covenant," "Star of Providence," "Loyal Peaceful Retreat," the "Loyal Bud of Hope," "Rother," and "Phoenix." At the close of the procession the members proceeded to their respective lodge-rooms for dinner.

ROTHERHAM.—After the dispersion of the procession in honour of the Prince of Wales's Marriage, on the 10th March last, the members of the Star of Providence Lodge took dinner at the White Swan Inn, Westgate. About fifty brethren and visiting friends partook of an excellent repast. D.G.M. Stother presided. The duties of vice-chairman were discharged by V.G. White. After the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen had been duly acknowledged, the chairman, in a few brief and appropriate remarks, gave the toast of the evening, "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and his Illustrious Bride." The "G.M. and Board of Directors," and others, having been given and responded to, it was carried unanimously that a vote of thanks be given to the general committee of the district for the admirable arrangements that had been made for carrying out the wishes of the members. P.G. North replied on behalf of the committee.

READING.—The members of the Loyal Berkshire and Excelsior Lodges celebrated their anniversary on Monday, the 26th January, by a public dinner at the Town Hall, Reading, on which occasion his Worship the Mayor (J. O. Taylor, Esq.), presided, and the company, numbering about 150, included Sir F. H. Goldsmid, Bart., M.P. for the borough, Dr. Wells, Mr. Alderman Palmer, Councillor Cooper, Messrs. W. W. Moxhay, F. A. Bulley,

F. Workman, T. Rogers, C. C. Clark, &c. After the cloth had been removed, the customary loyal toasts were proposed in eloquent terms by the chairman. Br. H. Ballard, Secretary, responded to the toast of the Loyal Berkshire Lodge. He said, in January, 1858, the lodge was opened with nine or ten members. Being officered by men of business habits, and conducted with economy, it rapidly increased its numbers, and had now on the list, 240 members, and £300 invested in the Three per Cents and upwards of £200 in the Reading Savings Bank. P.G. Atter responded on behalf of the Excelsior Lodge. They started with 13 members, on the 6th January, 1862, and on the 31st December, they numbered 83. They had paid £9 or £10 for sickness, and they had a balance of £52 18s. Mr. Moxhay and Mr. Rogers were then presented with two handsome emblems, in recognition of the valuable services they had rendered. Mr. Sergeant Pigott, M.P., was prevented attending through the lamented death of his brother, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. A ball took place in the evening, and was numerously attended.

SHREWSBURY.—On March 10, several members of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows dined together at the Sun Tavern, to celebrate the marriage of H.R.H the Prince of Wales. The occasion was taken advantage of to present a testimonial to P. Prov. C.S. Henry Williams, of the "Salopian Friend" lodge, as a sincere token of esteem, and a due appreciation of his indefatigable exertions in promoting the interests of the Order, by the members of his lodge and other friends. The testimonial consisted of a handsome gold watch and gold chain, suitably inscribed. Mr. Williams, in very feeling terms, returned his sincere thanks for the present they had made him, and hoped it would be an inducement for him to persevere in that path which they were pleased to appreciate.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On Monday, January 19th, the members of the Lord Lennox Lodge, assembled in their new lodge-room at Mr. Louch's, Wellington Tavern, for the first time. The surgeon of the lodge, J. Sleight, Esq., at the request of the lodge, in an appropriate address, presented to P.G. William Lang, a very handsome electro-plated tea kettle and stand, fitted with spirit lamps. The tea kettle bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the officers and brothers of the Lord Lennox Lodge, Southampton District to P.G. Lang, as a mark of their respect and esteem, after nine years' service as C.S. of the lodge." Mr. Lang responded in suitable terms.

TASMANIA.—The brethren of the Cornwall Lodge, Launceston, celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1862, in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute. Over 200 persons, including ladies were present. After tea P.C.S. H. Stephens read a lengthened report, in which he traced the rise and progress of the various lodges in the Cornwall District, from which we extract the following satisfactory information:—"The strength of the Cornwall District, taking the former statements as the data, will be—number of members 222; amount of sick fund, £1,159 14s. 6d.; amount of funeral fund, £733 11s. 10d.; the Widow and Orphans' Fund in connection with Cornwall Lodge, £170 0s. 0d.; total £2,063 6s. 4d. In the Hobart Town District, there are seven lodges, the number of members being 365; amount of sick fund, £1,600 0s. 0d.; amount of funeral fund, £336 9s. 10d.; amount of Widow and Orphans' fund, £762 2s. 0d.; total, £2,698 11s. 10d. Grand total for Tasmania is as follows:—number of members, 587; amount of funds, £4,761 18s. 2d. In a recent communication from Melbourne, we are informed that in Victoria there are 6,000 members, with a capital of £33,000." Mr. Stephens concluded with an eloquent appeal in favour of Oddfellowship, which was very well received.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—A meeting of the Loyal Clarence Lodge, on the 23rd of March, Br. P. Prov. G.M. Oakley, at the request of the brethren of the

lodge, presented to P. Prov. G.M. Edward Barnard, a testimony of the appreciation of the valuable services which he had rendered to the lodge during the time he had served them as permanent secretary. Br. Barnard had resigned his office through ill-health. The testimonial consisted of a purse of money together with the emblem of the Order in handsome gilt frame, with the following inscription on the emblem and purse:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. Edward Barnard by the officers and members of the Loyal Clarence Lodge, on his retiring from the office as permanent secretary of the lodge, having faithfully discharged the duties of that office for the period of eight years." Br. P. Prov. G.M. Edward Barnard expressed his acknowledgment suitably, after which he was toasted with lodge honours.

VICTORIA.—NEW SOUTH WALES.—On the 24th December, the members of the Banondara Lodge, Hawthorne, gathered in large numbers at the Sir Robert Nickle Hotel, to witness the presentation of a testimonial to P.G. Jonas, the founder of their Lodge. P.G. Thomas Richardson being appointed to present the same, did so in a most becoming manner, ably setting forth the services the recipient had rendered both to the Lodge and the Order. He knew that P.G. Jonas deserved the thanks of every Odd-fellow. He then handed over a P.G.'s sash with a gold star, two handsome aprons, and a pair of gantlets, also a silver star-medal beautifully chased, bearing on one side the heart and hand, on the other were engraved the words, "Presented to P.G. John Jonas by the officers and brothers of the Loyal Banondara Lodge, for meritorious conduct. Dec. 24th, 1862." These were placed in a box of excellent workmanship, elegantly adorned with the mystic insignia of the Order. He was likewise presented with a P.G.'s emblem beautifully framed. P.G. Richardson said that he still had thirteen shillings remaining in his hands, which he should be most happy to hand over to P.G. Jonas. P.G. Jonas, on returning thanks, said he certainly was the founder of the lodge, his sole object being to benefit his fellow-man, he never anticipated getting any other reward for it. He thanked them for the handsome present they had made him, and hoped they would show they were good odd-fellows, by visiting the sick, and comforting and helping the widows and the orphans, and as they had but one widow belonging to the lodge, he would cheerfully hand over the balance to her. A subscription was then made which raised a further sum of 14s. 6d., the health of P.G. Jonas was then proposed by the N.G., and drank with musical honours. P.G. Jonas proposed the healths of the members of the committee, P.G. Richardson, N.G. Haines, Brother Curtis, and Brother Maling, which were drunk in the true spirit of Oddfellowship. Altogether, the meeting was a very agreeable one, and reflected great credit on the Order in Victoria. This lodge has been established four years, and numbers 126 members.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—By permission of the officers of the Royal Gunpowder Factory and the 22nd West Essex Rifles, the members and their friends of the Widow and Orphan Fund, in connection with the above district, held a grand *soiree* and ball in the large room of the Royal Engineers' Yard, Waltham Abbey, on Thursday, the 12th of March, for the purpose of celebrating the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and also for the benefit of the above fund. About 300 of the *elite* of the neighbourhood, wearing the wedding favours, were present. W. Wakefield Esq., occupied the chair. After the concert, P. Prov. G.M. Phipps made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Widow and Orphan Fund. He stated that it was commenced in April, 1848, and had then 327 members, and £92 13s. 3d. Since then they have paid to 44 widows and 54 children, £758 3s., leaving them now with only two widows on the fund. They have 868 members, and at the present time, £1,164 10s. 10d. reserved capital. The reserved fund of the district, January 31st, 1863, amounted to £6,004 17s. 0½d., shewing an increase during the year of £553 1s. 8d. Mr.

Diprose, P. Prov. G.M. of North London, delivered an appropriate address and especially entreated the brethren to continue united for the purpose of promoting the prosperity of the Widow and Orphan Fund, which he believed to be a noble and a holy cause.

WYEMOUTH.—About two years since it was thought by some members of the Order in this town, that a lodge held in a private room would induce many to become members of the Order who otherwise would not do so. A dispensation was applied for and granted. At the opening of the lodge (the Loyal Excelsior), Br. G. H. Stickland, of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Dorchester, was elected N.G. of the lodge. Br. S. D. Farwell, a member of the Great Eastern Lodge in this town, was elected secretary of the lodge, which he filled for two terms besides the odd time when he was elected N.G. unanimously. Both brethren filled their respective offices to the entire satisfaction of the members. The lodge having made great progress under the management of these gentlemen, the members determined on making them each a present, and at once entered into subscriptions. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, they held a social tea meeting for that purpose, when about 120 sat down. After tea the chair was taken by R. N. Howard, Esq., solicitor, an honorary member, who in a neat and appropriate speech made the presentations on behalf of the lodge. P.G. Stickland and Br. Farwell returned thanks in a feeling and impressive manner. The presents were, to Br. Stickland, a silver star suitably engraved; to Br. Farwell, a photograph of himself in full Noble Grand's dress. The picture is worked up in oil colours, bears a suitable inscription, and is enclosed in a neat gold frame.

WIRKSWORTH DISTRICT.—On Whit-Monday the members of the Loyal Victoria Lodge held their anniversary at the Horse-shoe Inn, Matlock. The members walked in procession to church, when an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. R. Meville, M.A., rector. The procession, on leaving the church paraded the town, and called at the rectory, where they were regaled with ale, etc., by the kindness of the rector and his lady; after dinner at the lodge-room, Edward Brown, Esq., surgeon to the lodge, was called to the chair. He proposed the usual loyal and appropriate toasts, which were heartily responded to by the company. This lodge is rapidly augmenting its members and influence in the district, and in its finances and management presents a position highly creditable to all who have laboured to raise it to its present position. The lodge numbers 143 members and possesses a surplus fund of £700, which is rapidly increasing.—On the same day, the members of the Offspring of Hope Lodge, Tanaley, met together to celebrate its anniversary at the George and Dragon. The members went in procession to the parish church, Matlock, and on arriving there they were joined by their brethren of the Loyal Victoria Lodge. On the procession leaving the church, where an excellent sermon had been preached by the rector, they paraded the town, after which they returned to their lodge-house, where an excellent dinner was partaken of by 112 of the members; after which the usual loyal toasts, etc., were duly proposed and honoured.

WISBEACH.—The annals of Oddfellowship in the town of Wisbeach can furnish no brighter event than that which it is our pleasing duty to record for Tuesday last, when a "draught" of nine gentlemen joined the "Loyal Osborne Lodge" as honorary members. A week or two ago we announced the admission of the Rev. S. J. Braithwaite into this lodge as an honorary member. The names of the noble little host we have now to announce, are the Worshipful the Mayor, (Richard Young, Esq.,) Thos. Steed Watson, Esq., of Colville House, Councillors Louth and Elvidge, and Messrs. J. S. Brand, Wm. Gay, George Oliver, Wm. Willett Stevens, and John Leach. The lodge-room, at the Wheat Sheaf, presented more than its usual smartness

in honour of the occasion, and personal regalia was largely indulged in by the different "Grands" present. Among the visitors we may mention P. Prov. G.M. W. L. Ollard, Esq., who is a working—and hard working—member of the "Victoria Lodge," Upwell, and has earned all the honour the district can bestow. The initiatory address was delivered by the Vicar, the Rev. W. B. Hopkins, (who is a member of the "Neptune Lodge,") and Wm. Groom, Esq., (a Past Grand of the "Osborne Lodge") acted as Warden. The Osborne lodge, which has received this enviable addition to its numbers, is the youngest Oddfellows' lodge in the town, but it is pushing its way along with all the energy of youth. Still, though the young lodges may be pursuing their way "hot and restless," the old are not "subdued and low." Oddfellowship, whether in young or old lodges, is everywhere growing stronger.—*Abridged from a Wisbeach paper for April last.*

Obituary.

WORCESTER DISTRICT.—On Sunday, March 22nd, 1863, the remains of Mr. George Meredith, of the Shambles, in this city, were interred in the new cemetery. Deceased had been for many years an officer and member of the Loyal Hope of Worcester Lodge of Odd-fellows (M.U.,) he had also passed the district chairs, and was generally esteemed for his kind disposition and integrity. The funeral was attended by 120 of the brethren of his own and other local lodges, in addition to fellow workmen from Messrs. Hardy and Padmore's foundry, where Mr. Meredith had been employed from his youth.

GURNEY.—A large number of the officers and members of the St. Andrew's, Pride of Sarnia, and Guernsey Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, assembled at their lodge-room, for the purpose of paying their last respects to the memory of one of their oldest members, P. Prov. G.M. Benjamin R. Prescott. The Noble Grand (Brother W. Nicolls) read the funeral oration of the Order in a very clear and impressive manner, after which the procession was formed, and proceeded to the Vale Church, where the deceased was interred. The members then returned to St. Sampson's, where a lodge was temporarily held, when the N.G. read the concluding portion of the funeral oration. The deceased was greatly respected by his brethren, and when Oddfellowship was in its infancy in this island, he devoted much of his time in filling the various offices of his lodge, and some years since discharged the duties of Provincial Grand Master of the Guernsey District in a most satisfactory manner.

CIRENCESTER.—Mr. John Cooksey, one of the founders of Oddfellowship in the town of Cirencester, and for many years an indefatigable and upright member of the Order, died at Cirencester, on the 13th March, at the age of 47, regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Cooksey had for more than a quarter of a century been connected with the staff of the leading newspaper of the district, the *Wells and Gloucestershire Standard*, and he had acquired the friendship and respect of all with whom he had been brought in contact. For seven or eight years he had filled the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Cirencester District in a most satisfactory manner. It is in contemplation to erect a memorial stone over his remains in the parish churchyard.



Yours very faithfully
Amos A. Phelps. C. S.

Southampton District

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1863.

Henry Glasse, P. Prov. G.M.

MR. GLASSE, whose portrait we present to our readers in this number of the magazine, was born in the parish of St. Maurice, in the city of Winchester, on the 26th of January, 1807. His parents were respectable people, his father following the business of a boot and shoe maker. At an early age he was placed in the central school, established in that city on Bell's national system, where he received a good, sound, and useful education. On the first of May, 1820, he was removed from school to work with his father. While learning his trade, he allotted a portion of his time every day to self-improvement. He got through a course of mathematics, and perfected himself in many of the sciences. His favourite study was trigonometry, and he embraced every opportunity to bring it into practical operation.

As he advanced toward manhood, he saw the necessity of making some provision in time of sickness, in old age, and for decent burial. At this time there were several institutions in the town; some in a flourishing condition and others going to decay. Two or three had recently broken up for want of funds. This led him to inquire into the constitution of friendly societies; and he soon ascertained, from the leading members themselves, that, as they had no data whatever to guide them, the rate of contributions and benefits rested on no reliable authority. Having ascertained the quantity of sickness experienced in five of these societies, and the amount of contributions applied to this purpose, he made some calculations as to their probable duration. At a private meeting with the stewards of one club, he clearly demonstrated to them, that although for a few years they might save money, it was utterly impossible they could fulfil their engagements to all their members. He supplied each of the stewards with a copy of his calculations and remarks, and earnestly entreated them to consider well their position, and endeavour to avert the ruin that must inevitably overtake them. He was

laughed at at the time for his pains, and the usual stale sophisms were pompously paraded. Little did they think their once flourishing society would break down for want of funds, in the short space of six years. Yet such was the case; and Mr. Glasse's father, after contributing to the society for thirty-two years, was left unprovided for, at the very time he stood most in need, when old age and infirmity had overtaken him, and his days of labour were past. Fortunately his children were enabled to provide for him until he was admitted into Christ's Hospital, where he ended his days in peace and comfort.

At the latter end of 1826, the rules of the Hampshire Friendly Society were lent him to read. This society was established upon an entirely new principle. Graduated quinquennial tables of contributions and benefits according to age were introduced, and classified into endowments, sickness, old age annuities, and funeral payments; added to which were tables showing the sum required to redeem any one part or the whole of the monthly contributions. Convinced that this institution was far preferable to any other of the kind then known, he waited on the agent to make enquiries, more particularly referring to the life annuity branch, which he considered to be of the greatest value to the working man, by enabling him to secure independence in old age. The explanations he received were so satisfactory to his mind, that on the 7th of January, 1827, he was enrolled a member of the eighth, and shortly afterwards the tenth or highest class of insurance. The monthly contribution for these benefits was considerable, and his object was to redeem it. This he accomplished within twelve months, by close application to labour and self-denial. He thus purchased for himself before he was twenty-one, 20s. per week in sickness, without reduction, up to 65 years; 10s. per week for life after 65; and £20 at death—free of all future charges.

On the 1st of May, 1830, he was appointed master of the national school at Horndean, upon the recommendation of the Rev. T. V. Short, the present bishop of St. Asaph, and Richard Littlehales, Esq., banker, of Winchester, which situation he held till Easter, 1836.

When the Catherington poor law union was formed, on the 7th of April, 1835, he was appointed clerk to the board, and, in March, 1836, collector for the union; both of which offices he still retains.

In May, 1837, he was appointed, most unexpectedly, by the Justices of the Petty Sessions, at Petersfield, paid surveyor of the highways of Catherington parish, under the Highway Act of 1836; in which office he continued for twenty-three years, and, at intervals during this period, he served as overseer and churchwarden.

In 1842, he was appointed the parochial assessor of Levied and Assessed Taxes, and Property and Income Tax, for Catherington; and, shortly afterwards, for a district comprising five parishes; which appointments he still retains. Under the recent acts (1862) he was appointed Clerk to the Union Assessment Committee, and Highway District Board.

In August, 1855, Mr. Glasse was appointed postmaster of Horndean. He found the postal arrangements anything but satisfactory; letters were detained days, and even weeks elapsed before they could be delivered at the distant parts of his district, for the want of messengers. This was represented to the authorities, and the result was the provision of greater

facility and accommodation to the public throughout the district. For his services in this matter, he was presented with "Knight's Popular History of England," in a neatly fitted case, bearing a suitable inscription.

We must now speak of Mr. Glasse in connection with Oddfellowship. He attended a preliminary meeting of a few persons who were desirous of opening a lodge, and was invited to join. This, however, he declined, assigning as his reason, that he was already well provided for in sickness, etc., being a member of two societies. There appeared to be some difficulty in deciding upon a name for the lodge, when he suggested the name of the parish church, "St. Catherine," which was immediately and unanimously adopted. A dispensation having been obtained, the district officers attended, on the 9th of February, 1846, to open the lodge. After waiting a very long time, only four candidates presented themselves (the fifth being unavoidably away with his master) for initiation. This number was insufficient, and the officers were about to adjourn the meeting to a future day. Just at this time Mr. Glasse appeared. On learning the nature of the difficulty, he at once consented to become a member rather than they should be disappointed. His admission fee, which then amounted to £4 4s. 0d., was paid, and the lodge was legally opened. Up to the time of his initiation he always understood that Odd-fellows' meetings were more of a convivial nature than anything else, although they occasionally voted sums of money to assist the distressed, to relieve travellers, etc.; but when the initiation charges were read, and the making lecture given, with the password, "Trust in Providence," he was so astonished that he involuntarily said to himself, "surely Odd-fellowship must be very different indeed from what it has been represented to be." He made up his mind to go to the root of the whole matter, and pass every grade, step by step. He has in consequence been always in office from his initiation to the present time; he has attended every district committee, except two, either as a representative of his lodge or as district officer; he always advocated and voted for progress and improvement; he has ever had a watchful eye over the management expenses of his lodge and district; and, while he was ever ready to accord fair and just remuneration for services rendered, he discountenanced wasteful expenditure in any shape.

In 1849, Mr. Glasse was elected as Prov. D.G.M., and the next year had the pleasing gratification of being elected Prov. G.M., in his own lodge-room, on which occasion he was presented with a silver medal. In June, 1857, Mr. Glasse was appointed Prov. C.S. *pro tem.*, and has been re-elected every year since. In 1858, he commenced re-modelling the financial arrangements of the district by the gradual introduction of new forms, which enabled him to classify the expenditure, and was eminently successful. In 1860, he prepared some valuable statistics of the experience of the district in 1859. This report was drawn up and explained in a scientific manner; and so highly was his labour appreciated by the district, that a voluntary subscription was entered into for a testimonial. On the 7th January, 1861, he was presented with four silver cups, each bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Glasse, 7th January, 1861, by the Southampton District of Oddfellows M.U., as a mark of esteem, and in acknowledgment of

eminent services rendered by him as district secretary." In 1862, he still further improved the financial department, by bringing the whole of the district and widow and orphan accounts under the double entry system.

Mr. Glasse was one of the representatives of the Southampton District at the A.M.Cs. held in London, Durham, Swansea, Shrewsbury, Brighton (where he obtained the honour of having his portrait selected for the magazine), and at Leamington.

The Brighton A.M.C. having granted permission to the Lion and Oak Lodge, Andover, to become a district, a unanimous wish was expressed by the members that Mr. Glasse should open it. This event was celebrated the 22nd July, with unusual splendour. The members attended divine service, had a grand procession, and a first rate banquet. Being requested to respond to "The Prosperity of the Manchester Unity," he addressed the meeting for about an hour, discoursing eloquently on the history of friendly societies in general, more particularly Oddfellowship, its origin and gradual development, the political and civil disabilities under which it laboured for many years, the progress they had made in numbers and influence, and of its extension to all parts of the world. To commemorate the event, he was afterwards presented with a handsome inkstand, chaste in design and of beautiful workmanship.

Mr. Glasse is also a Freemason, and Honorary Forester, and for many years he has been a member of three benefit societies. He has devoted much of his time and attention to "vital statistics," and all matters of business detail affecting these institutions. Some years ago, he noticed some errors and irregularities in a balance sheet that had been audited in the usual manner and circulated. Having ascertained that a gentleman had given a donation of £50 which was unaccounted for, he wrote to one of the auditors calling his attention to the fact. A private consultation was held, which led to the discovery of a fraud of nearly £2,000.

With respect to his domestic affairs, we may state that Mr. Glasse has twice entered into the marriage state, and been blessed with careful partners. He has four children living, out of six, three sons and one daughter. The members of his first family are married and settled, and his youngest son is about to enter the trying and busy scenes of a life of labour.

CURIOUS LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE WITH CAPITAL AND LABOUR.—So recently as the year 1768, the act 8th George III. declared that recent frequent combinations of the London tailors led "to the prejudice of trade, to the encouragement of idleness, and to the great increase of the poor." The act determined that the hours of labour should be from six in the morning to seven in the evening, "with an interval of one hour only for refreshment." It likewise decreed the wages should not exceed 2s. 7½d. per day, except at a period of general mourning; when, for the space of a month, 5s. 1½d. might be paid. Any workman receiving, or master paying more, was subjected to a penalty of two months' imprisonment and hard labour! And this was not all. In order to prevent the said "masters" evading the law by the employment of workmen who did not reside within five miles of the city of London, a penalty of £500 was imposed, "one half to the King, and the other half to the person suing for the same."—*Hardwick's History of Preston and its Environs.*

The Registrar of Friendly Societies and his Official Duties.

IT has been said over and over again that the faithful and equitable *administration* of any law, was a matter of greater importance to the well-being of a community, than even the nature or quality of the law itself. The Registrar of Friendly Societies for England, seems resolutely bent on re-proving the truthfulness of this somewhat musty proverb. If ever an act of parliament was passed in perfect good faith, we believe the act of the 13th and 14th Victoria was. We believe the same of the act 18th and 19th of the same reign, and indeed of all the recent acts of the legislature bearing on the subject of Friendly or Benefit Societies. By the 13th and 14th Vic., the affiliated bodies, or "secret orders," as they were termed, were first admitted within the pale of the constitution, and their reserved funds, like the capital of individuals or other companies, received the protection of British law. But the central governments, and the members of various branches of these affiliated provident associations, *ever distinctly refused to become parties to any legislative enactment, which interfered with their right to the entire management of their internal affairs.* This right, in the true spirit of modern British legislation, was freely granted, the act expressly declaring that if the rules are "in conformity with law and the provisions of this act," the registrar "*shall give a certificate in the form set forth in the second schedule.*" It further provides that "every dispute between any member or members of any society, established under this act, or any of the acts hereby repealed, or any person claiming through or under a member, or under the rules of such society, and the trustee, treasurer, or other officer, or the committee thereof, shall be decided in manner directed *by the rules of such society, and the decision so made, shall be binding and conclusive on all parties without appeal.*"

There is nothing in the acts of parliament which renders these extracts inoperative, or gives to the Registrar any authority whatever to interfere with the internal affairs, or to tamper with the nature of their affiliative compact. Mr. Tidd Pratt's official duties are of the simplest character, and but for the somewhat extravagant rate at which they are remunerated, their proper performance would probably receive no more public attention than the ordinary doings of any respectable lawyer's clerk. The act confers certain privileges and exemptions upon the provident efforts of the working classes, within certain limits. Mr. Pratt's duty is simply to see that the societies claiming enrolment are *bona fide* friendly societies within the meaning of the act, and that its provisions are not surreptitiously taken advantage of by secret conclaves of a seditious character, or associations of tradesmen and professional men, whose heavier insurance speculations are controlled by other statutes.

It is one of the very worst blunders in political or social economy, to give a certain class of persons good salaries, with little but routine or clerk labour to perform in exchange for it. Conscientious persons—and

we cheerfully acknowledge Mr. Pratt to be a most respectable, and conscientious gentleman—conscientious persons are anxious to give intellectual labour, and not mere routine clerk work, when they are remunerated according to the scale which regulates professional services. Accordingly, Mr. Pratt procured the insertion of the following apparently very innocent words, into the twenty-sixth section of the act 18th and 19th Vic., c.: “and the said Registrar shall *advise* with the secretary or other officer, *if required*, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the said rules are calculated to carry into effect the *intentions and objects of the persons who desire to form such a society*,” with the laudable view, we suppose, of returning ample consideration for value received. But, from *advising, when required*, an indefatigable persevering man, may sometimes ascend to a higher platform, and *dictate* where he is neither *required* nor *legally empowered* to exercise such function.

The twenty-fifth clause of the consolidated act expressly states, that “before any friendly society shall be established under this act, the *persons intending to establish the same*, shall agree upon, and frame a set of rules for the regulation, *government*, and management of such society; and, in such rules they may, amongst other things, make provision for a general committee of management of such society, and delegating to *such committee all or any of the powers* given by this act, to the members of friendly societies formed or established under or by virtue of the same.” In the 13th and 14th Victoria, the words “or any branch thereof” are continually repeated after the word “society;” but in the 18th and 19th at the instigation of *somebody*, they were noiselessly omitted, or, at least, they are not to be found. This omission, however, created no alarm amongst the members of the large affiliated bodies, simply because the forty-ninth clause to their unsophisticated minds, made ample provision for the enrolment of the courts, or lodges, and districts, the combination of which forms the ground-work or skeletons of their vast organizations. It says:—“the word ‘society’ shall extend to, and include every branch of a society, by whatever name it may be designated.”

And yet Mr. Tidd Pratt appears to have resolutely determined, that “lodges,” “courts,” and “districts,” in connection with the affiliated bodies, are not branches, but separate isolated societies, notwithstanding the indignant protest of the members themselves, against his official dogmatism on the subject. In fact, Mr. Pratt’s action, if he were permitted to continue it, would of necessity dissolve, or rather destroy, the Manchester Unity, and other affiliated provident institutions of the Friendly Society class, and this, too, under the assumed authority of acts of parliament passed avowedly for their protection! We need scarcely say that he will find the task a more difficult one than either he or his advisers appear to have anticipated. Indeed, the Attorney-General’s opinion as to the meaning of the law as it at present *reads*, and which was published in our last number, is conclusive on this subject. We maintain that the only legitimate authority, which is empowered to decide officially, what are and what are not branches of the Manchester Unity, for instance, is the Board of Directors, elected at the annual meetings of that body—the said board according to the registered general laws, and the provisions of the act of parliament,

being the final court of appeal in all matters of dispute, in connection with the society or its branches. This was the *bona fide* understanding of the members, when they submitted their laws for registration, and we have sufficient faith in the honour of the great majority of the members of the legislature, to feel assured that it was their *bona fide* intention likewise, when the provisions of the bills which eventuated in the 13th and 14th Victoria, were ostensibly modified so as to protect its accumulated capital, without interfering with the right of its members to the management of their own affairs. However, if Mr. Pratt is still determined to persevere in his insidious attempt to destroy these affiliated bodies, he may rest assured, the Manchester Unity at least, will contest the matter with him, till he respects the true spirit in which the law was enacted, or some more practically efficient and less hostile a gentleman supersedes him in the exercise of the functions of Registrar.

We had scarcely written the above, when we received from Mr. Pratt a circular, from which we learn that he has asked for an opinion from the Attorney-General as to whether such items as the following can be legally paid for out of the "incidental" or "management" expense funds of enrolled friendly societies:—"Liquor at monthly meetings, band at anniversary dinners, dinners to persons carrying banners, donations to Lancashire relief fund, grant for procession and dinner on the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, charges for feasting and processions at anniversaries, the purchase or hire of banners, ribbons, aprons, and personal decorations of various kinds, for bell-ringing, etc." The following is the Attorney-General's answer:—

"I think that no part of any funds raised under the authority of a rule for incidental expenses, can be legally applied to any of the items of expense above mentioned, or to any similar items. The expression 'incidental expenses' must be reasonably understood; and within these limits may receive a liberal interpretation; but it is clear that the meaning cannot be stretched beyond matters necessary to, or directly connected with, the main purposes for which the society is established."

Mr. Tidd Pratt accordingly announces, in the following language, that he intends to legally exterminate all such friendly society abominations as we have referred to:—"Under the advice of the Attorney-General, as above mentioned, it is the intention of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, to take proceedings pursuant to 23 and 24 vic. c. 58, s. 9, against any officer, etc., of a friendly society, who shall offend against the provision of the 18th and 19th vic. c. 63, s. 24."

We should be tempted to smile and make merry over the pompous solemnity of this official onslaught on such "good old institutions" as anniversary dinners, processions to church to hear charity sermons, gifts to the distressed, loyal demonstrations on the marriage of royal personages, etc., in connection with friendly societies, did not its absurdity cover about as insidious an attempt to rob a free people of a portion of their constitutional liberties as we ever remember to have read of. If the Attorney-General's *opinion* is to become *active law*, then we fearlessly assert that such law never received the sanction of the British Legislature, but that the words enacted by it have been systematically perverted in order to confer upon Mr. Pratt a kind of official dictatorship in friendly

society management, which he may rest assured the members will never submit to.

The twenty-fifth clause was passed *not for the purpose of prohibiting processions, anniversary dinners, etc.*, but to prevent the expenses of such matters being paid out of funds subscribed for the insurance of certain sums in sickness, etc., which prevailed to a large extent some years ago. The establishment of a management or, "incidental expenses" fund was insisted upon in order to protect the insurance fund, and not to interfere with the mode of its collection or disbursement. The act simply says, "and also that a contribution shall be made to defray the necessary expenses of management, and a separate account shall be kept of such contributions and expenses." Such being the fact, we place little value on the Attorney-General's opinion. It is not a question of law, but of common equity and fair dealing; a question which, if Mr. Pratt perseveres, will have to be settled, in each case, by twelve jurymen, and not by counsels' opinion. The existence of these processions, etc., was well known to every member of both houses of parliament when the bills before it were discussed, but not a single word respecting them is inserted in any of the acts; and why? Because the acts were passed not to coerce the people into the fashions of certain puritanical philanthropists, but to protect their insurance funds from sharpers and thieves. It was never contemplated that *any penalty* should be inflicted on working men, merely because they had made a certain provision for sickness, old age, or death. It was never imagined that such men needed an act of parliament and a well salaried official to direct them how to spend any spare cash they might possess over and above their monthly or other contributions for these objects. The legislature very wisely refused to interfere with such matters, and left each society to determine for itself what adjuncts were beneficial or otherwise.

Lord Brougham, on one occasion, commented strongly on the manner in which Mr. Pratt and his friends quietly worked one act through parliament without the knowledge of those most interested. It is generally believed in free England that public opinion really legislates through the forms of parliament; but Mr. Pratt seems to think the members of friendly societies are not free men, but a species of paupers or semi-rogues, over whom government officials exercise a most salutary supervision, as they do over ticket-of-leave men, and that any consulting of their feelings or wishes would be a perfectly superfluous act. The ninth clause in the statute of 1860, is an excellent specimen of this class of under-handed legislation. It reads as follows:—"Any application authorised by section twenty-four of said recited act (18th and 19th vic.) to be made by any person on behalf of a society, may be made by the Registrar." The twenty-fourth clause referred to, was enacted to enable "any person on behalf of such society" to prosecute thieves, defaulters, etc. Mr. Pratt knew well, that no court of equity would fine or imprison the treasurer of a friendly society for paying accounts passed by its members, or a majority thereof, at the suit of those who ordered the payment, so he ingeniously contrived the insertion of the apparently innocent ninth clause in a more recent act, to enable *him* to prosecute a treasurer for paying money according to the instructions of those who employed him! Rather than submit to such a system of official dictation, we feel confident

a large number of the provident working men of England, would prefer to remain, as formerly, outside the pale of the constitution, if such a course were necessary. But it is not. We have already said, we believe the legislators have hitherto acted in perfect good faith, and are anxious that the people should manage their friendly societies in the manner most agreeable to them, and that *advice, instruction, or persuasion*, and not *coercion*, should be the weapons employed for their improvement, wherever improvement is desirable. The influence of the members of these societies in the various boroughs of the kingdom, is amply sufficient to protect their interests in parliament, against the intrigues of any parties who may seek covertly to despoil them of their most cherished right—the right of self-government.

We have said nothing as to the wisdom or otherwise of the eating of anniversary dinners, the marching in processions, etc., because we have previously fully discussed the question in these pages. The arguments we have advanced on the subject remain yet unanswered, and we believe them to be unanswerable. We personally care as little for such things as most people. Those who strongly object to them can form clubs of their own, and in their by-laws, prohibit, if they choose, the spending of any levied money on their account, with our full and free consent, and, to some extent, with our approval likewise, and especially so with respect to "liquor consumed at the monthly meetings," which practice is prohibited by the general laws of the Manchester Unity, and several other societies. They are perfectly at liberty, so far as we are concerned, to spend as much money as they please in advertising and in feeling canvassers and agents, and in the erection of expensively decorated offices, after the manner of upper class insurance companies, if they think their purpose will be better effected thereby. What we contend for is, that the members in each separate institution possess, undoubtedly, the right, both moral, social, and legal, to spend their money in banners and music, and to celebrate the anniversary of their society by a procession or otherwise, and thus legitimately advertise it and make known its objects to the world at large, if they, in their wisdom or folly, think meet so to do, either with or without the consent or approval of Mr. Jno. Tidd, or any other of the severely economic gentlemen, who, doubtless, frowned indignantly at the civic extravagance of the Lord Mayor of London and his colleagues, during the late rejoicings in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The provident working men have but, after all, been apt or slavish imitations of "their betters," many of whom, the village squire, or vicar to wit, are in the habit of patronising these processions and presiding at the feasts that the Registrar's legal stomach refuses to digest. If, as a rule, an ounce of example be worth a pound of precept, it is certainly very likely to be more efficacious than a ton of official coercion in the matter now under consideration. Are there really no other corporate bodies in the kingdom, which rejoice greatly in pompous processions, huge feedings, and "trumpery insignia," with which Mr. Pratt and his advisers could splinter a lance or two just by way of showing to the provident working men that, at least, they are "no respecters of persons," and that there really does exist in England one law on this subject for both rich and poor?

C. H.

Over-Good People.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We hope we shall not be accused of ungodly heresy if we make an open avowal of having an invincible antipathy toward that class of persons who manage to maintain the character of immaculate, irreproachable, steady, un-failing propriety; who are in fact "over-good people." We do not mean those individuals who are merely conspicuously famous for regular attendance at a place of divine worship; who take the sacrament and attend to all the established rites of Christian religion in due routine. Such folks, we are glad to say, are common enough; and we do not enter them upon the list of our denunciation. We simply imply by "over-good people," those whose general bearing, general manners, general doings, general sayings, and general everything, are so consistent, so perfect, so uniform, so unquestionable in principle, so thorough in practice, so praiseworthy in example, that they create a sort of rarefied, social atmosphere about them which prevents more commonplace happy-go-lucky kind of folks from breathing freely in their presence; especially if the thoroughly-correct party has a ruling supreme power over the orbit moved in. There is something very depressing and very mortifying in feeling that we are under the eye of a mental whipper-in, who detects every false note, every stray step, every thoughtless gambol that a stupid, young, or excited dog in the world's pack may make, and not only detects, but, on the strength of the detection, lays the long double-knotted lash of biting censure in a most quiet, determined, and savage style, if not *on* the back, certainly *behind* it. We repeat that we have an innate antipathy to "over-good people," those people one can never find a fault in—at least not an *ostensible*, obtrusive, familiar, every-day sort of fault—those who never utter a speech which had better not have been spoken, who never form an acquaintance which should not have been commenced, who never keep out of bed a moment after the regular hour for retiring to it, who never laugh aloud at the very cleverest of jokes, who never indulge in ridiculous sentiments over the sorrows of another; but who adopt and persevere in a certain line of existence, all done by rule and square; which makes the dining-room a well-furnished refrigerator in the dog-days, and the kitchen a sort of prison cell for domestic convicts. They set up an obstinate, inveterate repulsion to every method, every movement, every indulgence—in short, every thing and every idea that does not come within the precise limits of their wills and wishes. If they do not choose to go to the opera, they hold a strong private opinion that those who do go are slightly entitled to a place in Hanwell Asylum. If they do not patronise the "Derby," they have a sneer ready for the idiots who cannot possibly resist taking a holiday on that Carnival of the English. If they see nothing attractive in gardening, they solemnly pity their neighbour who puts himself into a most vulgar heat over a row of sweet-peas, and a spade, and rake. They look down on those who delight in a dance, on the mistaken men who practise cricket, the silly boys who take to boating, or the family party who get up a charade or pic-nic, with a sort of inflated air of superiority, expressive of, "Thank heaven I am not such a fool as to do that." Oh! what a comfort it would be to find them tripping

and tumbling over some of the common booby-traps of life—to catch them burning their fingers at some speculation which they pronounced secure—to see them fascinated by some clever fellow who contrives to borrow fifty pounds of them, and became absent ever after—to see them helping to deck a Christmas tree, or joining a game at “Forfeits”—to hear them laughing and chattering nonsense over an extra glass of wine on some birthday festival, or detect them in assisting to take up a carpet or take down a bedstead to facilitate convenience for a party coming off. What a refreshing incident it would be, we say, to detect those very steady, consistent, proper folks, in some worldly delinquency of weak-minded frivolity or moral escapade. We should rejoice in promoting an innovation of that precise, cautious essence of prudence, which carries its needful scrupulousness to the extent of never offering a friend in trouble a word of advice, lest it should “commit itself” in some way, and whose mathematics in domestic life extend even to having ribs of beef for dinner on one Sunday, and a leg of mutton on the next, and becomes jostled and startled to a serious degree of alarm at having an acquaintance drop in to take a cup of tea. Were it not socially painful, it would be mentally amusing to observe the nervous, reserved, ungenial manner at once assumed by the pattern of prudence. He or she generally puts on the mood which unites the poliah of a rusty nail with the joy of a disappointed legatee; and all around feel as though they were committing some unpardonable crime. We are fully aware that these excellent, careful, exact people, are worthy of our highest esteem and reverence. They may irritate, annoy, dispirit, and thwart all our highest aims and pleasures in life; but we cannot find a corner to fix them in, so that a tangible self-evident objection to anything they do or say can be urged. They never outrage a single propriety. They invariably preserve a cold, rigid sense of right and wrong, the standard of which is their own strong anti-poetic temperament. They never lay themselves open to suspected natural flaw or human fallacy. They never talk too much under the most exciting circumstances. They never laugh vulgarly at the most ludicrous of incidents; a sort of exaggerated grin, or suppressed chuckle constitutes the extreme of their risible development. No matter how joyous the party may be, nor how fast the tongues may be running—if even at that singular and incomprehensible rate known as “nineteen to the dozen”—only let the over-proper, thoroughly blameless person enter the circle, and a social east wind blows over every creature's spirits, causing a sort of sensation between a mental ague chill and a physical straightjacket. A strict recognition of the rule and line method of life is immediately observed. The light jest is hushed down, the imaginative speculation ceases, the playful *badinage* suddenly collapses into formal ceremony, and every individual appears to stand or sit in galvanized rigidity. Either a painful silence prevails, or an attempt is made by some of the boldest natures to start a subject of common-place, uninteresting, tendency—something that is unsuspectably free from any approach to animation or hilarity; and not likely to create any diffusion of joyous spirit or intellectual discussion.

We have often wondered how it is, that these over careful folks—these Doric pillars of propriety, who deal out opinions, laws and dogmas wholesale, who look down on their thoughtless neighbours with cool pity, and treat their easy-going acquaintance with systematic indifference, how is it, we wonder, that they seldom appear to possess any astonishing amount of real knowledge of life, either by means of *educational* acquirement, or practical experience. The globe of Humanity has no latitude nor longitude; no creed, colour, or civilisation, no morals, feelings, manners, or purposes but those which they choose to perceive and adopt. They rarely get far enough into popular philosophy to be aware that uniformity is not harmony. They ignore the vitality of oxygen, if they conceive the notion

that open doors and windows are dangerous things; and very quietly, but with unresisted authority, keep a sitting-room hermetically sealed in the dog-days; and uncouthly contrive to have both the ventilating mediums of a railway carriage perfectly closed during the greater portion of a long journey. If they fancy that homeopathy is the universal panacea for all the ills recognized by mortal flesh and "M.D's"—if they look on infinitesimal globules and a few drops of flavourless "aqua," with a firm belief in their magical power; why, it is useless to urge, that in some instances the prompt use of the lancet, or the application of a blister, may be of important service. If they choose to behold the high road to heaven through the Evangelical Church at one end of the terrace, they repudiate any notion that valid claims on a future state of bliss, can be entertained by the congregation of "The Wesleyan Chapel" at the other end of it. If they form a conceit that pale ale is poison, and bottle stout nutritious, you will be sure to incur some serious expostulation or severe reproof, if you dare to prefer Bass to Guinness. If they hold a fancy that a blue and orange carpet will be just the thing to suit the green papered dining-room, it is of little use to advance the laws of harmony and contrast in colours. You may reason with truth, or suggest with taste; but the more cogent and lucid the facts you present, the more obstinate and determined will be the opposition to them. Down will go the blue and orange carpet, and the invariably correct individual will gaze on it with an expression, which plainly says, "as if any one could know better than I do what is fit to go in this room! What a set of dolts you all are." And what is equally astonishing and annoying, is, that every creature within the possible dominion of these ever-perfect beings, is generally awed into an acquiescent submission, and allows them to enjoy their wilful and fancied supremacy without setting forth any very active display of resistance. The wife of such a party is generally in such a prostrate state of social and mental "Uncle Tomism," that she dare not even indulge in the universal suffrage assertion of declaring her soul to be her own. She is taught to consider her husband as a wonderful combination of prudence, judgment, wisdom, forethought, exactness, decision, knowledge, taste, reason, and, in short, she is accustomed to hold him up before her reverential vision, as the incarnation of "Infallibility." The hanging of the curtains is sure to be wrong, if Mr. Allright's opinion and direction are not humbly requested and officially given. The kitchen chimney even comes under his recognition and guidance, and is certainly swept unnecessarily, if his consent to the operation has not been formally bestowed. The rent may be called for half a dozen times, and the money be lying in a drawer upstairs; but Mrs. Allright dare not pay it if her husband has not told her to do so. An invitation cannot be accepted until "my husband" has given his authority to the great fact. A sofa must not change sides in a room, an ornament must not be shifted, a picture must not be removed, nor an arm chair alter its position, unless the full approbation of Mr. Allright warrants the same. Poor Mrs. Allright is very sensitively aware, that she promised to "obey," and has been well trained in the belief that the monarch she does obey, like other monarchs, can "do no wrong." A profane and heretical glimmer of doubt may occasionally break in on her purblind devotion. She may have a wild idea that the noisy American clock would have been quite as fitly placed in the lower region as on the landing of the floor of the chief bedrooms, where it strikes and startles with alarming pertinacity at all sorts of unwelcome hours. She is rash enough to fancy that the summer-house just erected, would have been more pleasantly consistent with nice taste and personal enjoyment, if it had been raised at the side of the garden, where the elder tree and the hop-bines, and the old lilac bush, and the green trellis-work, would have insured some degree of privacy and

shade, instead of asserting its right to observation by being stuck up in brazen, unscreened prominence, at the extreme end of the relic of Eden, a focus for the microscopic eyes of all the cooks, housemaids, button-boys, and their several proprietors, who may dwell under the fourteen roofs of "Acacia Terrace." She would have preferred being able to sit in it for a little retirement, without detecting Susan and Mary at the staircase window at No. 5, in close and jocular "confab" as to the "rummy" style of cap, and "perfect cure" of a dress, which may chance to be worn by Mrs. A. She would have thought it more agreeable if her youngest sister and Mr. Ferdinand Millefleur had been allowed to adjourn there on that lovely warm evening last week, without being informed that Master Tommy at No. 3 had seen Mr. Ferdinand play with the young lady's ringlets, and give her *such* a long kiss just before they came out; but Mr. Allright had pronounced with austere and unquestionable decision, "it will be best at the bottom of the garden," and accordingly at the bottom of the garden it is, as shining and conspicuous as a gilt ginger-bread stall at a country fair, and the object to attract about as many lookers on, only under rather a more covert system of staring. Mr. Allright is only a type of a large class of strong-willed, strong-tempered, self-consulting beings, who manage to preserve an immaculate character for strict propriety and correct principle, but who generally possess, in the secret recesses of their feelings, inclinations, and habits, quite as many, if not more, weaknesses, discrepancies, and errors, as fall to the lot of those who "carry their hearts upon their sleeves," and shew as much of their wrong side as their right to the world at large. Caution and reserve alone form the veneer which conceals the common, warped, and knotted wood; and not unfrequently instances occur, where the man or woman of most exalted and irreproachable reputation, suddenly becomes an object of surprise and contempt, by the exposure of some gross folly or criminal indulgence, which everyone thinks the perpetrator would have been "the last person in the world to commit." "Bless me," says a startled listener; "who would have dreamed of Mr. Brown being a bankrupt, with an unlimited number of pounds of debt hanging to his name? Why! I imagined he was a perfect pattern of integrity. He was so rigidly particular with his clerks, so exacting of religious and moral duties, that he even commenced his business with prayers; so stern in his household rule, so generally averse to pleasure, so reluctant to permit any temporary dissipation in his family circle, so altogether correct, that I cannot make out the reason of the defalcation. How can it be, that the inflexible, steady, sober, Mr. Diogenes Brown is a bankrupt?" The truth is, Mr. Brown has long had two paramount strong passions which incurred some risk and some expenditure; the first being that of gambling in the funds; the second being for a very lovely and dashing lady, living in most imposing style in St. John's Wood; and between the pair of devotions, the praiseworthy man, Mr. Brown, has made "a mess" of matters beyond his control, and could no longer hide from the world his little failings; so Mr. Brown simply became, like an inflated balloon fallen to the ground, about as poor an emblem of "grand and superior humanity" as could be exhibited.

We were once acquainted with a single lady of an uncertain age, whose wisdom, delicacy, prudence, modesty, and general demeanour were of that supreme order which defies scandal in its most distant whisper. We are not sure that she ever put coverings on the naked legs of the piano; but we are certain that she forbade the word "petticoat" to be used by those around her, when one of the opposite sex was present, as being indicative of coarseness. More than one of her woman-servants incurred a discharge for talking to the butcher and baker on somewhat lighter and congenial subjects than

the financial state of beef and bread; and on the occasion of her overhearing the question put by a neighbour's groom to her good-looking housemaid, touching as to where she might be at church next Sunday—such a severe lecture and bitter correction accompanied the warning, that, for our own part, we thought, that, at least, an attempt at poisoning or extensive plate robbery had been the cause of the Draconic arraignment. Oh! what a model of religious excellence and ascetic purity was Miss Priscilla Sharp. She appeared to have shared the dip with Achilles in a moral Lethe, and been rendered mortally invulnerable, heel included, to all the small impressions which the Damons and Strephons of society are apt to make upon the Celias and Delias about them. As for dancing—"Hands Across" might be graciously permitted, and "Advance and Retire," or "Ladies Chain" not repudiated. Indeed "Paine's First Set," was considered by her as a very respectable medium for the "light fantastic toe" to appear in; and this ancient code of Terpsicorean hieroglyphics, with now and then the "Minuet de la Cœur," constituted the chief features of the occasional festive display in her elegant though prim drawing-room; but as for any attempt at a "Polka," even in its most modified state of activity, or the slightest approximation to a "Galop," or the "Valse à Deux Temps," why, the unlucky and rash being who proposed such a "desperate step," would have been the recipient of Miss Priscilla's most severe and dignified correction; with the opportunity of seeing her face instantaneously assume the aspect, which, by some irrepressible, imaginative process, strikes the observer as presenting the combinations of a birch rod and a lemon squeezer. The singing which floated around her social altar to Apollo, must identify a scrupulous, chaste, and correct libretto, and was consequently rather limited in its range. She could detect no danger in such subjects as "When the Rosy Morn Appearing," "Tom Bowling," or "The Bay of Biscay;" and the "Three Fishers," and "Woodman spare that Tree," have been known to affect her to the extent of producing her square of laced cambric, under pretence of an incipient cold. But the tender breathings of Moore, or the impassioned strains of Burns would strike her with a sort of "all overishness," which exploded in a quiet, but inflexible refusal to listen to such "frivolous nonsense." A juvenile cousin was reproved with earnest anxiety because she ventured to essay a classic outpouring, commencing innocently enough about a mother "bidding" her daughter "bind her hair," but, unfortunately, progressing into suspicious latitude, when the state of the locks was declared to be a matter of perfect indifference "since Lubin was away." And when we once presumed to make up a voice in that very free and easy arrangement of "Dame Durden's" domestic establishment, where "Dicks" and "Betty's" and "Jacks" and "Dolly's" and "Humphreys" and "Kittys" are allowed to exhibit the use of lips for other purposes than that of whistling, why, we fear that our nasal organ had been reduced for life, from the philosophic "prominent" to the idiotic "retiring," and in our confused state of conscious guilt, we instantly facilitated the substitution of "Angels ever bright and fair," and talked at random about the absurdity of the words of songs in general, and of the "glee" of "Dame Durden" in particular. And then, when we played at forfeits, it was usual to hear some foolish, short moralised "crier" pronounce it to be the duty of some defaulter, "to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss those you love best;" but, alas, Miss Priscilla saw frightful hobgoblins in this, as we ourselves have done, when we knew that the *threes* were combined in *one*, and she invariably forbade the forfeit being carried out. Nevertheless, within the last six months, Miss Priscilla Sharp has changed into Mrs. Simeon Softtongue, in the most mysterious way imaginable. None ever dared to dream that the "head teacher" of the parish school she daily visited had made an impression

on Miss Priscilla's heart. Yet, it appears that Mr. Softtongue has made good use of his handsome black whiskers and pleasant manners, and that Miss Priscilla has given herself and the few hundreds per annum belonging to her, to the tender keeping of a man fifteen years younger than herself, with a character anything but that of Cæsar's wife, and not owning a certain penny in the world, and with the plain evidence to every eye but hers, that it is the *money* and not the *woman* he has married.

We see these results in every-day life, and would venture to say to those who wish to take a steady, reputable, *human* place in the world, do not attempt to be a great height above your decent neighbours; no good will come of it "in the long run." You may preserve an amount of external dignity, and pretend to claim the respect of all who are at your beck and call, but be sure they laugh at you, and bring you to your real level "behind your back," either in *public speech* or *private opinion*. We prove it to be too true that where an *extra cloak* of warm texture is put on, the *natural circulation* is at fault. And it is the same in the moral figure; wherever an unusual amount of reserve and virtue is assumed, be sure that the wearer has weak points, which need more caution than serves to protect ordinary sinners; and never let us be astonished if the being who is "wonderfully pure" tumbles down into a shape wonderfully impure.

Truth and Fiction.

FROM WESTLAND MARSTON'S TRAGEDY, "GERALD."

ASHTON. I gather from this moving speech, you chafe
Because the world prefers plain prose to rhyme,
Reality to fancy, and dull fact
To poet's fiction.

GERALD. Fiction! Poetry
Lives but by truth. Truth is its heart; Bards write
The life of soul—the *only* life. Each line
Breathes life—or *nothing*. Fiction! Who narrates
The stature of a man, his gait, his dress,
The colour of his hair, what meats he loved,
Where he abode, what haunts he frequented,
His place and time of birth, his age at death,
And how much crape and cambric mourned his end—
Writes a *biography*! But who records
The yearnings of the heart, its joys and pangs,
Its alternating apathy and hope,
Its stores of memory which the richer grow
The longer they are hived, its faith that stands
Upon the grave, and counts it as a beach
Whence souls embark for home, its prayers for man,
Its trust in Heaven, despite of man—writes *fiction*!
Get a new lexicon!

Social Science.

BY HENRY OWGAN, L.L.D.

As civilisation advances, and the wants and relations of society become numerous and complicated, it will be found that existing systems of jurisprudence fall short of existing requirements. It happens, accordingly, that many transactions, hitherto the subjects of executive administration, may be more safely and conveniently left to private arrangement; while, on the other hand, much that was previously allowed to regulate itself according to the various caprices and prejudices of individuals, is brought, by the changing conditions of society, more prominently under the notice of legislators. A code of laws, for instance, nicely adapted to the helpless infancy of a nation, may be as unsuited to its maturity, as the discipline of a school to an adult, or the crutches of a cripple to a chamois hunter.

It is just this principle that invests the discussions of a social science congress with value and interest; because the topics usually debated by such assemblies—having a sort of semi-official authority—though previously regarded as too exclusively ethical and speculative for legislation, are freighted with an importance which must be felt by society, long after the wars and diplomacy of our time shall have sunk into the shade that has closed over the quarrels and politics of ancient and mediæval times. We are just now beginning to discover that our social and legislative systems involve many hardships and absurdities, relatively to the progress of theory and invention; and the removal of these, together with the suggestion of new subjects for legislation, seems to be the proper function of the collective philosophy assembled on those occasions. Many of these suggestions—and in the present state of society they are almost innumerable—will of course be regarded as innovations, and must therefore encounter a determined opposition from parties who are powerful even in the *vis inertiae* of obstruction; and who forget that every existing institution was once an innovation, and that it is as dangerous now to neglect the moral and intellectual wants of the subordinate strata of society, as it would have been formerly to attempt to enlighten them. Of these topics it may, perhaps, be not uninteresting to select for consideration a few of the larger and more urgent; premising that, under the law which gives human progress a sort of spiral movement, they are not really so new as they may possibly appear; and that, although forgotten for many centuries past, some of them, in other places and times and analogous conditions of society, engaged the attention of philosophers and legislators. We see, for instance, that the municipal laws of modern Europe, modified and adapted as they have been to some extent, flow in their main channel from the codes of the Roman Emperors, which descended in their turn from the more ancient systems of the East; that the highways of modern commerce and adventure, traced in the guide-books of peaceful travellers, follow, in many cases, the tracks of Phœnician fleets and caravans, and the routes of Grecian and Roman armies; and that the purest models in our schools of art are still the same master-pieces that the æsthetic Athenians welcomed from the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles.

In a selection from the questions already debated—from which may be omitted all those in which it has been suggested to impart a compulsory refinement to society by direct legislation, always evaded whenever disobedience is desirable or convenient—a conspicuous place may be fairly assigned to that of the treatment of the insane; because, if there be any phase of human suffering that more than another appeals to our warmest sympathies, it is, without question, the condition of those in whom that “light from heaven,” which identifies us, so far, with superior beings, is darkened; whose reason, shaken and shattered, like a broken mirror, gives back only mutilated and distorted images; and whose memory, perhaps not unmercifully clouded, retains but dim and evanescent outlines of other times. Such a condition, too, challenges a still more tender commiseration, when we search after the causes that have deranged the subtle mechanism of so beautiful and versatile a machine—hope withered, ambition thwarted, affections wasted; or, it may be, the sudden and crushing shock that—although the heart may not have had time to break—leaves with a wrecked intellect only the outward form of life—and yet, scarcely any other form of misery is more uniformly or more callously outraged by the fierce and greedy avarice that crushes out of the heart every softer emotion, and in its importunity drowns every whisper of conscience. Many as the cases are in which affections—not less than crimes—are a source of gain to those who can stoop to profit by the opportunity; still, the most utterly helpless of all victims are the insane, who cannot enjoy even the poor satisfaction of remonstrance, and whose malady is too often perpetuated by cruelty and restraint. It seldom happens that the guardians of this most pitiable class of patients have even the slightest acquaintance with psychology or metaphysics—any idea that maniacs are very different from wild beasts—any perception of cause and effect, beyond the belief that the longer they keep their patients, the more money they shall receive; that the more they restrain and terrify and coerce them, the less trouble they will give; and that both these ends are attainable by the same discipline. Some further and more enlightened legislation on this subject is surely indispensable, in a state of society of which the wants and competitions add frightfully to the prevalence of insanity, and where no man who exhibits the slightest eccentricity, and possesses anything of which it is worth while to deprive him, is safe from the attention of anxious and interested friends. Such a state of society naturally aggravates our instinctive selfishness, which, in its turn, generates cruelty; and it is that cruelty which it should be the first care of a legislature to mitigate and suppress. To illustrate this position more clearly—the vices, that distort human nature, may be, logically enough, arranged in two comprehensive classes, as the cruel and sensual—of these legislation can possibly reach only the former; for, as civilisation becomes artificial, the latter are sure to increase, and by assuming new forms and specious names, to evade every restrictive enactment. It is impossible that it can ever be otherwise. As surely as the summer sun hatches insects, so certainly will wealth, where it is a matter of display and an object of worship, elicit new and ingenious forms of animal gratification. If it be the duty, then, and in the power of a legislature, to make war upon the Gorgons and Harpies, as it cannot silence the Sirens; to suppress the heartless cruelties which men inflict upon each other—because, as yet, human beings are not included under the law “for the prevention of cruelty to animals”—the first step toward such a reformation should be to humanize the law itself. This reflection naturally suggests the question of the relative merits of the prevention and the suppression of crime. The old maxim, *venienti occurrere morbo*, though always recognized with reference to physical diseases, has only of late years and theoretically, been acknowledged as applicable to the moral. Experience having proved that punish-

ment has no terrors for habitual criminals—because, like the crime which induces it, it comes eventually to be regarded as the normal condition of existence—the only alternative expedient for the protection of society, is prevention, while those who seem in danger of becoming guilty, are yet plastic and comparatively innocent, and before the irreversible sentence, "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*," is pronounced against them. But, respecting the means of effecting even this much, many sincere reformers entertain the fatal mistake which was, some years ago, candidly indicated by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who observed, at one of those meetings, that it has always been too much the fashion of sympathizers with human suffering, to *confine* their ministrations to the inexpensive panacea of religious instruction and spiritual consolation; calling in question not their intention, but their judgment in beginning at the wrong end; and reminding them of the facts—which they seem to forget—that the bodies, not less than the souls of men, are the work of one great Creator, and that the victim of physical suffering and privation,

——— "Whose daily lot is grief,
Whose soul is vilified beneath the rod;"

and who sees everything around him through the discolouring medium of envy, jealousy, and discontent, cannot be a benefitted, because he is a reluctant recipient of spiritual instruction. Other cases are more clamorous and urgent; and he will be only too likely to regard the beneficence, that takes no heed of his most pressing wants, as somewhat of a vain and heartless mockery.

The opinion—founded upon the truest analogies—has been recently gaining acceptance, that crimes are merely the symptoms of moral disease; that criminals are only patients; and it is equally true—though not yet practically recognized—that a reverse of fortune, or the failure of an honest speculation, is merely a calamity calling for sympathy and help, and not a crime deserving punishment. With reference to the first of these theories, there are but three motives that can, by any possibility, be supposed to dictate the violent death of any criminal—revenge, prevention, and reformation. The first no Christian government will of course recognize; the second involves an impossibility respecting the special crime for which the punishment is inflicted; and it is clear that capital punishment, alone of all penalties, renders the third equally unattainable. Besides, and independently of the principle that man, being fallible and short-sighted, should do as little as possible that is irreversible, there is a sanctity about human life that should render its destruction too heavy and solemn a responsibility. In cases where men are convicted of crimes of which they are innocent, if the punishment be any other than death, the victim of the mistake may be, to some extent, indemnified; but, if his life be taken, it will be but slight recompence to apologize for the error. We cannot undo the shame, the agony, the vain and maddening indignation that he has suffered in that horrible and ignominious death. From the history and statistics of the question we learn, that, among those ancient nations in which the lives of citizens were sacred, except in cases of political treason, the crimes, for which modern laws inflict capital punishment, were scarcely ever heard of; and an executioner was regarded as being altogether outside the pale of humanity. Men did not, in those days, commit murder because they were safe from the axe and the noose, nor would they now, so frequently as they do, if the more formidable and less demoralizing, but reversible, sentence of perpetual imprisonment were substituted for death. Terror and danger have really much less power over the will than is generally supposed; and accordingly, it is an ascertained fact, that, in proportion as penalties are mitigated, and the more generous feelings of our nature called into action, many forms of crime decrease very perceptibly. If, then, the law would inculcate a respect for human life,

the first lesson to be given to society, should be the substitution of a more effectual and less revolting punishment for the horrors of public strangulation.

Again, if it be cruel and unwise to inflict an awful and irrevocable penalty upon the worst of criminals, there is surely less sanction in justice and common sense, for laying the punishment of a convict upon one who is confessedly innocent of any crime whatever; because, although popular prejudices may regard misfortune as a serious offence against propriety—a nuisance calling for suppression—a plague-spot with which it is dangerous to come in contact; still the law should at least regard it as being sufficient punishment in and for itself. Some persons, it is true, do contract debts under fraudulent pretences, and in so doing incur a criminal liability; but such cases are less frequent than those of unforeseen reverses and the sudden losses that must sometimes occur in a mercantile and speculating community. If, under such a visitation, one finds it impossible, with the best intentions, to meet his engagements, it might be expected that his creditors, with a view to their own interest, would leave his exertions and his person at liberty; but the law not only permits but encourages them to consign him to the durance of a felon, where he cannot possibly make any effort for himself or them, and where his liability is increased by the expenses of his capture. It may be plausibly objected that, under the existing law, imprisonment for debt is practically abolished. This, however, is only a cruel delusion; for there are tribunals in operation, all through the kingdom, which not only imprison debtors for any sums, however small, but impose on them a convict discipline of small vexations, and forbid them to cancel their obligations by any declaration of insolvency; or—as in the case of any *other* crime—by any definite term of imprisonment, leaving it to the creditors' option to confine them for life, if they be vindictive and malicious enough to prefer it.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to account for the existence, in this free country, of such an institution as imprisonment for debt. It should be known to all persons learned in the law, that the original source of much of our common and statute law, is the old Roman, or Civil, law, which assumed the form of a perfect code in the reign of Justinian, and owed its gradual formation to the Roman aristocracy, who were, in the republican ages, almost universally usurers, and of course recorded the most stringent enactments against defaulting debtors. Under the laws so constituted, it was necessary, in the first instance, that the debt be proved before a magistrate and judgment obtained. If the amount were not paid within thirty days, the debtor was arrested and brought in person before the magistrate, when, if he neither paid the debt, nor provided a surety, his creditor removed him in custody and confined him, wherever he pleased, during two months; and if the debt were not fully discharged within those two months, the debtor was compelled to make another and final appearance in court, in order to be assigned in slavery to his creditor, who was thereby authorized to compel him to work, or sell him, or put him to death, just as it might suit his humour or fancy. In cases of commercial bankruptcy, the principle of the law was very similar; for the creditors, collectively, were empowered to put the defaulter to death and divide his body in proportionate shares between them. Roman creditors, however, very seldom strained their privileges to the fullest legal extent: they treated their debtors in general as they would treat any other slaves, and refrained from the criminal absurdity of superfluous and objectless cruelty; while our English law, in its affected horror of slavery, has retained the heavier, and dispensed with the lighter element of bondage; confirming to the creditor his right to imprison his debtor, but preventing him from making any profitable use of his labour and time. So long as a system like this is perpetuated, one may be allowed to

question the consistency of maintaining a fleet on the coast of Africa to intercept the South American slave transports, or, of organizing sympathy-meetings in advocacy of trans-Atlantic abolition. We have no right to complain that other nations employ human beings as beasts of burden, which have no interest in the results of their own toil, while we permit any usurer, whose money may not be forthcoming by a certain day, first to insult and brow-beat, and then, to punish a free and innocent man, as if he were a burglar or a murderer.

Among other popular and much agitated topics, that which is invested with the greatest social importance, is one upon which nearly the most that can be advanced on both sides, has been already well said and written. This question is the extension of the sphere within which women can, and may be encouraged to make themselves useful as well as ornamental, and to take an active part in the head-work and hand-work of life; and is, now more than ever, forced upon the attention of philanthropists and philosophers by the present numerical disproportion between the sexes, resulting from recent wars, the prevalence of emigration, and some other disturbing causes. Whatever may have been the original intention of nature and providence respecting the division of work and duty between the sexes—and it would appear, indeed, that some very strongly-marked line of distinction was at first drawn, because the sexes of human beings are separated by very much wider physical differences than those of any other animal—there is scarcely any department of intellectual, or, it may almost be added, of physical exertion, in which women have not proved themselves to be formidable and successful competitors. The evidence, in fact, in this direction is so abundant and conclusive, that it seems scarcely possible to do otherwise than concede all that they may demand. In all ages, they have held a conspicuous and honourable place in literature, in some departments of which they even still generally take precedence of masculine intellect. From the time of Sappho and Thyriss and Corinné, who shone among the brightest stars in the galaxy of the literary glory of the Greeks, down to the present hour, when the names of successful female authors are innumerable in all the civilised world, they have produced works of imagination, which are the most graceful and popular in all cultivated languages. Nor is it only in the lighter and more poetical manifestations of genius that they have left traces of their subtlety of conception and delicacy of touch; for the more heavy and exacting studies of history and physical and ethical science have, in many memorable instances, received embellishment from their hands. In the other fine arts, as in all that requires a quick perception of the beautiful and delicacy of manipulation, it might be expected *a priori* that they would be successful; and we find them, accordingly, occupying prominent places in sculpture and painting, forming artistic societies, and organizing periodical exhibitions of their own, which are now, in this country, recognized and established institutions. It is, however, in relation to this undeniable success in other branches of art, a most strange and unaccountable anomaly, that no woman has ever yet appeared before the world as a great original musical composer; and the fact is rendered still more inexplicable by the ability with which, in many familiar cases, they can interpret the compositions of others to the public ear.

As politicians, their power and influence—the natural result of their dexterity and address, and almost infallible intuition, added to their peculiar faculty of persuasion—are greater than a superficial observer may suspect. It is a fact, not perhaps very generally known, but familiar to all behind the scenes, that, in every European Court, for some centuries past, feminine diplomacy has been one of the main springs of the most critical and important negotiations. We learn also from the histories of India, and Athens, and Rome, that, either through their sagacity, or their fascinations, or, more probably, through both,

the destinies of those several empires were often largely influenced by the soft voices, the treacherous smiles, and the labyrinthine intrigues of women.

As sovereigns, even amid dangerous and difficult circumstances, they have been, in modern times, repeating the successes which distinguished Semiramis, of Babylon, Artemisia of Halicarnassus, Tomyris of Scythia, Zenobia of Palmyra, Theudelinda of Lombardy, and the still more celebrated Noorjehan of Delhi, whose life was a series of deep, wild, and startling romances; and this success is far from having been, even in a few instances, the result of any spirit of chivalrous concession and deference in their antagonists.

In the lower field of mercantile speculation too, it will be found that the instances in which women break down and become insolvent, are very much fewer, relatively to the number so engaged, than those in which men are overwhelmed by disappointments and misfortunes. To account for this satisfactorily, on the ground of either a more correct and intuitive judgment, or, a greater tenacity of purpose, would outrun the ordinary limits of a magazine paper; but still more extraordinary it is, and contrary to all theoretical expectation, that, in the actual duties and services of war, they should, from time to time, have exhibited a degree of physical courage which suggests the suspicion that their general renunciation of that quality, is little more than an interesting affectation. At the siege of Troy, the Amazons, led by the fierce and beautiful Penthesiléa, are represented as among the most effective troops in that memorable war; Artemesia was the last of the Persian commanders to take flight from Salamis; Zenobia led her own troops into action; "The Maid of Saragoza," and Grace Darling, have, in modern times, rivalled the boldest of ancient heroines; the recent war in Italy called many female volunteers into the national ranks; and, in the still more recent struggle for Polish independence, the bravest and most efficient of the *aids-de-camp* of Langievicz was a young, beautiful, and high born girl. That women may be not only the best, but the most appropriate physicians for certain ailments, and that they may fairly claim a monopoly of some departments of medical practice, has been long admitted; and generally, indeed, it is not an inferiority of ability, but a difference in its quality, that distinguishes the feminine organisation, moral and physical—that peculiar quality which makes them the truest friends, or the bitterest enemies—models of angelic purity and goodness, or, the most hideous incarnations of depravity. Much has been spoken and written of the paramount claims of domestic life and its silent but all important duties. But all women are not equally adapted to such a sphere of occupation, and of those who are, many can find no homes to illumine with the magic of their ministrations. It is true, that, at home, a woman may be either a Calypso whom one wishes never to leave, and in whose presence one forgets all the world beside, or a Medusa, freezing every warm and tender emotion into stone; that she can make there either perfect happiness or unmitigated misery, and so effectually too, that it is a question whether a man may not act more wisely in declining the hazard altogether, and pursuing his path to the grave, homeless, loveless, and alone. But after all, this question is scarcely one for argument. There is no law, no power, to prevent women from engaging in any pursuit whatever of honorable ambition, with a few exceptions, such as, the Bar, the Church, and the Legislature—no hindrances, in short, but the prejudices of custom and convention; and these, gradually disappearing, must eventually give way before facts, though they might never yield, and never have yielded to theories.

Wood-Craft.

BY ELIZA METEYARD (SILVERPEN).

WHEN the time shall come for the historians of our civil progress to narrate the changes made in national manners and customs by the introduction of railways, it may be worth while to recollect that, till then, there lingered in the more remote counties of England, many usages of the mediæval ages. Centuries had gone by, population had increased, knowledge and the arts it begets had ameliorated the condition of the people in a surprising degree; and yet it was easy to discover, from many things not yet wholly obsolete, that at no remote date the reverse held in all these relations. But habits had survived necessities; in no case with more tenacity than in those things which ministered to the more domestic needs of daily life.

Most English and Scotch people know that their countries were at one time densely wooded. From north to south, from east to west, their great island was, with few intermissions, an interminable forest. The stratagems of the Celtæ prove that they were once accustomed to make a covert of the woods, and though they formed track-ways, made clearings, and were, undoubtedly, through the century or two prior to the Roman conquest, in a far higher state of civilisation than is generally supposed, at least so far as regards the more southern tribes, they did little with the great forests of their adopted land. The Romans did more. Their exports of corn, and the countless villas and stations they scattered about the country, make it evident that disafforesting and consequently tillage were carried on extensively; yet leaving enough of woodland to serve as covert to abundant game. On early sites, like that of Uriconium, and Londinium within the limits of its first circumvallation, tuaks of the wild boar, horns of the wild ox, and the antlers of more than one kind of stag, have been found in such astonishing quantities as to bear testimony to the abundance of game in the surrounding woods. But regarding him as a domestic handicraftsman, the Roman was a potter, not a woodwright. Whether he encamped as a legionary or settled as a citizen, he dug for clay wherewith to make bricks and tiles for buildings, and pots for use. So much did this idiosyncrasy cleave to him, that in cases where stone was at hand, and almost ready for use, he passed it by for that which he could mould with his hands. Far different was the Saxon. He had a passion in his soul for the woods as he had for the sea, and he entered upon the possession of our English forests as a man who meant to use them, to love them, and abide by them. To him their gloom was nothing, their summer and autumn glory everything; and lying far away in those dim old ages, are the beginnings of the things which have given to us great landscape painters, and great descriptive poets. If form was an idolatry with the Greeks, so is description with ourselves.

An indifferent potter, the Saxon resorted to the woods for the supply of many of his rude wants. With a superstitious reverence for the ash tree and the maple tree, he formed of these his mead-bucket, his bowl and platter, and from the yew his yard-shaft. Before and after the Conquest, rude handicraftsmen in wood were amongst the villeins attached to each barony of estate, and the extraordinary number of surnames which are thus derived from craft in wood-work is obvious. Boatwright, Arkwright, Sievewright, Shaftwright, Wain-

wright, Pilbeam, are only a few of many. As the condition of the people improved, this race of feudal craftsmen settled down, in many instances, on the outskirts of the woods which afforded them materials for their trade; and no longer bound to supply only the castle, the hall, or the monastery, they wrought through the winter months, and in those of summer carried their goods to the nearest towns and fairs, or hawked them from cottage to farm, amidst the solitudes of the country. How long these customs of the old woodcraftsmen lingered I am now about to show.

The entrance into the border town, where I passed some of the years of my early life, is by a hilly street, and at the foot of this, at the date I refer to, were many fine old timbered houses, with overarching storeys. One of these houses was used as an inn, and underneath its sheltering eaves, thus formed by the overhanging floors, various country people, having goods to sell, would take their station on Saturdays. Occasionally, amongst others, was a woodwright, whom everybody knew as "old John," and who, living as it was said in a very wooded and out-of-the-way district of the county, brought chairs, spinning-wheels, trenchers, salt-boxes, and such like things, to our town to sell. The goodness and finish of his wares were renowned; and thus old John, his wife, his cart and horse, and his cherrywood chairs especially, were celebrities in their way.

On the other side the wide street, and nearly opposite to this inn, was a bookseller's shop, and at the rear of it a very ancient dwelling, where dwelt a family consisting of the parents and three grown-up children. The son was a bookseller and kept the shop assisted by his two sisters, whilst the father, a tall, robust, grave, elderly man, and an agent for Childs, of Bungay, superintended a staff of men who went about the adjacent counties as hawkers, in parts, of Bibles, "Pilgrim's Progresses," and "Saints' Everlasting Rests." All this stock, and an immense one it was, filled the surrounding shelves of a very large room, on the floor above the charming old house-place, half parlour, half kitchen, for here it was that the family invariably sat. It so happened that I lived near at hand, in a large modern house, with bow windows, which overlooked the street, and this circumstance of neighbourhood, conjointly with others, made me the child-pet of these good people. Their Puritanic austerity of manner did not repulse me, for the little books I was allowed to read, the old "number room," and the bright hearth, had each their charms.

One Friday evening, it was said casually, in my hearing, that on the morrow, "If John should come to market, father would buy some cherrywood chairs," and I kept the words in mind. Next morning, as soon as my lessons were over, I hurried into the dining-room to watch from the bow window for John. As the minutes went by, I felt more and more anxious lest John should not come that day; but as one o'clock approached, the old grey horse and cart came winding over the bridge, whilst the old wife with her kerchief-covered-bonnet, sat before the pile of chairs. On the little company came, and took their place in front of the inn. Then the old horse had his bucket of water, and his rations; the chairs were untied and set in a row along the curb-stone; and then old Betty, for such was her name, produced a basket from the cart, and sitting down beneath the inn-eaves, invited old John, as it seemed, to her side, spread her check apron smoothly across her knees, made this the table-cloth, and doled him out his dinner. How tenderly she did this! how she selected this and the other savoury morsel for him! and here and there, where the crust was perhaps hard for old John's teeth, she cut it with her busy knife, as she might for an infant. I watched all this with breathless interest, and literally trembled when a passer-by stayed for an instant to look at the chairs. No one else must have them—they were for one old houseplace I knew, and no other must be possessor.

An hour had nearly gone by when my earnest watch was rewarded by seeing the stately old man from the book shop cross the street without his hat, and begin his conference with John as to the chairs. Independent in manner as probably in means, and conscious of the honest worth of their goods, the old couple went on coolly with their dinner, whilst the disseminator of "Holy Livings and Dyings" turned up and down the two arm and six ordinary chairs. This examination over, a bargain seemed soon struck; for, just as I was summoned to dinner, I saw the procession cross the street; the bookman first, old John after with the six chairs, whilst Betty closed the rear with an elbow chair on either arm. I could eat no dinner. I was very anxious it should be over; and when it was, I pleaded hard to go and see the chairs. "Why was I so curious." "I should be troublesome: Saturday was a busy day." But I was importunate, and won my way; and in less than ten minutes after, I had been guarded across the street, and stood breathlessly upon the threshold of the old houseplace. As with anxious hand I opened the door—I think I see it now. The ancient fire-place with the date 1524 above it; the bright fire; the old barrel-shaped jug full of ale, and toast upon the fender; the new arm chairs one on either side, with "Father" and "Mother" in them; whilst old John and Betty as accessories to the picture stood together making their farewell; Betty holding tenderly as it were upon her arm a newly papered book, which I knew from its size had come from the "number room," and which, probably a Bible or an "Everlasting Rest," had formed a part of their mutual bargain. I remember nothing more of the chairs just then, except that they were duly polished, highly valued, and were sat in till their earliest owners passed away. Now, at the distance of thirty years and in another houseplace of their descendants, the old chairs shine like ebony, are as uninjured as on the day the old woodwright bore them from his shop in the woods, and their beauty is such as to be apparent even to an uneducated eye.

Time wore on, and old John came more and more rarely to the town. One summer time I went to pay a visit to a country house, placed at the foot of those wild and sterile hills which Sir Roderick Murchison, in his noble book, "Siluria and its Remains," has made famous to Englishmen, as being the first portion of their land which rose out from the depths of primeval seas. But if these hills are sterile, and in places left rugged by the throes of nature, they are not without their seasons of beauty, when the autumnal bluebells wave in millions over them, the heather flushes into purple flower, or the fern grows russet with the tints of autumn; whilst at their base countless brooks, orchards, and woods, make the landscape lovely. When my visit drew towards its close, my father came to fetch me, and as a peculiar treat to us who were such accustomed lovers of nature, we went out for a quiet walk before the family tea hour. It was a splendid autumn afternoon, and as we turned out from the sombre shadows of a plantation which surrounded the house, into a wide turfy lane which led towards the hills, the hedges, the banks, the wayside hollows that crept into the shadows of the foliage were literally a-blaze with ruddy berries, pensile foxgloves, and russet-tinted leaves. The lane, in places rugged and water-worn, opened presently on to a green plateau, which just in that district forms a base to the hills. Here, where the acclivities were sombre with shadows, or, according to their aspect, illuminated—bald crag and turf alike—with the intensest glory of the sinking sun, a mountain brook came rolling down. Scattered blocks of stone vexed its waters, and added to its picturesqueness. In the distance was to be seen an old thatched mill, and the ducks yet lingering on those places of the stream which were warmed, and so to speak, silvered by the sun, preened their feathers, or caught the insects which buzzed above them. Here, when we turned round a bend in the turfy road, and the mill came more in sight, we saw a cart piled up with wooden

goods before us, the unharnessed horse grazing hard by, and in the pleasantest spot for warmth and light, sat the owners, an old man and woman. They were taking tea in gipsy fashion, for the fire of sticks by which they had boiled their kettle was dying out near at hand, whilst on the turf before them stood some homely crockery, and a substantial loaf. It was a scene which Creswick or Constable might have painted. Coming nearer, we recognised old John and Betty, and my father stopped to talk with them. I was still very young, and at this distance of time I do not remember much of the conversation, though it was to the effect, that the old couple did not travel far from home now, for they were getting old and much of their trade was gone.

"But we don't need it, sir," spoke Betty; "we've good lads at home, and the holding's the maister's as it was his fayer's."

"Good news that, dame," replied my father. "But you and old John are not forgotten in our town. The chairs you sold my neighbour the bookseller are highly prized."

"Be they, sir," remarked the old man quietly. "I've wrought fifty year, and my work's had good fame. Ay, sir, them cheers (this was the very word) will, with tidy using, long outlast the hand which made 'em." This was a true prophecy.

After some further talk, we bid the old couple "good day," and went onwards towards the mill. When we returned, the cart, with old John beside it, was wending its way out of sight; whilst the sinking sun, lingering on the space it traversed, seemed something like a benediction on the simple honest creatures, who had thus done their life-service so well.

But old John was not thus to fade from my sight. After a lapse of some twelve or thirteen years, and a long absence in a distant part of England, I went to pay a visit in the very district where the old chairmaker had come from. It is a country of hills, occasionally of dense woods, and is wild and primitive in a singular degree. Thus, the winter, which was unusually severe, was seen in all its rigour, of deep snow-drifts, of pathless fields, and icicled eaves. One Sunday afternoon, as I sat quietly reading by the parlour fire, a strange procession, winding its way across the little bridge, and, hence up a slight acclivity into the village, arrested my attention. There were two carts, and a group of men and women sedately followed the last, in deep mourning. They had come far you saw by their weary gait; and their soddened shoes and whitened garments bespoke the depth of snow and trackless roads with which they had battled.

When the carts and little company had climbed the acclivity and stayed before the village ale-house, you saw what their errand was, for a small light coffin was taken from the one, and a pall being fetched, it was carried into the adjacent church. Then from the other vehicle a very old man was lifted down and borne onwards by two stalwart men, the rest following into the pathway of the silent burial-place. After all was over, they returned in the same sedate manner, warmed and refreshed themselves in the little inn, and then came forth again into the deep snow, like travellers who had a long journey before them, and whose purpose had been a solemn one.

That evening, when I went into the rectory for an hour, I learnt that it was old Betty who had been buried that day, and old John it was who had tottered after her, assisted by his sons. The rector, himself an old man, had much to say of the old woodwright and his craft. John had come of an old race, who had lived in the same district for many centuries. In former days they made trenchers and spinning-wheels, and cups, and bowls, and churns, and more recently, cherry-wood goods. Most of this trade was gone, though his sons still made chairs, which they sent by the score to the great towns. They also burnt charcoal, which was sold to the enamellers of Birmingham, and the

porcelain manufacturers of Staffordshire, whilst occasionally, when they had suitable wood, they made what is called "rustic work," for the London market. They also wrought finer goods from oak or walnut timber, and one son, who had been disappointed in some love affair, and in consequence had enlisted and gone to India, was remarkably clever as a carver. Old John had taken this sorrow greatly to heart, but his other sons were working hard and saving money to buy their brother off, as yet unknown to him. The old man, now blind and almost childish, had wept bitterly that afternoon over his old wife's grave, though the span of separation was necessarily but a short one. The rector ended his account of the old woodwright by inviting me to accompany him to where he lived, as soon as spring should break. I gladly promised, and we went.

It was a sunny Easter morning, as we left the picturesque mountain village, and winding round the base of a hill clothed in moss, and varied here and there by immense masses of lichen-covered granite, we began to enter upon a wooded track, broken by breadths of heathery uplands. At last we struck into a forest track—strictly such—and which, climbing as it were a hill side, brought us to a narrow upland, wild and weird beyond description. From it, on either side, descended some miles' breadth of trees; whilst this high sweep of land, itself comparatively bare, was covered with long and wind-swept grass, varied at intervals by enormous clumps of hollies, of vast age, as one might see by their thick stems and twisted branches. All beyond this upland was a sea of trees; some yet leafless, and others hastening to show their vernal glory. Not a sound was to be heard: the very gig-wheels were silent, as they passed along the shorter grass; not a bird's note broke the intense stillness; and if sound there were, it was that of the tall grass, as dried by the March winds, it moved occasionally to some impulse of the light noon breeze.

Descending from this upland into a mere wain road, the ruts of which were worn deep by winter's rains and centuries of traffic, we struck deep into the forest, where the shadows were at times dense, though as yet the trees were but partially leaved. For two miles or more we followed this road, and then, on a lower level amidst the trees, a long, low, deeply eaved, thatched house, with various outbuildings and working sheds around it, came in view. It was built of wood, the interstices plastered in; and as though one generation after another had built a part, it was of different ages and elevations. Here was an old stone buttress, there a gable, a little further on a deeper dipping eave of thatch. There was a surrounding garden, a narrow shallow brook, making its way across the thick gnarled roots of trees; and as if those who lived by handicraft in wood loved the old forest too well to live away from its shadows, vast oaks dipped their—as yet—bare branches on to the very thatch, whilst a picturesque clump of birch trees environed the garden wicket.

The sound of hammers, and of saws worked by a water wheel, had grown more and more distinct as we approached the homestead; and now in its close vicinity it was louder still. My kindly friend had already told me what he had heard the previous week, that the soldier brother had been bought off, and was now on his way home, and that fearing too sudden a surprise, the aged father had been told his joy beforehand. It seemed so; for the old man, sitting in the sunny porch, had more than the peace of this world resting on his sightless face. He rose at once. He put forth his palsied hands to greet his visitor—me he did not see—and then, with the garrulity of his childish state, he began to tell about his son.

Presently we entered a low, sombre, very large kitchen, where a woman, one of the son's wives, bustled about preparing dinner; whilst another, much younger, and apparently a visitor, for she was dressed in her Sunday's best, sat nursing one of the old man's grandchildren. In his garrulity he at once

gave us to understand that this was his returning son's sweetheart; that she had not married after all; and, penitent for the lovers' quarrel which had driven him to so wild a step, had come some dozen miles to see his friends, and thus lead the way to reconciliation as soon as he was home once more.

The old man being incapable, one of the sons, a grave man of fifty, was called from one of the workshops to be our guide. In the sawing house there was not much to see, but in the next, where all sorts of gnarled clumps and twisted branches of forest and orchard trees were collected, the sight was rather curious. The man then went forward up a dilapidated flight of stairs into some old chambers, where were collected the last relics of a hundred by-gone English customs—old spinning-wheels, rocks, distaffs, spindles, then old wainscot cradles, vast salt-boxes, meal-chests, bowls, and trenchers. From time to time, the man said, occasional specimens of the former articles were sold to antiquaries or to persons who still cleaved to bygone customs; but the trenchers were never parted with. These had once been the staple produce of this ancient race of woodrights, and they had a pride in the preservation of these relics of their handicraft. There was the square trencher and the round trencher, and the trencher with some brief legend on the rim, thus anticipating our modern bread-plate. There were dates on a few of the articles that extended far back into the seventeenth century.

Returning to the open air, and looking round the environment of the old woodwright's home, nothing could be more picturesque. Except for two mere wain roads, by one of which we had reached the house, the shadow of woods lay for at least a breadth of three miles around it, but extending in some directions thrice that distance. The little croft, with its thin crop of springing barley, crept as it were beneath the trees; and the few fruit trees in the garden could have little sun to ripen either cherry or damson; yet all the vegetation looked healthy, and not a sickly face was to be seen within doors.

We had not yet entered the parlour, but hither we were presently conducted; and here the woodwright's wife had set forth simple refreshment. The room contained some old furniture, and some tolerable wood-carving, the work of the son who had enlisted. One of the old man's anticipations was "that his lad would come back and work at the old trade; for," as he quaintly added "none of his race had a ready hand at ought else."

Be this as it may, here was a quaint old English craft, well nigh gone, or, at least diverted into different branches. Earthenware had superseded the wooden trencher and the wooden bowl; the spinning-jenny, the distaff, and the wheel; and other appliances, due to chemistry, had rendered obsolete the bellows, the tinder box, and other old-fashioned articles. Thus every generation, as it masters the hidden secrets of nature, and utilizes them to its use, prepares the way for the succeeding generation to sweep what it used and honoured aside, as things obsolete and of no account. In this way material progress flows, for change is the law of all things.

WAR AND STATE POLICY.—If statesmen were more accustomed to calculation, wars would be much less frequent. Canada might have been purchased from France for a tenth part of the money England spent in the conquest of it; and if, instead of fighting us for the power to tax us, she had kept us in good humour by allowing us to dispose of our own money, and giving us now and then a little of our own by way of donation to colleges or hospitals, for cutting canals, or fortifying ports, she might easily have drawn from us much more by occasional voluntary grants, and contributions, than ever she could by taxes. Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump, in order to get from it afterwards all they want.—*Franklin*.

AN OLD WOMAN'S COMFORT.

[ORIGINAL.]

So you think you could not live, child—no, “not a single day,”
 If the sorrow hanging o'er you now should not pass away?
 Or, living, broken-hearted, you would “never smile again,”
 Or look like other folks, whose fate has been to suffer pain!

You say this, and believe it, child? I know you think it true;
 And I, e'er sorrow was my lot, held that same faith with you.
 But *you* “can never *change*,” dear heart! I thank my God alway
 That He doth change my will to His, and mould it day by day.

Have I not suffered? Surely yes; how *much* you cannot know.
 But this one thought suffic'd to soothe, that God had will'd it so.
 Time was when Life to me seem'd nought, and Death the only boon;
 But *that* was in life's early morn, and now 'tis long past noon.

I had not learnt the lesson then, which all at last must learn,
 That life is not a rose-strewn path, but aye a battle stern;
 And that the idols which we rear, *must* crush us as they fall;
 So that our broken hearts may taste the balm which healeth all.

What more? Why, child, that wounds will heal and pain will cease some day,
 And that God gives ten thousand fold for all He takes away;
 And thus it is we learn to bear the Cross He sanctifies,
 Strengthen'd by Him, in whom alone all needful succour lies.

And if we weary in our work, as I ere now have done,
 Longing for *rest* before our time, wishing our race were run,
 Why, then, my child, He bids us feel (at least 'twas thus with me),
 That loveless hearts make idle hands and deeper woe would be,

If hand and heart wax'd cold and faint, whilst both are needed sore
 For earthly task and earthly toil, ere these can be no more;
 Woe to our brethren and to us, if we, our work laid down,
 Stand idly gazing up to Heaven, awaiting thence our crown.

And so, poor child, forbear to say, “I'll never love again,”
 But love all lovely things God sends to soothe thy spirit's pain,
 And *rise and do* whate'er He bids, that other hearts may bless,
 Grief that springs forth within thine own a well of tenderness.

And fear to sit and sigh for death, but rather pray for grace
 To do thy *life-work* and become more meet to see God's face.
 Ah, child! you scarcely heed my voice—I'm prosy now, and old,
 And you may think I cannot feel, because my words are cold.

Not feel! But this is idle talk, I'll pray your cross may be
 Less hard to bear, less sharp to pain, than that first laid on me.
 It crush'd all pride out, that was well, and once a weight to bear,
 'Tis now so light, I scarcely know that still that cross is there.

Y. S. N.

A Gossip about Plants in Watery Places,

"BY PAVED FOUNTAIN AND BY RUSHY BROOK."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

It at this season of nature's affluence there are spots more tenderly decked with verdure, more copiously garlanded with flowers, more rich in vegetable forms, fragrance, and colouring, than all others, it is the margins of brooks, and mistful rivers. Haunts in old times of "sedge-crowned Naiads," who, when great Pan was dead, cast midst the quivering reeds their dripping coronals, to wither with the votive ones of summer—votive no more, but which youths and maidens thenceforth scattered for custom's sake—aye, and in some quaint hamlets of this English land.*

"Remote, amongst grey mountains, and old woods, and haunted springs," still scatter a ritual without service, a symbol whereof the type is lost for common eyes, but in which the scholar sees through veiling shadows the floral sacrifices of the old Greek and Roman Fontinalia—rites of that antique creed, when men regarded nature as divine, whereas we see divinity in nature. The joy that lives for ever in things beautiful, customs, and thoughts, as well as in more solid substantives, preserved the form, though its religious meaning had died out, and made it in our lake and mountain districts matter for a mid-summer-day's festival. Whether, (I start the hypothesis just for fancy's sake), whether, when the streams, thus flower-dressed, flowed on between the sighing sedges to the sea, the swelling germs fell from their floral burdens and took root upon the banks that edged their course, or were broad-cast there from the beginning, certain it is, those rich, moist boundaries are more richly dowered with floral beauty, than either woods, hedgerows, or meadows.

Spring herself has a preference for them; and the herald winds that go before her, blow out the frilled and crimped cups of the daffodils, and scatter in her path beside them great handfuls of the glittering *caltha* (marsh marigold, as it is wrongly called), the burnished clusters of which, encircled with their large, dark, glossy leaves, shine golden through the melting snows of March. A little later, and the yellow, stellated flowers of lesser celandine (*ranunculus ficaria*), thick strewn as stars on the blue concave of a winter's night, brighten the mossy ground where lady's smock (*cardamin pratensis*), the delicate cross-bearer,† at whose coming the cuckoo sings her two-note song, sends up its clustered blossoms; and the cold primrose nestles her salver-shaped corollas and wrinkled leaves under black coils of tangled hawthorn root.

Here, too, upon a day in March, may be found the labiate (or lipped) flowers of the white dead nettle (*lamium album*), drinking with gaping lips the first spring sunshine, and the vernal showers. Hardy as winter, and common as the light, blooming almost everywhere, when few other flowers are to be seen, and lasting far into the waning year, it is too often overlooked in the profusion of brighter blossoms, or shunned by timid fingers, from the likeness of its dark deeply-serrated leaves to those of the common stinging nettle, of which it is

* In the Peak district the Well Dressings are continued to this day.—C. A. W.

† The order *crucifera*—plants bearing flowers composed of four petals arranged in a cross form, are so called.

no relation. Yet half the elegance of the plant is due to the contrast of its dusky foliage with the pure pallor of its whorled flowers, which repeat themselves at little distances along the stem, and are made more striking by the appearance of the black stamens against the under lip. A little later, the curious conical catkin of the fertile horse-tail (*equisetum fluviatile*), brown and scaled, appears amongst the moist grass; and is followed in a few weeks by the tall green barren fronds, harsh with their flinty pellicle, which lift their gracefully whorled stems like mimic forests of pine trees on the banks of streams and rivers, their long loose hair-like foliage waving with the softest breeze.

All marshy, watery places, boggy woods, damp valleys, even cornfields, and roadsides, have their peculiar representatives of this order; but the most graceful species are *E. fluviatile*, and *E. limosum*, which are not to be confounded with mare's-tail (*hippuris vulgaris*) the erect jointed stems and whorled linear leaves of which, as well as its place of growth, are apt to mislead unscientific observers. We find it frequently in ditches, and sometimes in the vicinity of rivers; but its stem tapers, and the leaves are rigid; and whereas the horse-tail has many in a whorl, *hippuris* has only eight or ten (sometimes only six), and is moreover of a dull yellowish green, very unlike the bright rich verdure of the horse-tail,* which, while I write, sways in the soft warm wind above the margins of deep pools, where the floral goblets of the yellow water-lily (*nuphar lutea*) shine golden on a bed of smooth, broad, floating leaves, over which dragon-flies, with gauzy wings and bodies of torquoise blue barred with black, flit to and fro in rapid mazy flight, as if intoxicated with the spirituous odour of the flower; for nature who deals largely in incipient alcohol, had not washed her fingers when she moulded the petals of the pond-lily.† Upon the same placid water, made lovelier by contrast with the brown overlapping leaves of the pond-weed (*potamogeton perfoliatus*) or the reddish olive ones of (*P. rufescens*,) appears the milk white cups of the water-ranunculi (*R. aquatilis*) and (*R. fluviatilis*;) the first elegantly poised above its submerged capillary segments, and relieved upon the surface by its three-parted upper leaves, so distinct in form, that unless the whole plant is examined together, it is difficult to suppose a relation between them. (*R. fluviatilis*,) on the other hand, has its leaves wholly in hair-like or capillary segments, which appear in thick beds of a dark olive green colour, stagnant or swaying with the slow current, according to its place of growth. The water iris, with its sword-shaped leaves, mounts guard upon the banks, and plants its yellow banners in the sun. Here too, the water-soldier (*stratiotes aloides*) sends up its prickly leaves and stalked flower-sheath, which it raises to the surface before blooming, and then withdraws to the bottom; while the arrow-head (*sagittaria sagittifolia*) with its pannicles of flesh-coloured pretty flowers and halbert-shaped foliage is too conspicuous to be disregarded. Very lovely looks the yellow pimpernel, with its somewhat heart-shaped leaves, and elegant flowers, like, but larger than those of its roadside name-sake (*anagallis*), trickling in pretty wreaths over the grassy margins, a solitary star of five petals, alternating between twin leaves. High above it shines the many flowered yellow loosestrife (*lysimachia vulgaris*), whose terminal clusters laid upon the necks of restive cattle were said of old to quiet them and—

"Give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing where it comes
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums."

* *Equisetum Hyemale* is imported under the name of Dutch Rushes, and used for polishing hard woods, brass, and Ivory.—HOOKER.

† The scent of the yellow water-lily is said to resemble that of brandy.

By this time the flush of summer has deepened the flower tints, and the quaint torn petals of ragged-robin, and the tall showy spikes of (*lythrum*), purple loosestrife as it is called, makes the borders of watery places glorious, even before the wild rose opens its scented petals, and sows the stream with them. Within the fluvious bed, we see the brook-lime, with its branched terminal spikes of deep blue blossoms, the prettily-named "water purples" of Scotch market-women, who in Loudon's time, sold them as water-cresses are sold with us. But fairer still appear the gem-like little torquoise corollas of (*myosotis palustris*), whose English name (Forget-me-not) reads like a Shakespearean ring-posey, and whose alendrest raceme (between conscious hearts) expresses a love-letter in a syllabic triplet. Passing over the German legend of the origin of its pretty name, I prefer that of Agnes Strickland, who tells us that Henry of Lancaster, when in exile, gave some of the blossoms to the Duchess of Bretagne, and by placing it on his collar of S.S. with the initial letter of his motto or watchword, "*Souveigne vous de moi*," rendered it the symbol of remembrance. The flower is lovely standing mid-deep in our own rivulets and quiet waters, but in France, the corolla grows larger, and the whole plant assumes more luxurious proportions; so that the eye is sometimes dazzled with great beds of its blossoms; and in the meat beneath the walls of the citadelle at Lille, where I remember to have seen its fair blue clusters, in contrast with the white chalices of floating water-lilies, its hue quite coloured the rushy margins, and the size and abundance of the flowers were a new delight to me.

But to return, in botanical language, to its *habitat* at home. *Menthas* of various kinds, spear-mints, and pepper-mints, and the goodwife's penny royal and bergamot, with whorles of silver-grey, or lilac flowers abound in such moist neighbourhoods, and a basis of their strong, aromatic odour, harmonizes with the musky scent of the wild rose that comes and goes, and the luscious sweetness of the honeysuckle, both of which are frequently found in the moist thickets adjacent. While the sharpness of the wood sorrel (*oxalis acetosella*) and the aroma of sweet-woodruff (*asperula odorata*) that in dying exhales the memory of fresh hay-fields, in which melilot, and the glumes of fragrant meadow grass predominate, make up another unison of scents to which the minor herbs and blossoms contribute their sweetnesses.

All this while, bees, "the little almsmen of spring flowers," are abroad, sipping and singing rejoicing hymns for the melliferous banquet spread around them. And all winged things, down to the atomic insects that people the crowded cymes of the swaying "meadow sweet," whose plummy heads look light as drifted river foam, join in the universal jubilate deo! which goes up from earth, and sea, and air, to mingle with yet higher harmonies, when "the stars of the morning sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy!"

One is weary of Wordsworth's o'er-worn "Primrose by a river bank," yet no line better illustrates the difference between the deadness of the unintelligent mind and the keen perceptiveness and conceptiveness of the awakened sensuous intellect. To such an one there is no stint of joy, however lowly his place in life, or rough the path he journeys. He finds wonders in the turf on which he treads, and forms of infinite variety and beauty in what "the dull in-curious weeds account." To him the clods of the valley are not dead, but thrilling with life, possessing the strongest tendency to clothe themselves in beauty of form and colouring; and even decay, and so-called death, reveal themselves as a renewing of life, and bloom, and sweetness.

It matters little to what branch of natural study we devote ourselves, the result is always satisfying, but the love and knowledge of flowers especially so; because the first is ours by inheritance—Eden-born, as I may say; and the practical means of acquiring the latter everywhere abundant. Given ordinary

observation, and some few hours weekly in the fields, the woods, a country lane, or heath, (few towns are wholly destitute of such localities) and the earnest student, with some easily acquired elementary knowledge of the science, will soon find his reward. Familiarity with the forms and characteristics of certain orders of plants will lead him on to the examination of others, and as interest in the pursuit "grows by what it feeds on," an ever-widening field for research will afford him unfailing sources of interest and instruction. It is a lovely characteristic of our common mother, that she never tires of being interrogated—the more we question her, the more fully she answers us. Age after age finds her with fewer reservations; and in the future, when man shall have arrived at the majority of his mental growth and spiritual power, "wiser than the angels," it may be that her most sacred arcana will be revealed to him. To day, the humblest student, with an earnest heart, may win the sweetest confidences from her. The rocks themselves were endowed with language to tell their story to Hugh Miller, and "dry as dust" has lost its meaning where geology is concerned. Not the least wonderful of these revealments, is the exposition of foresight, wisdom, and beneficence displayed by the Creator in the endlessly varied, and ever lovely kingdom of plants. Their exquisite adaptations to their place of growth, the curious contrivances for their perpetuation, the singular, almost animal instincts (if I may use the word in connection with vegetation) displayed by many for the propagation and preservation of their species, the sensitiveness of certain kinds to light, and touch, opening, trembling, shrinking, and the proved susceptibility of some of them to the effects of chloroform and poison, are suggestive of a nearer approach to sensitive vitality than is commonly dreamed of in connection with them.

Even amongst the few river-side and moisture-loving species I have enumerated, and from others that I intend to point out, not a few curious and interesting facts may be gathered; for no real lover of flowers will be contented with the knowledge of genera and species. He wants to be on intimate terms with the individuals themselves, to know their qualities and uses, their places and modes of growth, the functions of each portion of a plant, in a word, its physiology. And this portion of botany is that which repays the study, and compensates for the dryness of the Linnæan classification, which is its necessary and best introduction.

I am not here about to enter into any didactic details on the subject of botany; if my readers desire them we will reserve the lesson for another number. All I aim at for the present, is to direct their attention to the floral denizens of certain situations, common to every locality, but whose characteristics are not, as a rule, so well known as their forms.

The little wood-sorrel I just now spoke of belongs to a highly sensitive family. On fine days the plant may be seen with all its pale green plaited leaves folded and drooping, but at the approach of rain it erects them as if to shelter the delicately pencilled blossoms which had previously been thrust into all the light its sheltered situation admitted of. Nor does the seeming care for the future of its offspring end here. Linnæus tells us, that as soon as the flower throws off its petals, it thrusts its seed-vessels under the contiguous leaves with a motion seemingly convulsive and voluntary. "The footstalk turns, bending back at a sharp angle till it brings its seed-vessels to the shelter that seems provided by Providence for their protection." Under any circumstances we shall find its pretty triple leaves folded at night, when, in common with many plants of the same order, they appear to sleep. That humble worshipper of Bael, the common dandelion (*leontodon taraxacum*) so common, that to compare small things with great ones, it is as much unthought of by the crowd as the great orb from which the type of the rayed flowers seems borrowed—

will be sure, from its cosmopolite habits, to be found in the vicinities from which my group is gathered; and is said to exhibit its sensibility to sunshine by a visible motion and trembling of its florets when it first meets its rays. The abundance of this plant, whose medicinal uses are well known, is accounted for by the fact that a single one has been known to produce 2,700 seeds, to disseminate which, nature has provided them with a feathery appendage which wafts them in various directions, till they meet with a resting place adapted to them, in which they sow themselves.

Not the least interesting fact in the history of plants, is the amazing fecundity of wholesome and edible ones, and the comparative sterility of useless or really noxious species. But this gossip is beside the intention of my paper.

The egg-shaped, brown, almost transparent leaves of perfoliated pond-weed, (*P. perfoliatus*) which are found covering large spaces of still water, deserve attention. When dried, they have the appearance of gold-beaters skin; and are so sensitive of moisture that they will move or curl when laid on the hand. A circumstance that to the uninitiated is so marvellous, that in my girlish days they were sold (perhaps are now) under the name of "magic leaves," and consulted by young people as anxiously as those of the ancient sibyls, their movements being observed with something of the awe with which a questioner regarded the Augur's inspection of a victim's contortions. Happy magic! whose auspices depended on the warmth or tenderness of our own feelings with regard to the one whose love or coldness we enquired of!

One of the most showy of the many gay waterside plants is the tall growing hairy willow herb (*epilobium hirsutum*). You may know it by its large corymbs of rose-coloured flowers flushing the "queen of the meadows" at its side (as the meadow sweet is sometimes called). It is easily distinguished by its downy leaves and stem and by the peculiar situation of the petals, which appear at the end of the long green calyx, as in the evening primrose, the fuchsia, and other plants of the order. Another tall denizen of the river's bank, is hemp-agrimony (*eupatorium cannabinum*), with its reddish stem, hoar leaves, and heads of pale flesh-coloured flowers; and close at hand the golden buttons of the greater flea-bane (*pulicaria*) shining in bright masses above its soft woolly-looking arrow-shaped leaves. The plant with the square stem, winged at the angles, with nearly globose red-brown corollas, is "water figwort" (*scrophularia*), and "gipsy-wort" is not far off; you may know it by its deeply cut pointed opposite leaves, and crowded whorles of small pale pinky flowers growing in the axils or joints of the upper leaves. It yields a black dye with which gipsies stain their faces. Here comes up the handsome flowering rush (*butomus umbellatus*), with its simple umbel of rose-coloured three-petaled flowers, generally at too great a distance from the shore to be comfortably got at, and with a group of sharp sword-shaped leaves guarding it, from whence it receives its specific name. Here, also, water plantain (*alisma plantago*), floats its long-stalked pointed leaves, (ribbed like those of its terrestrial namesake) and compound whorled panicles of soft lilac or pale rose-colour flowers, on a leafless stem. In all probability the great reed mace, or "cats tail" typha, and the branched "bur-reed," with fertile and barren flowers on the same branch (the fertile being the lowermost), will be found wading as it were across the ditch or pool; and, in certain counties, Norfolk and Suffolk especially, the fragrant *acorus calamus* (or sweet sedge) is found in similar situations—it may easily be known by its leaf-like scape or sheath overlapping the spadix. Every part of the plant is odorous, a circumstance that in by-gone times occasioned it to be used for strewing the floors of palaces, churches, etc., on state days and festivals.

Probably, the pretty blue flowering skull cap (*scutellaria galericulata*), so called from its bulging upper lip, which closes like a lid over the fruit, till it

ripens, when it opens again, finds a place upon the banks, off which the singular bladder wort (*utriculata vulgaris*) moors its submersed raft of capillary leaves, and mast-like stems, crowned with clusters of bright yellow flowers. It has its name from the little vesicles, or air-bladders attached to its roots and leaves, which before flowering raises them to the surface, and afterwards, becoming filled with water, sinks the whole plant to the bottom. A natural lesson in hydraulics that has possibly borne fruit in modern science. The solitary stems of water-violet (*hottonia palustris*), lift up their whorles of fair large flowers (pale lilac with a yellow centre) beacon-like, above a bank of dense dark submerged leaves. I should have said, in botanical parlance, *pectinated* leaves; that is, divided like the teeth of a comb; and not far off it may be, that the pretty "*morris rana*" (frog-bit) makes a green island of its floating roundish leaves, and over-gems it with its dainty cold white flowers. These flowers, which rise from a two-leaved sheath, so pellucid as to resemble spun-glass, look themselves like triplets of snow-flakes, with rippled and frosted surfaces, and actually dissolve in a warm hand.

Many more lovely floral forms are to be found in the watery habitats of which I have written; so many, that space will not permit of my enumerating them here; but if the theme prove pleasant to my readers, we may again meet and walk amongst them and learn to look upon these silent companions of our rural walks with a more questioning and attentive gaze; for the knowledge that the heavens themselves, in showing forth the glory of God, do not contain greater evidence of intelligent design, and skill, and foresight, than is discoverable in the flowers of the field—those purest and fairest of the works of creation, that had their place in it, or ever the breath of life awakened higher existences, and upon the presence of which animal life itself depends.

WOMAN.

BY JOHN READ, P. PROV. G.M.

[ORIGINAL.]

Woman, like bees, should ever strive
To store the intellectual hive;
But not, like bees, be so unkind,
When vex'd, to leave a sting behind.

Woman should, like the rose in bloom,
In virtue yield a rich perfume;
But not be like the fickle flower,
Whose charms are rifled in an hour.

Woman should, like the moon by night,
Shine with a chaste obedient light;
But not resemble in her range,
The silvery orb, so given to change.

Self Help :

OR, WORK, WAIT, AND WIN.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS,

Author of "Queen's Musketeers," etc., etc. Editor of Hogarth's Works (last edition), etc., etc.

PART II. WORK.

CHAPTER I. A LITTLE PROGRESSION.

OUR story, representing four eras of time, must now be supposed to have advanced some five or six years from the opening chapters. Bully Tuck has been formally apprenticed to the respected Mr. Brisket, and, save a few dog-fights, being present at a pleasant "purring" match, which the "nailers" of Wolverhampton skilfully though indirectly assist in—save a bull-baiting, or a fight on a tranquil Sunday morning, an occasional snarl at his old school-mates of the weaver's old room—saving these small trifles, which are sure to make a man of him, he goes on his way in quite a staid and "butcherly" manner.

Ike Sleak has found a home and hearth at the dwelling of one Mistress Mathusaleh, who kept a thriving shop of a miscellaneous order, and which, under the "cover" and heading of a *marine store*, did a vast amount of quiet business, which did not disturb the neighbours of the immediate locality, but which, at the same time, made property very insecure—convertible property we should more correctly say—made "watches, jewels, cash, and plate," in remoter districts exceedingly precarious articles. To do Ike Sleak justice, he had a genius that way; and, as if possessing a natural gift, he put it out to advantage. Notwithstanding his open proclamation against work, he yet did work very hard. It was mental labour for the most part—cunning of a really high order, and commensurate skill in carrying out his views. He lost *caste*, it is true, in the eyes of his old companions, but, with a philosophy peculiar to him, he never illustrated his "injured feelings" by reproach. On his rounds, with his bag on his back, and supplanting the children of Israel by the cry of "Old Clo'" his detective activity—his inquisitorial eye, regarding locks, bolts, such small trifles as window-fastenings—was wonderful. Finally, his enthusiasm in his profession was fast becoming its own reward, for he had "money in his purse," and his wages in a savings bank, and his mother—now growing old—complimented him, while Missis Mathusaleh would say every now and then, "Bless you, my shild" (she said 'shild,' as being natural and as material to her)—"bless you, my shild" (meaning 'child' of course)—"you'll be a blessing to your mother yet." The spot of his location had a gratuitous but a highly significant name; it was "Hemp Lane," and turned out by "Liquor Alley," into "Battle Square." So close, it may be observed, are the associations which convert the sublime into the ridiculous, and associate without difficulty grandeur and squalor together. The neighbourhood was pestiferous; it wanted light, drainage, water. It was a muddy Gehenna. And yet Battle Square and Palace Street were not far off. And yet again, while the region was liable to every form of zymotic visitations, Silktown thrived, and thrived well; and Bankopolis, which disbursed its deposits among European (and rival)

kingdoms—if they gave good security for the borrowing—Silktown throve; for if the “Deaths” were pretty heavy, the “Births” always counted some half-dozen over the dismal balance.

Billy Pritchett, for he at all events must not be forgotten, was improving under Mr. Letitat’s supervision, and, in fact, Parchment Street was beginning to acquire a reputation for much business and sharp practice—two of the finest recommendations to the experience of the public—a solicitor (we don’t talk of lawyers in the same category)—can have.

As for Talky Slop—what was *he* about? Setting up a pamphlet of his own composition, and really organizing a revolution throughout the world—a composition inflated with all that mad, misty, flatulent demagoguism, which, full of “sound and fury,” is the more dangerous because it is utterly incomprehensible. “*We*,” he began inflamingly, as we quote from it, “*We* have had enough of this tyranny—this oppression—this endurance of the oppressors’ foot upon our necks. Let us break their bonds asunder, and scatter them to the four winds.” But whether “bonds” or “tyrants” were here meant it would be difficult to pronounce, since an absence of grammar is the perfection of stump oratory. “*Yes*,” he continued, rising up into epic grandeur—

“Bend your brows upon your foe
With a look you’ll lay him low.”

And really something in sound—absolutely lacking sense—always catches the uncultured ear. The youth, despite this form of idiosyncrasy, was industrious and tractable enough. He read much—he devoured books in fact, but they were of political tendency—out-doing the rich radicalism of Cobbett, and going to the Jacobinical extremes of revolutionary usurpation, and history has told us in *bloody* sentences what came of that unpleasant pastime. Still Mr. Type, his master, had nothing to complain of him. He was steady, attentive to his work. In fact, Talky Slop’s time had not yet come; but it was fast approaching; for “Chartism,” with its five points, and its myriad pointed pikes, was in the field, and Talky Slop’s pamphlet grew hotter and hotter as he warmed with his subject.

Jack Huggett, with an epicurean abandonment, which sat with disgraceful ease upon him, did nothing. He walked about with his hands in his pockets, and occasionally changed the half-crowns his aunt found in an old stocking for him, whenever he met any of his old comrades. Work did not seem to come to Jack Huggett; it must also be admitted that he shewed but little disposition to meet it.

How all this time then fares Harry Fairlight; for it is but right that we should go through with our *dramatis personæ*. And we beg to say at once that we are not selecting Harry merely as a favourite hero—as a mere model type. It will be seen as we progress that we deliver very impartial rewards, especially when our judgment is most severe.

Harry—the only “son of his mother, and she was a widow”—and if we have said so before, we only repeat it, which is pardonable—Harry had his mother’s fine instinct, refinement, and innate noble nature, pervading his own. He was industrious, studious, and ingeniously inventive. He gave so much satisfaction to the solid-headed foreman of Messrs. Nutt and Bolt, that he found speedy promotion through the different classes and grades of workshops where the more skilled youths and workmen were placed, and soon, not without a little sentiment of envy and detraction, being awakened, proved himself to be equal to the most valued men in the establishment.

Envy is more or less a quality inherent in our natures—and envy, without being malignant, soon changes into a generous emulation, and even if it does not so succeed, it is soon disarmed by an honest, frank, and loyal nature.

No one could look into Harry Fairlight's face without being struck by the candid open eye—the smiling mouth—the truthfulness which *shone* as it were through him. His laugh was infectious, and those who at first had been most disposed to cultivate that bitter jealousy which *jealousy* of itself begets, as a natural consequence, forgot, in his merry laugh, and in the presence,—so to speak, of his remarkably good temper,—soon forgot their former ill-will.

It happened that one of the men engaged in the mechanist's modelling-room, a place of the very greatest importance in an establishment such as that of Messrs. Nutt and Bolt's, while occupied with work immediately wanted, beginning his spree on the Saturday night after pay-time, continued it during the Sunday, the Monday, and the days following. Believing it quite possible that they could not do without him, he continued his braggart tipsy course, till at last, notice to "leave" was handed to him. Harry Fairlight had by this been promoted to the modelling-room, and soon shewed to the foreman his mathematical, as also his mechanical abilities, and the foreman set him to complete the "job," which, as it turned out successfully, gave the utmost satisfaction to all parties concerned. And thus Harry continued to progress, and in the right way.

CHAPTER II. A PLOT IN PROSPECT.

We have said nothing in the interim about Roland Detroit, and, in truth, our limited space allows us but little to say, where we might want to say much. The weaver was working; so were his old pupils, more or less, and also in the way in which their lot was cast.

Harry had, during his prosperity of the last five years or so, made a comfortable home for himself and his mother. As the youth had ingenuity and tact about him, he set forth in a quiet way to develop the qualities he was possessed of. He could *work*, and that was one great point. It was not long before he gave a significant proof of this useful property. It may be also said, that he had never failed to make occasional calls on his "master," as Harry used to term him. The time came, when, having overcome certain difficulties in the modelling-room, he one day repeated a periodical visit to his old tutor, bringing with him the model of a new loom—*new* in the idea only, which means to say, that not being altogether of a new fashion, it was yet a great improvement on the edition fast becoming obsolete.

The weaver's pleasure was expressed in his usual quiet way, but it was in the way that a full-hearted man can always express himself best in. "There is certainly much constructive skill in this, Harry," he said. "It is an imitation, but it is also more, being an improvement upon old methods. I fancy that I see the germ of great mechanical changes in the most serviceable form here. Thank you, my lad, thank you," and the weaver held out his hand, and shook his pupil's warmly. "I see but few of you now—that is, only Billy Pritchett, who, by studying parchments, is getting quite a sick and wearying look."

Harry laughed.

"Ah!" said Roland, "I like to hear a laugh like that, it is a happy laugh, Harry."

"I am very happy, master."

"Never lose the art—of laughing, I mean," he added, as Harry looked up into his face; "the doctors have nothing like it."

"But do none of the others come to see you?" asked the youth, changing the current of the conversation.

"Oh lord, yes; Talky Slop comes, and quotes Voltaire and Tom Paine, the 'rights of man,' ha! ha!—the 'rights of man!'" And the weaver's tone, as he

repeated the words, became bitter, and a smile of scorn, almost amounting to cynical contempt, distorted his well-chiselled mouth.

"You don't approve of the doctrine, then?" asked Harry.

"Listen, listen, my dear boy." And he laid his hand with a gentle kindness on the young man's shoulder. "I am no demagogue; and care not to widen the breach between patrician and plebeian; but I am not the man who will hurry to fill up the *fosse*—the gap between the two classes—and still less would I, plebeian as I am, ask him on the other side to help me."

There was a pause.

"Roland Detroit," said Harry, breaking the silence, "you are not happy, my friend."

"No," replied the other, lifting up his flashing eyes; "no, yet not quite unhappy."

"A—h!" sighed Harry.

"Only not successful, that is all."

"But *that*—look you, master," and Harry pointed to his model loom.

The weaver's look, as he turned to study it anew, brightened again. He examined it anew, was silent awhile, and then quietly said:—

"It is possible—it promises—I will see to it."

"That, I think, my employers would help you in."

"Yes—still—yes—yet—" Roland hesitated. "I am not improving, you would say." And his smile was sad—so sad, that it touched Harry to the heart.

"You are not much better off, my dear old master," he said. "We all progress on—your old pupils—thanks to you—while you seem to stand still."

"No, Harry, I am not successful, as you say; but I am rich to-day."

"How—how can that be?"

"Rich in the thank-offerings of your generous heart, my lad; and, by heaven, it does me good. I—I—I—*voilà*!—look you—I relish it; and yet—ha! ha!—I weep—I weep—for the days that will never come back to me."

To Harry Fairlight's astonishment—almost to his terror—the man broke out into a storm of sobbings.

"What is it—oh!—what can it be?" cried the youth.

"Oh, my boy, it is hard—hard—to work—to wait—aye, to wait—and yet—yet—not to win; to love—aye to love—my God! as I have loved—and know *she* can never be mine."

"*She*? who is she?"

"She is a poor girl, Harry—ask no questions. A girl did I say—she is thirty now; and she has waited; and she loves me, my boy—she loves me; that is my sorrow and my joy. Oh, to wait—to wait—and *not* to win—think of that." He immediately calmed himself, by one of those efforts peculiar to him—peculiar to all men whose moral force becomes superior to passion. Harry waited in silence—almost in awe—till the weaver was become "himself again."

"You know Alice Cleaver?" he suddenly asked.

"Surely; she is my mother's good friend, and she is also the aunt of my—of my—sweet—" The modest lad hesitated—blushed—yet it was a blush of mingled pride and pleasure.

The weaver detected this becoming embarrassment in a moment.

"Speak, boy—speak," he said, with a smile of cheerful encouragement. "Of some one who has a dear name—eh!"

"Of my sweetheart, Lucy Lovel; you know her in turn?"

"Ah! you, also, have been hit, I can see." And Roland Detroit, with a smile that made him beautiful, rose from his chair, and took two or three turns across the room. A low, musical laugh, escaped him too; but he turned to Harry, at last, and with a tone and manner not *too* serious, said:—"My lad,

the love of a young, virtuous girl, is more priceless than all the glories boasted of by Solomon; and the lilies are not more winning to the eye, than the darling one is to the heart. Love on, my dear boy—love on—hope—wait—and win—that is my wish—my prayer for you."

"And you, my master—you?" eagerly exclaimed Harry.

"I! I—work—I work—if I win—ah me! how late will come my reward." And once again he checked the sobbings which were rising in his throat.

"Ah, my good friend, patience," said Fairlight, taking his hand, "patience—yet a little patience, and hope—still hope."

"Harry, I'll hope to the last; aye, and wait, too."

"Wait, master—wait, to win—to win," cried Harry, cheerfully; "think of that!"

Roland seized his hand and pressed it warmly.

"My lad, you console me—your presence pleases me. May Providence prosper you; and although I have not succeeded quite, I have not lessened in belief, or lost my anchorage yet—no; not yet."

The young mechanist thought this an excellent moment to withdraw the generally cheerful man from his morbid fancies, and at once seized upon it.

"By the bye," he said, all of a sudden, and with one of his usual laughs, "I've got a job to do—a first commission—a 'hansel' as the hawkers term it."

"Have you, Harry? I'm glad to hear so. What is it, my boy?"

"Something that's almost comical, for it puzzles me in its 'why' and its 'wherefore'; it is simply this." He took out of his jacket pocket a small packet, which, on opening, disclosed a piece of wax, that at the same time bore on its surface the clear marks of all the *wards of a key*!—an intricate key, constructively speaking.

Roland Detroit looked at this in silence, cogitating with his chin on his hand for some minutes. "Hum," he said, at last, "it is not quite a comedy either."

"What!" said Harry, who did not quite understand the allusion.

"Nor a joke—faith, it puzzles me too, Harry."

"I thought it would—ha! ha!—I thought it would, it did me, I can tell you."

"How about the thickness of the wards—the kind—the nature of the key itself—I mean the *entrance* into the lock—you comprehend me?"

"Oh, I have the *front* of the key—pipe and all, sketched out on a piece of paper—here it is."

He shewed to the weaver a scrap of paper as he spoke, on which, after looking at the sketch, Detroit's eyes caught the faint outlines of a *name*. After a pause, during which Roland keenly examined the etching, he ejaculated: "Hum—as you say, Harry, it is very singular."

"Isn't it? I thought so at first, myself; I'm sure of it now."

"Sure of what?"

Another pause followed.

"Why, that, as you say, it's very singular."

"Who is your employer?" demanded Detroit, abruptly.

"I'll tell you fast enough; and you'll laugh, ha! ha!" and his laugh rang cheerily in the weaver's forlorn room. "It's no other than—Ike Sleak."

"Who?"

Harry started no less at the sudden jarring nature of the man's tone, than also at the strange pallor that made his face for a moment bloodless.

"Is it possible? My God!" He struck his forehead with his hand—rose and walked away.

Harry looked at the weaver in dismay, as he resumed his seat. He had turned quite white—almost ghastly.

"Master, are you ill?" enquired Harry, tenderly.

Detroit, with a strong effort replied:—

"A—short sharp spasm—but make the key, my boy—a spasm—that is all—make the key—ha! ha! as you say, it is funny, is it not? Faith, I know few things funnier. I *now* know of one that will not *work*, but will make others work for him; of one who will not *wait*, and yet must bide the hour when Doom, like the ancient Nemesis, shall overtake him." So muttered Detroit between his lips as he walked about the room, according to his wont and habit when deeply moved. "I know, now—alas!"

"What do you mean?" asked Harry, who heard those mutterings only imperfectly.

"I mean—make the key; and let it be a piece of surpassing handiwork," was the abrupt reply.

"Why, as to that—"

"Good bye—good day, Harry. Give my love to Lucy, when you see her. I congratulate you, boy, with all my heart."

"Thank you."

Detroit shook him warmly yet hurriedly by the hand.

"And for Alice Cleaver?" asked Harry, with a still brightening smile—"shall I say nothing to her?"

A pause—long—almost solemn followed.

"She visits my mother almost daily," continued Harry.

"I need send *her* no message, Harry; between *us* exists that loving instinct which only death can sever—even if death can do that. Go, once more, good day."

"Good day," said Harry, "good day." And so—for the time they parted.

CHAPTER III. OUTLINES OF A "DIFFICULTY."

Mrs. Bathsheba Sleak was a gaunt and bony woman, with a hollow voice, by reason of which she spoke sepulchrally; and this gift, as she belonged to a congregation who devoutly worshipped in "Little Salem," a small lugubrious-looking chapel, bordering on Liquor Alley and Palace Street—this gift of voice gave much emphasis to the quotations she was wont to use when pressing upon her listeners their enormous criminality, and the commensurate compunction they were bound to show. She would run through the decalogue with a glib rapidity that was heightened by that same sepulchral voice, and the listener, who had never stolen—never committed adultery—never coveted his neighbours' goods—would believe almost that he (or she) must be lost past redemption.

Mrs. Sleak was a widow, and a housekeeper. She was housekeeper to Mr. Nutt (of the firm of "Nutt and Bolt"—Harry Fairlight's employers), and was held by Mr. Nutt, who was a confirmed bachelor, loving his nieces and his nephews—of which specimens his dead brother had left him plenty—loving them far too well to change his condition. And so Mrs. Sleak, being his housekeeper, he concentrated his reverence on her appalling presence, and was proud to quote her to his acquaintances and friends as a specimen of such overwhelming womanly virtues, as made one half of them dread to see her a second time. Mrs. Sleak fully appreciated the compliments thus paid her, and teared very fully upon them. "Her honesty—her integrity—I may say, is immaculate," Mr. Nutt would hold forth. "I could trust that woman, sir," with a flourish of his hand, "with untold gold," (which, by the bye, he had *not* got, being pretty well able to count up the sum total in possession at any time). "I could trust her, madam, with my keys, my tea-caddy, my cellar—in fact, I do so."

Mrs. Sleak had privileges—"perquisites" were comprehended, and liberally too, in these same privileges—and these, depriving the cook, the housemaid, the maid of all work, the "man about the house," (that abnormal character who has the aspect of doing everything, and does nothing) of all *their* expectancies, brought her into contact with (our) Mrs. Mathusaleh, who lived in an edifice wonderful for dirt and dinginess, and which was denoted, with a forcible and finely-pointed fancy, by the effigy of a great black doll, swinging over the front of the door, and being as appropriately clothed in ragged garments, indicated the fact, in long attenuated letters, of the place being a "MARINE STORE," which could be corroborated by a single glance at the dirty interior. Mrs. Mathusaleh was a respectable lady with a hooked nose, and a strange propensity to calling you "ma tearah," meaning, 'my dear,' of course. She affected fish fried in oil, which might do good service to an engine, but she threw greasily upon it. She threw every way in fact, and like Sleak was her clerk, and "managing" man! The mystery of this dark business is utterly out of our reach to unfold. It may be simply guessed at. For Mrs. Mathusaleh did not deal in rags and bones alone, as was understood by her neighbours; and although they occasionally hinted at her dark back parlour, where conferences were held about twilight among—and with—persons with their faces more than half muffled over by shawl and slouched hat, they treated their surmises with due and discreet wariness. Well, it was to this pleasant retreat, that after a very warm evening service had been ended at Little Salem, Mrs. Sleak, always in black and heavily veiled, might have been noticed as wending her way. Arrived at the door, she looked up and down the street, and seeing no one who could—as she believed—have remarked her, she entered the shop at once, and placed her bundle on the counter.

"Vell, my tear," said the occupant, as seated on a low stool, she lifted up her face, "Vat have you got there?"

"Oh, some kitchen stuff, you know," was the reply.

"Very vell—very vell; and that other little affair?"

"Yes, it's managed, at last," answered Mrs. Sleak, meaningly.

"Come in, come into my room, this vay," said the other, eagerly. "All these things must be vell managed, my tear, and you can't think all I has to put up with."

They entered into a dingy chamber at the back, where the wall of a high back-yard excluded obtrusive eyes—but in which wall a door was set, opening to alleys and lanes facilitating escape every way.

"Now then," said Mrs. Mathusaleh, seating herself, "now then."

Mrs. Sleak took out of her capacious housekeeper's pocket—kept beneath her highly respectable dress—a little packet, which, being opened, displayed the identical key pattern we have seen Harry Fairlight subsequently in possession of, and the uses of which are yet to be unfolded.

"A—h, that ish it—ah! my tear?"

"Yes; and very well done too—don't you think?"

"I think so—yais I do—only there's a leetle more to be done."

"Is there?" returned Mrs. Sleak, "I thought I had arranged all that."

"Who is to make it?" asked the Jewess with her wicked leer.

"The son of one whom I don't love too much," returned Mrs. Sleak, so readily, that the other had no reason in the world to doubt her.

"Eh!—ha! ha!—a little tit for tat—O!—that is very well,—very well. I indulge in that small sentiment myself—yais—a leetle."

"I don't like her, and she don't like me too much, I know that," said the genteel woman, with the black blood of hate flushing in her face.

"Well, well, well, only think now—"

"She is *too* good, and so is her son."

"But for Ike, you see—"

"He will get on, won't he now?" Mrs. Sleak put her tigerish hand on the other's shoulder. Mrs. Sleak's countenance darkened unpleasantly for a moment.

"Ha! ha! ha! yes," screamed the Jewess, "he will get on—oh! how fast to be sure, how very fast."

"But he will be safe; safe, you understand!"

"Yais, oh! yais, safe enough, I could answer that on the Talmud."

"Vell, you see, he—this lad, you know—he will make the key, he will deliver the packet, he will receive the parcel."

"The *parcel*?" ejaculated Mrs. Sleak.

"Which you are to give *him*—to give to *Ike*; don't you see, my tear?"

"I won't have Ike in the matter."

"Tear me, von't you?"

"No."

"Vell then?"

"The lad—this Fairlight?"

"Don't pronounce names, my tear, and above all things, don't pronounce them too *loud*—too loud you see, that's all."

"He shall bring the parcel to you."

"To me? ho! ho! ho!" and Mrs. Mathusaleh laughed scoffingly.

"Well; what then?" asked Mrs. Sleak, beaten not a little by the defiant, the scornful cordiality of the laugh.

"To me, my tear—to me? Here they can follow, find, and catch. Dear me, no, oh! no thank you."

"When the key is made?"

"Ike must bring it my tear shild."

"But he shan't."

"But, my tear creature, he *shall*."

The wicked determination expressed in the sharp look of the marine store dealer, (dealer *otherwise* too) was more than the strong-minded "housekeeper" could bear.

Mrs. Sleak shrank back in her chair affrighted.

"Ike is a useful, clever boy, you see," said Mrs. Mathusaleh. "I'll make a man of him, or—"

"Or, what?"

"Or I'll *hang* him, so you see, you see, my tear," she said with a grin. "Ike is venomous too."

The wretched mother crushed herself together, as it were, and moaned out her dread.

"He knows a great deal, does Ike, my tear shild. He doesn't *vrk*, no, he don't like *vrk*, but he knows a great deal, for all he doesn't *vrk*."

The eminent type of marine-store dealing, lifted up her hands in congratulation.

Mrs. Sleak, on the contrary, seemed in her silent and sombre mood, to deal with uneasy thoughts.

"Vy, blesh ma heart, here he comes," uttered Mrs. Mathusaleh, all of a sudden.

Mrs. Sleak started; but there was Ike in *propria persona*.

"Ah, mother!" he exclaimed, with an oily joyfulness, quite characteristic of the young gentleman.

"Well, my boy?" said Mrs. Sleak, with a flutter of furtive fear troubling her, "what is it?"

"Come this way," and Ike dropped his voice, into a low whisper.

He led her out by the back of the shop into the lane. Such a hideous, wicked, and diabolical lane, that it might have been called "Crime Lane" at once.

"What is it, Ike? what is it?"

"Mother, I've just got fifty pounds—fif—ty pounds, leastaways I shall have it."

"What?" she greedily said.

"I insured old Coffin's life."

"You did?"

"I bought it—that is, his relative's rights I should say, for five pounds."

"Well?"

"He slipped down stairs and broke his neck."

"Bless me, in the midst of life we are—— But how was this?"

"If by accident, mark you, not by design, a candle be put on the step of the staircase, flattened out with your fingers—no—no—flattened by accident or not—you put your heel upon it——"

"Down you go; there!" Corporal Trim, when in his memorable speech on the death of Le Fevre was not more emphatic in the dropping of his hat, than Ike was, in the downward pointing of his fingers.

"But this is *mur—*" she began.

"Hush! I shall have the money."

"Give it to me—give it to me, I'll bank it this afternoon."

"Oh! stop a bit, don't you be in too great a hurry," replied Ike, coolly.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Sleak.

"Wait till the inquest is over, there'll be one of course, and I must look werry sad indeed about the accident, as I know'd the old fellar, you see—eh! don't you?"

"Ah—yes——"

"Now let's in, and you say a good-natured word or two to the old girl—you know—eh!"

"She suspects—then?"

"She's as deep as a well, and as clever as Satan, and that's saying much, too," returned Ike with a nod.

So they entered. They found Mrs. Mathusaleh busy at poking a little handful of fire lingering with a melancholy air in the grate, and with certain formulas of "good bye," took leave of the stove.

Ike passed, with his mother through the shop, whispered in her ear, to which the reply was "all right," and so parted.

"So—so," muttered Mrs. Mathusaleh, with a chuckle, "I am to be done, eh—ha! ha! Me! ha! ha! ha! They think I don't hear and see, eh! Oh! oh!—ha! ha! Oh!—Ike—Ike! what a blessing you'll be to me yet—and the old girl, blesh her, is worth her weight—in *brass*."

Pausing before Mrs. Mathusaleh had quite arrived at her illustration—she spoke it exultingly and repeated it—

"Yesh—ma tear, your worth your weight—in *brass*;" and fell into a fit of wicked laughter.

To be continued.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—A professor of the University of Berlin has recently published the result of his researches as to the population of the earth, according to which Europe contains 272 millions; Asia, 720 millions; Africa, 89 millions; America, 200 millions; and Polynesia, 2 millions—making a grand total of 1,283 millions of inhabitants. As in places where deaths are accurately registered the annual mortality is at least one in forty, the number of deaths must be about 32 millions every year, which gives 87,761 per day, 3,658 per hour, and 61 per minute, so that every second witnesses the extinction of one human life. Another calculator states that the number of persons who have lived on the earth since the creation is 36,627,843,275,075,855.

Essays in History and Art.*

Few volumes offer more attractions to the general reader than a work of this class; since it brings before him a *résumé* of various subjects, into whose minute details he may never have time nor opportunity to enter. There is more than ordinary attraction in this volume, and, alike from its subject and style, its design and execution, it appears calculated to impress favourably one's attention and regard. Grand as are some of the themes chosen by the author to descant upon, perhaps the most admiration will be felt for the short sketches, which are "brief, bright, and glorious." Here, in epigrammatic sentences, in vivid illustrations, with glowing eloquence, we are presented with food for reflection, ideas to dwell upon, and brilliant pictures of society, and portraits of mankind. "Genius and liberty" is one well-defined image. In the first place, it is laid down as an arbitrary law, that their connection is indisputable. "Sunshine is not more needful to the flower than liberty is to the growth of genius. Without it, the intellectual powers never reach their full development, never put forth that flower of the mind which we call "Genius." A picture is taken from the annals of Greece, which goes far to illustrate the doctrine just laid down. First, we are shown Athens in the golden age of sculpture and architecture, then in the heyday of painting, then the triumph of oratory. "But where is Grecian genius now?" Then we are shown, in succession, how Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, the wondrous valley of the Nile, and Rome, the iron mistress of the world, had their genius trampled beneath the foot of the invader. Due homage is paid to the golden mean, that exists in England, between absolutism and anarchy. "Genius is not choked by caste; the son of a country parson, like Nelson, may find a tomb among the great ones of Westminster Abbey." "Youth and Summer" is a graphic sketch, and reminds one of the Italian proverb, "*O, primavera, gioventù dell'anno, O, gioventù, primavera della vita.*"

In pursuing this topic, the author remarks that "gazing on the earth on a glorious summer day, we feel as if the mission of nature were to delight us." Those who most appreciate the beauties and glories of this world are the most happy here, and are in training for the glories and splendours of that happier world above. Heber has alluded to this feeling in one of his hymns:—

"If God has made this earth so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Shall paradise be found."

The last words on this subject are deserving of attention, and ably express the genial and kindly feelings they inculcate. "A wiseacre lately remarked, as a proof of the sober sense of the age, that no one now sang about the happiness of childhood—*sombre* sense, he should have said, if he misused the word sense at all. No happiness!—nay, no peculiar happiness in childhood!" Sad is the state of that being, who, however world-weary, sorrow-laden, or stricken with suffering, cannot turn a grateful look on the sunshine of a summer day, and give a sigh, if not a smile to the thoughts of vanished youth, while bestowing a blessing on the sunny spirits around him. There is something imperfect in the mind that is cold to the attractions of nature, and insensible to the charms of youth. It is always the highest and best among men, who have hailed the one and the other as earth's freest and fairest semblances of heaven; and in the brightness of the golden morning

* "Essays in History and Art," by R. H. Patterson, Author of "The New Revolution; or, The Napoleonic Policy in Europe."—William Blackwood, Edinburgh.

of summer, and in the joyousness of the radiant career of youth, have recognised the "only plants of paradise that have survived the fall." They have pictured them as dim, and imperfect, yet typical illusions of that regained Eden, where, unchilled by winter's blasts, the amaranths of eternal summer bloom, and where the frosts of age can never wither the perennial youth of those who wear the crown of life.

"Utopias" present a wide field for fancy to speculate upon, and for reason to discuss. This essay is a bright and brilliant account of the fancy lands of promise that have from time to time dawned on the horizon of mortal visions. After dwelling on this topic, one is led to contemplate the incontrovertible proof that is afforded by these fabled visions and legendary dreams of the soul's immortality, which consciousness ever unfits and disinclines it for its present narrow confines and limited boundaries. Everywhere the same—in early ages, on remote and barbarous coasts, amid untutored savages, on lonely prairies and mountain ranges, the mind of man turns away dissatisfied with the best and brightest that earth can afford; the heart is not filled with its most lavish gifts, and above all, the spirit can never find its rest. The germs of this instinct of another and a better state may be traced in the Indian's eternal hunting grounds:—

"Where red the kingly shade shall glow
Within the spirit land."

And in the Elysian fields of old mythology, where, in cold state, and solemn grandeur, wandered those who had on earth been crowned and celebrated. Through many an age of this world's troublous course, these ideas have survived the wrecks of states, and the vanishing of nations; they have flourished on, now dim, then brilliant, ever and anon, with the terrors of denouncing prophecy, thrilling the hearts and torturing the souls of their votaries; again lulling to a false security the entranced and captivated enthusiast who trusted to some spurious promises. Here making this sad state a prelude to a still sadder and darker existence, there pointing to the joys of sense brought to perfection, when the limited powers of pleasure here were exhausted. These are still all evidences of an ultimate and lasting state being the desire and necessity of man's nature to rest upon in hope or despair, and which, rescued from superstition, and purified from alloy, can only find its free and fair solution in the subdued and softened faith that gilds the Christian's hope of heaven.

"Real and Ideal Beauty" is a suggestive subject, and, as may be imagined, it is here discussed in an appropriate style. After descending on what beauty consists in, and enumerating the various forms in which it is presented to our notice, as moral, intellectual, and association beauty, the writer sums up in the following passage:—"We recognise the truth, that however widely differing in character or appearance, all beautiful objects owe their power of pleasing to one and the same cause—they delight us just in proportion as they approach perfection." He furthermore adds, that, while a knowledge of the principles of the beautiful is useful to the artist, and interesting to the philosopher, it may be a boon to mankind in general. "When possessed of such a knowledge, observation acquires new quickness and power; beauties hitherto unseen spring to light, whether in art or nature, and we verify for ourselves the exclamation of Cicero, "*Quam multa vident pictores, quae nos non videmus*." Finally, all must agree in the truth of the argument last employed, of the importance of raising the standard of appreciation, that when the first flush of youth is over, an indifference to all elevated notions may not dull the prime of manhood, and cast a blight over the wearied and dejected days of life's decline. Who can better face the perils and endure the troubles of this world, than they whose natures are the most susceptible of the beautiful, and the most sensitive to the sublime and glorious

around them. To this better state they turn when overcome by their pressing cares, in this fairy-land they wander to cull sweets for the memory that is crushed down by bitter reflections. The enjoyment of this mental transplantation is refreshing as the dream that brings home to the far-away soldier, and liberty to the trampled slave. Thus the real and right understanding of the beautiful may elevate the soul, till it recognises in all that is fair, above, around, and beneath, a picture of its ultimate and lasting inheritance. So in dreams may it catch glimpses of the land that is very far off, yet which one day it trusts shall be its home; and which the harp of the Psalmist, the inspired lips of the Prophet, and the revelations of the Apostle, alike declare to possess one crowning characteristic—"the Beautiful."

This essay concludes in these words:—"This must be acknowledged, that by giving the emotion of the beautiful a place in the inner shrine of the intellect, in addition to its primal place in the sphere of sensation, we render ourselves in a great measure independent of that sensuous susceptibility upon which the enjoyment of beauty so much depends. With him who has learnt to know as well as to feel, whose soul is one clear sky of intelligence, the case is far otherwise. Intellect brightens as the senses grow dull, and though sensuous imagination pass into the yellow leaf as the autumn of life draws on, still will the beautiful, having secured for itself a retreat in the intellect, naturally pass into immortality along with it."

"Records of the Past, Nineveh and Babylon," is one of the historical essays, and carries us back to the world's early history, which it is most right and fitting should ever and anon engage our attention. This scrutiny into the things of yore is a most profitable study. It may tame the pride of man to know that with all his boasted knowledge, he does not always effect such lasting mementoes as were achieved by the primeval race of remote antiquity. It may awaken thought, and stimulate reflection to note and compare the wonders of the past in contrast with the wonders of the present, and see through the twilight of fable, events assume a greater importance, and acquire more significance than in the hackneyed and worn-out every-day existence. There is truth in this remark, that, "Paradoxical as it may seem, the further we recede from the era of those old nations, the better able we are to write their history, and to understand their civilisation. The decay of the Assyrian cities is as complete a warning as could have been decreed by an indignant power against an offending state. "The place that once knew thee, shall know thee no more," was indeed verified in the case of these guilty abodes of pride and power. Their subsequent desolation has been as striking as their overthrow was sudden and sweeping.

"Where Babel stood, the wolves and jackals drink,
'Mid weeping willows round Euphrates' brink."

Nineveh was so obliterated, that "when Xenophon and the ten thousand" passed that way, even its name was forgotten, and the Greek warrior and historian notices its mounds of ruins, simply as those of an ancient city which he calls "Larissa." As Xenophon left those ruins, Layard found them. That the Assyrians were a conquering and luxurious, but not a great people, is made evident from all we hear of them. There seems an inherent love of pleasure in all their actions which supersedes the finer emotions of human nature, and casts into the shade the grand qualities of heroism and self-denial, as it is here graphically depicted. "It is a vision of haughty, voluptuous grandeur that gleams upon us through the mists of time from the palaces of Nineveh and Babylon. It is a sound of revelry that breaks upon us from that long-buried past. We see the hanging gardens, and the stately palaces, and the lofty massive walls, behind whose impregnable circuit the inhabitants could eat, drink, and be merry, though the

mightiest of hosts were encamped without." There is one suggestion made here, which it is well to notice. In commenting on the character of Egypt, it is said that these two old empires may be symbolised by their different modes of architecture. Egypt built with granite, and Assyria with alabaster and painted brick. It is explained that it was not position that made the difference, since the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates are much alike. Both had quarries of granite in the mountains which bordered the valley, with rivers on which rafts might be floated down. The one employed this resource, the other did not. "The Egyptians sent several hundred miles for intractable but everlasting granite, whereon to design their sculptures and inscriptions, and with which to rear those vast and countless edifices which seem destined to perpetuate the fame and history of their founders to the end of time." The manner in which the Assyrians built was a type of their weak characters, and indifference to ultimate consequences. This interesting treatise on the mighty cities of the past is well adapted to the taste of the scholar, the antiquarian, and the philosopher. The student may refresh his memory by perusing its striking illustrations; the man of science and erudition may be edified by its reflections; while a general reader of more modest pretensions may gather a fund of valuable information, and enter a storehouse rich with rare and countless treasures.

"Colour in Nature and Art," is an essay that it is to be hoped will not be hurried over, as only pertaining to the initiated, since a right understanding of the laws of colour would be an inestimable boon to the community at large, and save those possessed of taste from many an irritating sight and grievous annoyance. It is truly stated that men will often disparage this kind of beauty as if it were something less than that of form and sound, but that this indifference is the result of great ignorance or a lamentable want of appreciation. A forcible passage of Mr. Ruskin's is quoted in illustration:—"If these disparagers of colour would only imagine what would be if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, the verdure from the leaves, and the crimson from the blood, the flush from the cheek, and the darkness from the eye—if they could but see for an instant white human creatures living in a white world, they would soon feel what they owe to colour." Also we meet with an eloquent tribute to the loveliness of flowers. These charming creations are among the choicest gifts of earth, breathing an atmosphere of freshness, fairness, and radiance over our dark dusty paths in the highways of this dull work-day world. In their brilliancy and bloom, we find the full perfection of adornment and lustre; where tameness is unknown and gaudiness impossible. It is here said that the greatest men have ever thought much of flowers. "Luther always kept a flower in a glass on his writing-table, and when he was waging his great public controversy with Eckius, he held a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage about flowers; and as to Shakespere, he is a perfect Alpine valley. He is full of flowers. They spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Even Milton, cold, serene, and stately as he is, breaks forth into exquisite gushes of tenderness as he marshals the flowers in Lycidas and Comus." We know that the highest authority has told us to "Consider the lilies of the field, for that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Before quitting this subject, the writer refers to the want of colour that we display in our dwellings. This is partly a fault of the northern idiosyncrasy, he goes on to say, as it is in tropical countries, where light is most dazzling, that colour is most gorgeous and abundant. "The susceptibility of us hyperboreans to colour is far inferior to that of the race who produced the magic dyes of India, or the still nobler one who built the glowing halls of the Alhambra."

Literary Notices.

Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life. By Benjamin Brierley. Manchester : John Heywood.

In many out of the way nooks and corners of "merris England," we may yet find descendants of our Teutonic forefathers, who have clung with a singular tenacity, in spite of the inevitable change of centuries, to many of the habits, customs, and ways of thinking of their progenitors, which have become obsolete or nearly so to the rest of the nation. The march of literary culture, however, in these days of railways and electric telegraphs, is rapidly reducing both the number and extent of these "out of the world" localities, and especially in East Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, where mechanical invention and commercial enterprise are fast converting moorland slope and mountain glen into one vast workshop. Young Progress, lithe, burley, and insolent, in some places exists in near contiguity or in actual collision with quaint, ancient, respectable, Immobility. The intermixture of these elements has produced infinite variety of individual character and manners. Recently these localities have furnished material for more than one literary craftsman of no mean abilities. Edwin Waugh's prose sketches, and especially his songs and poems in the vernacular of his native county, have been received with great favour, and are daily increasing in popularity. Mr. Brierley confines himself to prose. His tales, founded upon actual experience of Lancashire life, abound with scenes of the raciest humour, intermingled with striking delineations of the manners, foibles, prejudices, and sterling qualities of heart, which exist under a rude but highly picturesque exterior. By those to whom the old Lancashire tongue, with its quaint idioms and obsolete Anglicisms, is not a sealed book, these volumes are certain to be welcomed with avidity. Even a southern reader will find much to reward him for the labour of perusal, notwithstanding the difficulty which his limited knowledge of the provincialisms may occasionally interpose.

Insolvent Sick and Burial Clubs : The Causes and the Cure ; or, How to Choose or Found a Reliable Friendly Society. By Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., Author of a "Manual for Patrons, and Members of Friendly Societies" etc. Manchester : John Heywood.

We know of some instances in which authors have absolutely "con-descended" to write (anonymously, of course) eulogistic notices of the productions of their own pens ! We are happy to say that neither our vanity nor effrontery has yet attained sufficient dimensions to impel us to "profit by the example." We honestly confess that the judge on the critical bench, and the prisoner at the bar of public opinion, are, in the present instance, one and the same person. As we decline doing the eulogistic in connection with our own literary labours, it will hardly be expected that we should volunteer to do the depreciatory. We will therefore vacate the critic's chair for the nonce, and simply state what is the object of the publication under notice. We may likewise add that the importance of the subject matter of the pamphlet, to the readers of this magazine especially, has alone influenced us in the decision that some notice of it was necessary and desirable here, and that its omission would seem, and in fact would really be, an act of false or superficial, rather than *bona fide* delicacy on our part. Our object cannot be better attained than by the extraction of the preface from the pamphlet itself. Here it is :—"I have been in the habit for some time past, when lecturing on Friendly Societies,

in various parts of the kingdom, of explaining the laws of sickness and mortality by reference to a large diagram, which exhibits the results of the past experience of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society at a single glance. I have found no difficulty, with its assistance, in clearly demonstrating, even to the relatively uneducated artizan, the nature and the imperative character of these laws. It has, on various occasions, been suggested to me that the publication of this diagram, on a sufficiently large scale to render it available for exhibition in club-rooms, etc., would materially aid in the dissemination of sound knowledge on this most important subject. Believing, however, that the diagram, alone, would not be of much advantage without some accompanying explanation, I have prepared the following pages, with the view of placing before provident working men, in a concise and cheap form, the chief practical lessons which the facts represented by the diagram inculcate."

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—The Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, and the Ancient Order of Foresters, have resolved to collect subscriptions from their members, in support of this admirable institution. The moving parties amongst the Foresters have issued a circular, in which they request that "the attention of every member be called to the subject, by the officers of each court and that each person be requested to state, whether his name may be enrolled as an annual subscriber of one penny or upwards in the court books, the payments to be made at the member's own convenience." We understand that the promoters of the subscription amongst the Manchester Unity Lodges, intend to make a similar appeal. From the report recently issued, it appears, the "number of lives saved, either by the Life-boats of the Society or by special exertions, for which it has granted rewards since its formation, is 13,193; for which services, 82 Gold Medals, 733 Silver Medals, and £17,150 in cash, have been granted as rewards. The Institution has also expended £73,900 on Life-boats, Life-boat Transporting Carriages, and Boat-houses." In the years 1861, 1862, and the first six months of 1863, no fewer than 913 lives have been saved by the shore boats, and other means, for which the Institution has granted rewards.

A SWAM FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Two persons were charged at the Southwark Police Court, on July 23rd, with defrauding many persons in humble circumstances of life, by means of a Life Assurance and Sick Fund Benefit Society. It appears the prisoners had gone from house to house canvassing for clients, and taking weekly subscriptions, varying in amount from one penny to sixpence. These subscriptions, they stated, would entitle the representatives of the subscribers to certain amounts at the decease of the insured, and it was affirmed in court, that a number of poor people had thus been victimised. The magistrate, on remanding the prisoners, said he had no doubt that a gross system of swindling had been carried on by them and other persons all over the country.

DISPUTED CLAIMS ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—At the Burnley County Court, August 27, the widow of Thomas Wilson summoned the secretary of the Industry Lodge, M.U., for arrears of sick pay due to her late husband. The defence was, that the member was out of benefits, and that the court had no jurisdiction. His honour, after hearing both sides, held that he had no jurisdiction.—In the case, *Carrol versus Lawrence*, secretary of the Royal

Victoria Friendly Society, Leadenhall, London, in the Liverpool County Court, his honour in giving judgment, contended, that according to the regulations put out by the society itself, one of its great advantages was that collectors were sent out to the members' houses for the contributions, and that the collector signed a card, which was evidence of the payment having been made. The *onus*, therefore, was with the society to collect the subscriptions. It appeared to him that the plaintiff was entitled to the full benefit of the society, and to the amount claimed. His honour accordingly gave judgment for the plaintiff—damages, £9, with costs.

METROPOLITAN BENEFIT SOCIETIES' ASYLUM.—A fancy fair in aid of the endowment fund of this institution was held on the 10th and 11th of August. A soiree was held on the evening of the 10th, and a ball on the 11th. The Friendly Societies Gazette says:—"We regret to hear a rumour that the entertainments will not be such a benefit, financially, as was hoped; and trust we may be deceived. From the manner in which it was announced by the daily and weekly press we certainly expected greater numbers, and the management (save as to music on Monday) was so good, it merited unqualified success. Mrs. Bowles, the widow of the originator and founder of the asylum, was also elected an inmate, a strange instance of the vicissitude of fortune!" From the report it appears that the subscriptions, interest, etc., for the half-year ending June 20th, amounted to £350 10s. 4½d., and the expenditure to £291 8s. The invested capital amounts to more than £7000.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ABERDARE.—On the evening of Wednesday, July 9th, 1863, the Rose of Glan Cynon Lodge, met for the purpose of presenting P.G. John Eynon, with a star and collar of splendid workmanship. The chair was taken by Griffith Daines, Esq., P. Prov. G.M., while the duties of vice-chairman were ably fulfilled by Thomas Botting, P. Prov. G.M. Mr. John Eynon has been over twenty years a most faithful member, and during that period has only been absent two lodge-nights, and was therefore presented with a splendid medal for long and faithful services. Addresses were delivered by S. Davids, Esq., P. Prov. G.M., Dr. Williams, Prov. G.M., F. Roberts, D.G.M., W. Williams, P. Prov. G.M., H. Daines, P.G., and Rev. Thomas Price, P. Prov. G.M., and one of the directors. During the evening's proceedings, a resolution was passed with much cordiality, expressing the pleasure of the assembled brethren that their brother, the Rev. Thomas Price, had been distinguished by the honorary degrees of A.M. and Ph.D., by the University of Leipzig, and wishing that Dr. Price may long live to enjoy his well earned honours. Thanks to the chairman and vice-chairman brought to a close a most pleasant evening.

BATH.—On Wednesday, July 22nd, the members of the Northey Lodge, Box, celebrated their anniversary. A procession to church was the chief out-door feature. A most excellent sermon was preached by the vicar, the Rev. Dr. Horlock. The Rev. gentleman likewise occupied the chair after dinner, supported by the Rev. John Stedman, Rev.—Rynd, Capt. Woodgate, R.N., Capt. Struan Robertson, and Capt. Dick. P.G. Hobbs said, "our object to-day has been to increase our Widow and Orphan Fund, which is, by the construction of our Order, distinct from the Sick and Funeral Fund. We have been enabled to pay every call made upon us, and added to our stock about £50 a-year during the last five years." The Rev. chairman made some remarks

upon the advantages of societies like the one in question, and commended the officers and committee for the praiseworthy manner in which they had conducted the proceedings; also, on the very laudable object which had brought them together, and concluded by giving one and all some good advice as to their conduct in a moral point of view.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—The officers and members of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, No. 4, of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, Ashton-under-Lyne District, which is now the oldest lodge in the M.U., held their anniversary on Monday, July 22nd, being the fiftieth since the establishment of the lodge. The occasion was celebrated by a grand jubilee, and the officers of this, and the surrounding districts, were invited to take part in the proceedings. The above-named lodge was opened at the house of Mr. Edward Siddall, the Highland Laddie, Old Street, on the 21st of June, 1813, and has never since been removed. After a grand procession had perambulated the neighbourhood, nearly 300 persons sat down to dinner in the Odd-fellow's Hall. S. D. Lees, Esq., mayor of the manor, presided, supported on his right by Major Mellor and Lieutenant Greenall, and on his left by P.G.M. J. Woodcock, and P. Prov. G.M. William Aitken. Several most interesting addresses were delivered. The chairman reviewed the progress and general principles of the Order, and quoted largely from the paper read before the International Conference by P.G.M. Hardwick. He said he quite agreed with Mr. Hardwick that the good feeling, the order, and the regularity which had prevailed throughout the manufacturing districts, had been greatly promoted by the organisation, the prudence, the care, and the forethought of these societies. The habit of meeting together on these social occasions had led them to reflect that any disturbance—any outpouring of indignation at their sufferings—would rather aggravate their distress than otherwise. He had noticed, during the long period he held the office of one of the medical officers of the Ashton-under-Lyne Union, that he very seldom had one on his list who was a member of the society of Odd-fellows, except as a private patient. They were always willing to pay when they had the means; and he might say for himself, as well as for other medical men, that they were willing to trust them when they had not the means. (Loud applause.) Mr. Aitken responded in eloquent terms. They had amongst them that day some of the founders of that vast institution, and were they to hear some of those individuals tell how very simply that society had its origin—how very little they knew of the principles of finance—those principles of legislation which now regulated the Manchester Unity—they would, in conjunction with him, feel astonished at the rapid progress that vast society had made. Let it be borne in mind that the individuals who founded that society were, for the most part, men who could scarcely read or write, and that a large majority of them were uneducated in those principles of vital statistics now so well known to all intellectual men. P.G.M. Mr. Woodcock responded to the G.M. and Board of Directors, and Mr. Hemmingway for the Widow and Orphan Fund. He said since that fund was established, they had dispensed more than £1,000 amongst their widows and orphans. They had between £200 and £300 as a reserve fund to meet any extraordinary liabilities which might come upon them. Last year was such an one as he hoped Ashton would never see again, but for all that the great amount of calls which gentlemen had had upon their purses to assist the mass of the people had not deterred them from sending to them their annual subscriptions. (Applause.)

BIRKENHEAD.—The anniversary of the Perseverance Lodge was duly celebrated on the 25th Aug. C.S. Sykes occupied the chair. Several excellent addresses were delivered, especially one by the Rev. W. A. Tattersall. G.M. Routledge said the district was getting along very satisfactorily. Sixty-one

new members had been initiated during the past quarter, and there was no doubt that the holding the A.M.C. at Birkenhead next year, would result in great additions being made to their numbers. (Hear.) The chairman spoke at some length of the progress the lodge had made. He had known it for 20 years at least, during which time its advancement had been marvellous. It had then 95 members, now it has 242; it then possessed a fund of £68, now it has about £800. (Hear, hear.) He announced that W. Hind, Esq., chairman of the Birkenhead Commissioners, would be initiated the following evening, a member of their lodge. Mr. Hind was duly initiated on the following evening. Mr. Hind said, that he was much gratified to find that this great friendly society was so prosperous and so well conducted. He looked upon such societies as most excellent institutions for the working classes, and deservedly popular, and that it was the duty of those who would probably never stand in need of participation in the benefit of the funds to step forward and render that assistance they had in their power to bestow. He thanked the lodge, through their secretary, Mr. Sykes, for the kind wishes they had expressed on his behalf, and hoped that their connection together would be a source of unmingled pleasure and gratification. (Applause.)

BRAINTREE.—The nineteenth anniversary of the Loyal Unanimity Lodge, was celebrated by a public dinner at the Corn Exchange, Braintree, on Tuesday, the 4th August, 1863. The chair was taken by E. G. Craig, Esq., and amongst the company present were, T. Taylor, Esq., F. Smoothy, Jun., Esq., Rev. S. Clarkson, P. Prov. G.M. Peagram, (Ipswich), P. Prov. D.G.M. Hardy, (Maldon), etc. After the cloth had been removed, the customary loyal toasts were given and duly acknowledged. "The Manchester Unity, G.M., and Board of Directors," was given by the chairman in a very appropriate speech, and responded to by P. Prov. G.M. Hardy. A report was read by N.G. Cansdale, which showed that the lodge was then in a flourishing condition, the number of members on the books being 140, the funds amounting to £855 10s. 5d., and that during the last four years they had saved £221 13s. 9d.

BRIGHTON.—From the report issued by C.S. Curtis we make the following extracts:—"At the commencement of the year 1862 we had 3,421 members good on the books; at its close we numbered 3,624, showing an increase of 203 members. During the year we have initiated 422 members, of whom 206 were of the age of 21 and under. The financial condition of the district is most satisfactory. The lodges commenced the year with an united capital of £14,745 5s. 2d.; at its close they possessed £15,983 8s. 2½d., being an increase of £1,508 3s. 0½d. on the year. The sum expended in sick relief in 1861 was, £1,925 7s. 6d., and in 1862 £2,420 6s. 5½d., being £494 18s. 11½d. in excess of the previous year. The mortality of the district for the year 1862, notwithstanding increased numbers, but little exceeded that of 1861. During the year we paid £376 for 32 deceased members, and £140 5s. for 18 deceased wives of members, showing an increase of £20 5s. as compared with the expenditure of the previous year."

BRIGHTON.—The 18th anniversary of the Victoria Lodge, Worthing, was recently celebrated by an excursion to Arundel Park. After dinner at the Spaniard, Hotel Mr. Verrall, the secretary of the lodge who presided, observed: "We have 240 members, that is, we have over 230 good on the books. Last year we had £1,216, and we paid to sick members £37. As you know during the past year we had saved £162, and I can say that at the present time we are worth another £100, bringing our funds to £1,300."

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Loyal Olive Branch Lodge, held at the Sea House, Southwick, celebrated their sixteenth anniversary on the 20th July. The members assembled in the morning at the lodge house, where a proces-

sion was formed and visits made to the houses of the neighbouring gentry. At two o'clock the members and friends sat down to dinner, in a booth adjacent to the lodge house. Mr. William Feist, of Southwick, a very old member of the Lodge, and Deputy Grand Master of the Brighton District, presided, supported by his colleagues in office, Mr Thomas D. Gates, Grand Master, and Mr James Curtis, Corresponding Secretary, and one of the Board of Directors. The Lodge is in a prosperous condition. It has a reserve capital of nearly £600, and numbers 160 members. Last year it dispensed £75 in sick and £20 in funeral payments.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Weald of Sussex Lodge, Horsham, in connection with the Brighton District of this Unity, celebrated their anniversary at their Lodge House, the Hurst Arms, on Monday, July 27. Mr James Curtis, Corresponding Secretary, presided. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, followed by the toasts peculiar to the Order, the chairman responding for himself and colleagues on the Board of Directors, also for himself and colleagues in office in the Brighton District. Mr Attree, the efficient lodge secretary, stated that the lodge now numbers 121 members, and has a capital of £835; also that during the past year 19 new members had joined them, and that the lodge had only had to pay £37 16s. 6d. for sick benefits during the year, £50 less than the sum paid in preceding year.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Loyal City Lodge celebrated their eighteenth anniversary at their lodge house, the City of Hereford Inn, on the 15th July. Mr. George Smith, an old officer of the lodge and district, presided. The position of this lodge is a highly satisfactory one; it stands second in the district both in its number of members and amount of capital. Its progress during the past year especially has been a rapid one, and the number of young members added to its ranks has been very large.

BRIGHTON.—The 29th of June was, in accordance with time-honored custom, the fête day of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, in the Brighton District. On this occasion they were joined by the Portsmouth District of Foresters, and held the fête at the Swiss Gardens. As might be supposed, with the aid of the Portsmouth Foresters, the affair was, to use the wording of the bills—"the greatest demonstration of the season." Everything passed off pleasantly; and the arrangements made by the Railway Company, by the committee, and by their honorary secretary, Mr. Burfield, gave universal satisfaction. The number present was 3750, exclusive of season-ticket holders, committees, bands, etc. The proceeds will go towards liquidating the debt on the Odd-fellows' Hall.

BUCKINGHAM.—On the 15th July, the members of the Loyal Grenville Lodge held their annual demonstration. Amongst the out-door enjoyments, a grand game of cricket was played. Upwards of eighty sat down to dinner at the Woolpack Inn. Sir Harry Verney, Bart., M.P., occupied the chair and Mr. Mehan the vice-chair, supported by the Rev. W. Freemantle and several of the neighbouring gentry. Several interesting addresses were delivered, and especially two on the progress and objects of the Unity, by Messrs. Simmons and Spencer. From the balance sheet, as read by the secretary, it appears the lodge possesses a total capital of £1,074 4s. 1½d.

BRIDPORT.—**OTTERY ST. MARY DISTRICT.**—On Wednesday, July 15th, the officers and brothers of the Great Western Lodge, Bridport, assembled at their lodge-room for the purpose of presenting to the founder of the Order in Bridport, a most valuable service of plate, consisting of coffee-pot, tea-pot, cream-jug, and sugar basin, on each of which was beautifully engraved the following:—"Presented to D. Prov. G.M. Cox, by the officers and brethren

of the G.W.L. of O.F.M.U. Bridport, July 15th, 1863." The presentation was made by Hamilton D. Gundy, Esq., P.G., in a highly laudatory speech, in the course of which he observed, that in one year since the formation of the lodge, more than £70 had been paid for sickness, and during the last half year, over £50 had been required for the same cause. And yet, with such heavy calls on a young lodge, not yet three years old, it was pleasing to know their funds were increasing rapidly, and the number of members was likewise on the increase. Mr. H. N. Cox feelingly replied. In introducing the Order to their notice, he had but one motive in view, which was to benefit the artisans of the town and neighbourhood. He had seen abundant proofs already of the benefits of Oddfellowship, and happy indeed was he, that he had planted the little acorn which had already grown to a mighty tree, under the branches of which, numbers were now reposing in hope and prosperity. Mr. Cox has been an officer from the first formation of the lodge, and is now the only one nominated for Prov. G.M. for the Ottery St. Mary District.

CHORLEY.—At the quarterly meeting of deputies belonging to the Chorley District, on Saturday evening, June 27th, 1863, after several warm-hearted and feeling remarks in commendation of the conduct of those lodges and districts in the Unity that have so nobly and liberally subscribed towards assisting their brethren in the cotton districts in this unprecedented crisis, it was unanimously resolved that "the best thanks of the meeting (on behalf of the Chorley district) be given to the subscribers, officers, and members, who have so nobly assisted in the furtherance of such a laudable work; praying that such a calamity may not fall upon them; but, in the event of such, assuring them of our warmest sympathy, trusting good will come out of it, and whether the future be prosperous or adverse, that we may continue to reciprocate true brotherly love is the desire of their thankful recipients. Signed on behalf of the meeting, Jas. Dorman, G.M., Ed. Lawrence D.G.M., Jas. Sergeant, Prov. C.S."

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Saturday, June 20th, was an interesting day in the annals of Oddfellowship in Turkey, owing to the inauguration of a monument erected to the memory of the late Br. Robert Thompson, of Glasgow, who died suddenly in December last, at Constantinople. Br. R. Thompson, who was a very young man, joined the Star of the East Lodge, on its opening in March, 1862. He was therefore not a free member at the time of his death, nor had he had time to be very useful to the lodge, although he had always done his best to assist, and was one of the first to join; but he was so universally respected that his brother Odd-fellows determined to open a subscription to raise a monument to his memory, which resulted in the sum of £17 sterling being collected. This was laid out in the purchase and erection of a simple Egyptian marble monument of neat proportions and excellent workmanship, surmounted by the Odd-fellow's arms beautifully sculptured. The inscription simply gives the name of the deceased, with the dates and places of birth and death in letters of gold. The whole does great credit to the taste of the committee, appointed to carry out the object for which the fund was collected, and there is no doubt will do much to establish a good feeling toward the brotherhood in Turkey.

CRYSTAL PALACE FÊTE.—This important annual demonstration came off in August last. The weather was delightful, and all appeared to much enjoy the entertainments provided by the committee. Nearly 28,000 persons were present. In a monetary point of view, it was a success, and we congratulate the committee on bringing the fête of 1863 to so satisfactory a conclusion. On all occasions they have catered well for the public, and deserve the success that usually attends these gatherings. The Daily Telegraph says:—"The time has long passed when it was necessary to record, as a special fact, that the

behaviour of an English crowd was quiet and orderly; but it would be unjust to terminate our notice of the proceedings of the day without congratulating the managing men of the order, not alone upon the success which must have attended this gala in a monetary point of view, but also upon the conduct of the crowds of their members who were present. The day was one of rational enjoyment; the instances of excess were few; and the demonstration of 1863 proved, at any rate, both that the Order is strong and thriving, and that its prosperity is that of men who deserve it."

DURHAM.—On Saturday evening, the 13th inst., several members and friends of the Loyal Haswell Lodge, met for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Robert G. B. Jefferson, permanent secretary of the lodge, as a token of regard and esteem, and in recognition of his services as secretary for many years. The chair was occupied by Mr. Matthew Forster. Mr. Wm. Marley, in an appropriate address, in which he referred to Mr. Jefferson's valuable services, and to the general cordiality and good feeling which had ever existed between him and the members of the lodge generally, in the name of the subscribers, presented him with a handsome gold lever watch, etc., bearing an appropriate inscription. Mr. Jefferson returned thanks in suitable terms.

EAST DEREHAM DISTRICT.—The members of the Feeling Art and Poet Cowper Lodges of this district, as is customary with them, celebrated their joint anniversary (the twenty-second) on Whit-tuesday, at the corn exchange. About 130 members and friends sat down to dinner under the able presidency of the Rev. B. J. Armstrong, vicar of the parish, supported by other gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. P.C. Anderson gave an interesting account of the large sums subscribed by the Unity in several cases of national distress, and also of the valuable assistance it never fails to afford its members at times when they most need it. From statements made, it appeared that the lodges were both in a flourishing and progressive condition. The years' income of the Feeling Heart, had been £446 15s. 1d., £79 13s. 3d. of which was interest on invested capital. The lodge funds then amounted to £2411 1s. 10d., giving £10 16s. 2d. per member, and 16s. 2d. per head in excess of last year. £120 1s. 2d. had been paid for sickness during the year. The Poet Cowper showed similar favourable figures, the lodge funds amounting to £661 6s. 9d., giving over £8 5s. per member.

GLOSSOP.—The members of the Loyal Clio Lodge met as usual on Saturday, Aug. 15th, 1863, at their lodge-room, Tintwistle, in the county of Cheshire. After the usual business, P. Prov. G.M. John Beaumont presented to P.G. Job Senior, on behalf of the members, an excellent pair of silver spectacles as a small but sincere token of respect, he having served the office of financial secretary of the lodge for a period of twelve years. P. Prov. G.M. Beaumont accompanied the presentation with some very eulogistic remarks. That his services were duly appreciated needed no further proof, than that this token of esteem should be subscribed for at a time, when a large portion of the members of the lodge are plunged in the deepest distress. P.G. Senior suitably responded. He considered that he had but done his duty, and should continue to serve the lodge to the best of his ability, and to further the interest of Oddfellowship in every possible manner.

GLOUCESTER.—The members of the Phoenix Lodge of Odd-fellows celebrated their anniversary on Monday, Aug. 10, at the Booth Hall Hotel, when about 200 members and friends sat down to dinner. J. P. Wilton, Esq. presided, and amongst those present were J. J. Powell, Esq., M.P., Captain Heyworth, J. Knight, Esq., J. Halcombe, Esq., etc., all of whom are honorary members. Mr. Powell, M.P., in returning thanks for the toast, of his health,

observed, that either professionally or politically, his hand was generally against others, and their hands against him; therefore, it was a most agreeable change for him to spend an evening amongst friends, where all was harmony and enjoyment. This reminded him that social enjoyment was one of the necessities of our existence, and gave rise to clubs which had been long established for the accommodation of the richer classes, and now such are being established for men in humbler spheres, and he could strongly recommend the young men of Gloucester to establish one. A subscription of 1d. or 1½d. per week would be sufficient for the purpose. They would have to provide chess boards, draught boards, etc., besides newspapers and magazines. He could see no reason why the working-men should not possess the advantages of social enjoyments as well as the rich. Mr. Fream, the secretary, referred to the prosperity of the lodge, which numbers about 250 members, and although of somewhat recent establishment, possesses a reserve fund of upwards of 900*l.* which is rapidly increasing. They had paid for sick relief 495*l.*; for funerals 172*l.*; gifts to distressed brothers 22*l.* We understand that nearly all the members of Captain Heyworth's company of volunteers, are Odd-fellows.

HAVERFORD WEST.—On Tuesday, August 4th, the members of the Loyal Dungleddy Hall Lodge and their friends, celebrated its twentieth anniversary. The brothers attended the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Wiston, where an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. John Williams, P.G. The members and friends then returned to their lodge-room. After dinner, the chair was taken by the Rev. T. Thomas, P.G., supported on the right by the Rev. J. Phillips, J.P., and on the left, by the Rev. J. Pugh, J.P., whilst the vice-chair was ably occupied by John Thomas, Esq., P. Prov. G.M. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman proposed "The G.M. and Board of Directors," which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. A number of other toasts were proposed and most cordially received. The Rev. J. Pugh contributed 10*s.* towards defraying the expenses of the anniversary. The meeting was a great success, and will no doubt be productive of very beneficial results.

HORWICH.—On Saturday, June 27th, the quarterly meeting of this district was held at the Crown Inn, Horwich. The chair was occupied by Mr. Edward Farnworth, the Prov. G.M., and the vice-chair, by Mr. Wm. Stewart, Prov. D.G.M. After the usual business had been gone through, a testimonial, consisting of a handsome silver watch and guard was presented to Mr. H. Roberts. The watch bears the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. Henry Roberts, by the officers and brethren of the Horwich District, as a token of their respect and esteem, for 23 years' service as C.S." Mr. T. D. Eaton, Past Sec. of the Ridgmont Lodge, made the presentation in an appropriate address. Mr. Roberts thanked his brethren in suitable terms, for the kind feelings which had prompted them to give him such a testimonial.

HOLTHEAD.—The members of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden, held their anniversary on Easter Monday by dining together at the Assembly Room of the New Inn. About 200 members and invited guests sat down. After the cloth was withdrawn, J. B. Robinson, Esq., took the chair; Mr. J. W. Hall being in the vice-chair. The secretary, Mr. Samuel Garside read the report, from which it appeared that the society was worth £1551, being an augmentation since the last meeting of £22. For sickness, distress, and funerals £256 had been paid during the year. In the same period, thirteen members had been added, five had been lost by death, and the present number on the books was 316. Past Grand Master Schofield responded to the toast of the Unity in an excellent practical speech, in which he contended that the great object of the society was to render safe the funds for the relief of sickness,

etc. He condemned expensive management, and was glad to learn that the lodge at Marsden expended so small a per centage on this head. The chairman fully endorsed Mr. Schofield's remarks. The failure of such societies in past times should put them on their guard against similar bad management in the present or future. They should be so conducted, as not to depend for success upon the entrance of new members, but should continue solvent and fulfil all the promises held out, though another member should never enter. P.G.M. Woodcock responded to the G.M. and Board of Directors. Several other excellent addresses were delivered.

IPSWICH.—On Friday, the 17th July, Leiston, Suffolk, assumed quite a gay appearance; the church bells pealed merrily during the day, flags, etc., were seen floating in every direction, to do honour to the occasion of the united anniversaries of the Loyal Mechanics' Pride Lodge, Ipswich District, Manchester Unity, and Court Leiston Abbey, of the Ancient Order of Foresters, which was celebrated on that day. The brethren in full regalia, walked in procession through the town to the church, where an impressive sermon was preached by Brother the Rev. J. C. Blythwaft, M.A. The brethren and friends, upwards of 200 in number, then adjourned to the new and spacious Works Hall, kindly lent for the occasion by R. Garrett, Esq. After dinner the chair was taken by Br. W. B. Palmer, C.S., supported by Br. T. C. Campbell, Esq., barrister-at-law, Rev. F. A. Johnson, J. Packard, Esq., and other guests. The usual loyal toasts were given and responded to. The Rev. F. A. Johnson, in responding to the toast "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese" delivered a most excellent address on the great advantages to be derived from such societies, as compared with the old and now rapidly decreasing Box Clubs; pointing out the evils he had seen, and known, connected with the latter. A most agreeable and instructive evening was passed. The societies have every reason to congratulate themselves on the result of this combined meeting. The example is worthy of imitation in other localities.

LEAMINGTON.—At a numerously attended meeting of the Temple of Peace Lodge, at the Rose and Crown Inn, Leamington, on Monday, Aug. 24, after the ordinary business of the lodge had been disposed of, P. Prov. G.M. James Clark presented to P. Prov. G.M. John Hudson, a striking photographic portrait of himself neatly framed and suitably inscribed, and a purse containing £5. Mr. Clark stated that the testimonial was subscribed for by about eighty officers and brothers of the lodge, as a token of their esteem and respect towards P. Prov. G.M. John Hudson, for his untiring zeal and perseverance during the eleven years he has held the office of permanent secretary of the lodge; in working much valuable statistical information respecting the financial affairs of the lodge; especially for the prompt manner in which he produced a valuation of the assets and liabilities of the lodge, from the tables compiled from the quinquennial returns of 1866-60, by Mr. H. Ratcliffe. Such valuation shows a balance of £487 5s. 3d. in favour of the assets over the liabilities, £292 5s. of which has, through his exertion, with the sanction of the G.M. and Board of Directors, been declared as bonuses to be added to the funeral donation of the members on their death, computed after the rate of 3s. 6d. per year for each year of membership, from the 1st of January, 1846, to December 31st, 1861, amounting on an average to 14½ per cent. on the gross amount of the funeral money. To his energetic exertion they were mainly indebted for these results. P. Prov. G.M. John Hudson, after acknowledging the high honour conferred on him in a suitable and impressive manner, proceeded to throw out some useful practical suggestions to the officers and members respecting the internal working of the financial affairs of the lodge, and concluded by presenting the portrait to be hung

up in the lodge-room, as a memento of the great esteem so unanimously expressed towards him on the occasion.

LEEDS.—On Monday, August 3rd, the members of the Fox Lodge met to celebrate their anniversary. By the special invitation, the district officers attended. After supper, Prov. G.M. Thomas Hawksworth was called to the chair, and P. Prov. G.M. George T. Crossland, the district treasurer, to the vice-chair. After the usual loyal toasts, P.G. Smith gave the "Leeds District," to which the Prov. C.S. Wm. Thompson replied, stating at great length the present position of the district in numbers and funds, and also impressing upon the minds of all, the great necessity for everyone to use his influence in bringing new members to their lodges. In the course of his speech he referred to the length of time which had elapsed since a new lodge had been opened in the Leeds District. It was his opinion that there was ample opportunity for so doing, if parties would only put their shoulders to the wheel with a right good will, and not to cease until they had accomplished their object. He concluded by proposing the "Fox Lodge," to which P.G. Scaife replied, stating he was glad to say that the Fox Lodge was in a good position, particularly so, taking into consideration the difficulties they have had to contend with during the last five years. He gave an account of the lodge funds in a very satisfactory manner. During the last two years they had increased by upwards of £100. The next business was the presentation of a small purse of gold to P.G. Sykes, the Treasurer of the lodge, who had held that responsible office for upwards of 25 years. P.G. Smith, the oldest member in the lodge, made the presentation in complimentary terms. P.G. Sykes returned thanks and said, when he had been treasurer 21 years, the members presented him with his portrait, for which at the time he felt deeply grateful. Now, after a period of little more than four years, he had again to thank them for their kindness. It afforded him great satisfaction to know that after holding his present office for so long a period, he still retained the confidence of the members of his lodge. P. Prov. G.M. John Geves, replied to the toast of "The G.M. and Board of Directors" at some length. On his first election he was inexperienced, but he thought he should now be better able to take his share of the work. He said that no society in the world had stood the fire and the battle as the Manchester Unity had done. In all our difficulties we had never gone back, our progress had been always onward. After each fresh struggle the Unity had had, it always shone brighter and brighter. On the introduction of the initiation scales and extra annual contributions, the numbers lost to the Unity by secession would have broken up a great many similar institutions, but the Manchester Unity had flourished more and more, and extended its operations to all parts of the world.

LONDON NORTH.—The district officers visited the Adelaide Lodge, Southgate, on Thursday, the 30th of July. The assembly room of the Cherry Tree Tavern was crowded. At the end of 1862, the accumulated capital of the lodge, was £946 7s. 2½d., and had increased during the year £115 19s. 8½d. P.G. Irish stated they had members who were Frenchmen, and one, having left for Paris, wished a lodge to be established in connection with this district. Prov. G.M. Mitchell intimated his intention of waiting on the French Consul, to explain the principles of the society. D. Prov. G.M. Stephens spoke lengthily in favour of affiliated societies, and C.S. Dansie spoke at great length on the power of the press in this country, and trusted this society would ever maintain the good opinion of those who understood its usefulness.

LONDON NORTH.—The officers of the North London District, and about 150 members of the various lodges, attended on Friday, August 7th, at the Adam

and Eve Tavern, Hampstead-road, to open a new lodge in connection with the above society. D. Prov. G.M. Stephens was in the chair, and seventeen new members were installed. The North London District has a capital of £72,818 3s. 11½d., and has saved during the past seven years £30,115 12s. 10½d. G.M. Mitchell and C.S. Dansie also spoke at some length on the position the society had attained.

LONDON NORTH.—A large number of the members of the above district, assembled on July 9th, to receive a visit from Mr. V. R. Burgess, the Grand Master of the Order. Several of the past and present district officers attended and appropriate speeches were delivered. Business was kept up until a late hour, everyone feeling delighted with the cordial and enthusiastic sentiments expressed.

LONDON NORTH.—The 20th anniversary of the Lord Melbourne Lodge, established at Welwyn, Herts, in 1843, was celebrated at a splendid dinner, on Wednesday, July 29th. P.G. William Blow, presided. P.G. Catlin, in a most interesting speech, touched upon the progress and position of the lodge. It had 58 subscribing members, with a capital of £969, after answering every liability. The lodge has been valued by C. S. Ratcliffe, and a surplus was found of assets over all liabilities.

LONDON SOUTH.—Mr. Ratcliffe's report of the state of the assets and liabilities of this district has been published, from which it appears that the present value of the total assets amounts to £130,269 18s. 7d. and of the liabilities £119,913 4s. 10d. leaving a surplus of £10,356 13s. 9d. which is equal to an annual payment or an annual disbursement to each of the members of 2s. 8d. Mr. Ratcliffe observes:—"For the first twelve month's sickness, the present value of a sick gift of 1s. per week is £7,186 6s. 10d., consequently, one of 1s. 6d. per week would be £10,779 10s. 3d. If the lodges were one combined society, and agreed to pay this additional sick gift the surplus would be exhausted, and a deficiency appear of above £400. In the second year's sick allowance, the value of a sick gift is least of any of the three terms, one shilling per week being equal to £1392 13s. 11d., so that if the conditions appeared, as previously stated, this sick gift might be increased equal to the first twelve months, and would only exhaust £6,663 9s. 7d. of the surplus. In the last year's sickness, the value of a sick gift of one shilling per week is £4,659 19s. 6d.; therefore, without any addition to the former periods, the sick gift for this period might be twofold the present allowance, and still leave a surplus. The present value of a funeral allowance for all the members of the present society or combined lodges, and for the present ages, is £20,405 15s. 4d.: the surplus would, therefore, be sufficient to pay an additional £5 at the death of every present member, and leave a small surplus to the society. I am very much pleased to find so large a district in such a prosperous condition. I am certain it must be satisfactory to yourself in particular, as well as the members at large; and this valuation enables you to speak with confidence as to the solvent position of your district."

MALTA.—We have received the following communication from brethren in Malta, which we doubt not will be read with interest:—"On this sultry rock, washed by the blue waters of the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, and crowded by the remains of what once belonged to a noble, powerful, and magnificent fraternity, a small number of the brethren of the M.U. hold their periodical meetings. Far away from their mother country, the members of the "England's Hope and Unity Lodge" fully realize one of the benefits of odd-fellowship, in being thus permitted to meet, at short intervals, their countrymen and brothers, composed principally of military men. A lodge-night has charms to them which no one out of the bonds of the Order

could realize. It brings to the mind of most of them those happy re-unions they assisted at in their own bright land, and to all of them it kindles that hope, that after they have done with the rifle and carbine, when they are out of hearing of the cannon's roar, and all other "war's rude alarms," they may be allowed to smoke the pipe of peace, in some quiet lodge of Old England. At times, these pleasures are enhanced when word is brought that some sea-faring brother is waiting for admission, some brother that has made a short call, either for business or pleasure, at Malta. It is then that our hearts open to receive one who has been at home since we left it, one who can tell us of the old places, old faces, and old times. The members of the lodge in Malta are always glad to welcome passing brothers, and wish that their visits were not like those of angels, few and far between. One lodge-night in May last, witnessed an interesting ceremony, that of marking, by some palpable token, the high esteem in which a past officer of the lodge was held by his brethren. P.G. Record, who has for some length of time officiated as treasurer of the lodge, announced a few nights back, that they would have to elect a new treasurer, as he was about leaving Malta for England. This news was received with regret, for, from the uprightness, and integrity, with which P.G. Record had performed all his duties, together with his readiness in assisting in any business brought forward, coupled with his general urbane and gentlemanly conduct, he had become a universal favourite with the members. A subscription was at once entered into, the result of which was, that a gold chain was purchased for presentation. The night named above saw a goodly muster of members. The chair was occupied by N.G. Inder, faced by V.G. Turner. After the customary business had been gone through, permanent secretary Campbell, in a fervid and manly speech, explained the principal business of the evening. After comparing the many rewards which in this world men hunt after, from the school-boy's token, and books, to the battered old general's stars and orders, he, (the speaker) invested P.G. Record with the chain. P.G. Record replied in a few words, thanking the lodge not for their present only, but more especially for their good wishes and kindly feelings that had been expressed by Br. Campbell. P.G. Record is about to join the Woolwich District; we congratulate them on their new member, and hope that he will prove as useful to them, as he has been to the "England's Hope and Unity."

MOSSLEY.—On Wednesday evening, August 12th, a special meeting of the William Aitken Lodge was held at the house of Mr. George Clayton, Commercial Inn, for the purpose of hearing addresses from several members of the Board of Directors. The meeting was very numerously attended. Among the gentlemen present, were several directors and members from the surrounding districts. Addresses were delivered by the G.M., Mr. Burgess, Mr. Richmond, the D.G.M., Messrs. Street, Schofield, and Hardwick, Past Grand Masters, Messrs. Geves, Curtis and Jack, members of the Directory, P. Prov. G.M. Aitken, and others. The demonstration passed off with great *eclat*. The recent conduct of Mr. John Tidd Pratt was commented upon in severe terms by several of the speakers, whose sentiments were unanimously endorsed by the meeting.

NEW ZEALAND.—On Thursday evening, April 30th, the 19th anniversary of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, of the Auckland District, took place in the Odd-fellows' Hall. There were about 70 members and friends present. Mr. J. J. Moore, P. Prov. G.M., presided as chairman, and was supported on the right by his honour the superintendent, Robert Graham, Esq., Mr. Harley, etc., and on the left by the Hon. Reader G. Wood, Colonial Treasurer, and the Hon. F. Whitaker, Attorney-General, etc. Several ex-

cellent addresses were delivered. The chairman observed that some twenty years ago the Fountain of Friendship was the only lodge of Odd-fellows connected with the Manchester Unity in the province. There were now three lodges in Auckland, one at Onehunga, and another at Hawke's Bay, etc. Mr. Derrom said the Auckland District had been established thirteen years, and there were now five lodges in it. They had invested £6000 in freehold property; £1200 was otherwise invested. Independently of this, sufficient funds were retained in hand to carry on properly the business of the lodges. The Fountain of Friendship Lodge at present numbered 200 members: Good Intent, 108; Egmont, 160; Parnell Lodge, 190; Manukau, 15. He concluded with observations as to the liberality of the Auckland District in relieving cases of distress. £80 had been forwarded to the Crimean Fund at the time of the Russian war, and £200 recently sent in aid of the Lancashire distress.

PATELEY BRIDGE.—On the 22nd August, Mr. C. Hardwick, P.G.M., delivered a lecture on Friendly Societies to a most attentive audience, at the Assembly room, Royal Oak Inn, Dacre Banks, under the auspices of the Rose of the Valley Lodge. Several brethren from the Leeds District were on the platform, and took part in the proceedings. P. Prov. G.M. Geves, one of the Board of Directors, occupied the chair. In the course of his address the chairman stated that the lodge numbered about 260 members, and possessed a reserved fund of £1681 9s. 8½d. During the past year, the increase of income over expenditure amounted to £61 9s. 10½d.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—On Tuesday, July 21st, the members of the Miners' Lodge, Chesterton, celebrated their anniversary, when about 150 members walked in procession to church, where an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Jackson. On leaving the church, the procession moved on to Assedale Hall, the residence of J. E. Heathcote, Esq., where the band was regaled. Mr. Heathcote and J. L. Haslope, Esq., both subscribe two guineas per year to the lodge. The members returned to the village, and sat down to dinner, provided in a large tent. Rain began to fall during dinner, and owing to the tent not being of modern construction, the comfort of the members during the usual after dinner proceedings was materially interfered with. During the day, a beautifully coloured emblem of the Order, in a rosewood frame, was presented to P. Prov. G.M. Samuel Procter, for his services as secretary to the lodge during a number of years. Mr. Procter very tastefully acknowledged the presentation. About 15 young members have been added to the lodge during the past few months. The lodge, both numerically and financially, is in a prosperous condition.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—The members of the Nelson Lodge at Goldenhill, celebrated their anniversary on Monday, July 20th. The procession proceeded through the village to Tunstall. A halt was made at Dr. Davenport's, surgeon to the lodge, where the band was plentifully regaled with ale, and a donation was presented by the Dr. to the N.G. of the lodge. The procession then moved on to Mrs. Wood's residence, of Brownhills, who also presented a donation. The members then returned to the lodge-house. After dinner, P. Bowers, the C.S. of the district, took the chair, when a number of loyal and other toasts were given and responded to.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—On Monday evening, July 27th, the members of the Oak Lodge, at Harrieseahead, celebrated their anniversary, by partaking of an excellent supper, at the Royal Oak Inn. On the removal of the cloth, P. Bowers, the C.S. of the district, was called to the chair, and explained to the members and friends the advantages of belonging to such an excellent institution, summing up by giving a brief outline of the rise and present position of the Order.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—The members of the Excelsior Lodge of

Odd-fellows, held at the Swan Inn, Talk-o'-th'-Hill, celebrated their anniversary on Monday, August 3rd. About 70 members formed in procession, and proceeded to Linley Hall, Clough Hall, and other places of note, returning to the village church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. M. W. McHutchin, an honorary member of the lodge. On leaving the church, the brethren made their way to the lodge-house, where they dined. On the removal of the cloth, N.G. George Shenon was called to the chair. On the toast of the Manchester Unity being given, Bro. P. Bowers, the C.S. of the district, related a few facts on the rise, progress, and present prospects of the Unity. The lodge is in a very flourishing condition, and promise of support has been obtained from several of the leading families around the village.

PRESTON.—At the quarterly meeting of the Preston District, held June 27th, it was decided that Mr. H. Ratcliffe, the corresponding secretary to the Manchester Unity, should be engaged to make a valuation of all the lodges in the district, and take into consideration their assets and liabilities, a similar valuation having been made a few years ago.

RUGBY.—On the 21st July, a grand demonstration of friendly societies took place at Rugby. A procession was formed, which was led by the members of the Manchester Unity, followed by the Foresters and the Nottingham Order of Odd-fellows. The weather, unfortunately, proved unpropitious, and consequently the out-door sports had mainly to be dispensed with. Dancing parties, however, met and enjoyed themselves at the Market Hall and the Corn Exchange. We are sorry to add that the demonstration, which in the morning promised to be a most successful one, will entail some slight pecuniary loss on the committee.

READING.—THE EXCURSION TO DOVER.—Perhaps the most pleasant and altogether successful excursion that has ever left Reading started on Monday morning, July 13, by the South Eastern Railway, to Dover. The train, carrying between 700 and 800 passengers, started as punctually as upon any ordinary occasion. A second train started from Reading shortly after the first, calling at different stations along the line. Great punctuality was also observed by this train, and both arrived at Dover in excellent time. The excursionists enjoyed themselves in various ways. A large number visited the castle and inspected its various objects of interest, and also the old church close by. Another party went to sea in a steam-packet which was in waiting, and conveyed them along the English shore, passing Ramsgate, Deal, and Walmer Castle, and seven large men-of-war steamers lying off the coast, including the Liverpool, the Emerald, Warrior, Black Prince, etc. Passing each vessel three hearty cheers were given, which was warmly responded to by the different crews. The packet then passed over towards the French coast, and got within good view of Calais and Boulogne. The Oddfellows, in an advertisement in the local press, thanked Mr. Carter, the superintendent, for his excellent management of the train, and the exertions which he made to promote their comfort.

WARRINGTON.—On Monday, August 3rd, the members of the Olive Branch Lodge held their anniversary dinner at the Public Hall, the interior of which was profusely and very tastefully decorated. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Boyle, Past Provincial Grand Master, and he was supported by G. Greenall, Esq., M.P., the Mayor of Warrington (James Hepherd, Esq.) Aldermen Peter Rylands, Cartwright, and Chrimes; Councillors Blackhurst and Woods, Messrs. J. B. Edalsten, Cunningham, Evans, and Bowes. Several lengthy and telling addresses were delivered. C. S. Houghton in responding to the toast of the "G.M. and Board of Directors," explained the constitution and principles of the Order, and defended it against the

unjust attacks frequently made upon it. He stated that in the Warrington District, they had 11 lodges, 1,022 members, and an accumulated fund of upwards of £4000. The meeting, which was a great success, was reported at great length in the local press.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday, August 24th, the Rev. Henry Hampton, vicar of St. John's, was initiated a member of the Loyal King William the Fourth Lodge, Wolverhampton District. The Rev. gentleman expressed himself gratified at becoming an honorary member, and assured the members present, that it would afford him much pleasure occasionally to come amongst them and recognize them as brethren, and that by every means in his power he would seek to promote their happiness and well-being.

WEST DERBY.—**ALHBURGH.**—The annual dinner of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Aighburgh, was held on the 15th of July, at the Garston Hotel. The members attended divine service at St. Anne's church, when an appropriate discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bannerman, who afterwards presided at the dinner. P.G.M. Gale responded to the toast of "The Manchester Unity" in an excellent address which was received with much applause. Mr. John Peers congratulated the members on the success of the lodge during the past year under somewhat unfavourable circumstances. They had had an increase in the number of members, and the profit and loss account showed the total amount of funds, June 29th, 1863, to be £1219 17s. 7d.; ditto, June 30, 1862, £1114 15s. 5½d.; the balance in favour of the twelve months being £105 2s. 1½d.

WEST DERBY DISTRICT.—The Loyal Benevolent Lodge, Wavertree, celebrated its anniversary as usual, with a procession and dinner. An impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. R. Lodge, incumbent of Trinity Church, Wavertree. About 290 sat down to dinner at Mr. Lewis's, the Lamb Inn. Mr. E. Swinden, the medical officer of the society, presided, and the vice-chair was filled by Mr. J. Anderton. P.G.M. Mr. John Gale, of Liverpool, responded to the toast of "the G.M. and Board of Directors." He was proud to tell them that the institution never stood in a better position than it did at that moment. It was strong both numerically and financially. He spoke of the handsome manner in which the lodges had come forward and subscribed to keep distressed members in benefit, and referred to the Loyal Benevolent Lodge as having done its duty nobly by giving a sum of £50. Mr. J. Okill, the secretary, called attention to the report which was in the hands of the members. It appeared that the worth of the lodge in June, 1862, was £3,370 7s. 0½d., and in June of the present year, £3,588 10s. 7½d., showing a gain of £218 3s. 7d. The number of members had also increased in the same period from 395 to 402. Upwards of £206 had been paid during the year to sick members.

WISBEACH.—The Odd-fellows of Wisbeach have recently held the most successful anniversary or festival that has taken place in the town. The three lodges—the Neptune, the Anchor of Hope, and the Osborne, amalgamated for the occasion, and dined together in the Public Hall. On Sunday, the 26th inst., the members attended divine service in the parish church, and the announcement of their intention had caused a considerable number of persons to assemble to witness the procession, which, leaving the Public Hall, passed through Union Street, and across the Market-place to the church. The procession was headed by Richard Young, Esq., the Mayor, T. S. Watson, and W. Gay, Esq., all of whom are honorary members of the society. The sermon, a most admirable one, was preached by the vicar, who is also an honorary member. On the Tuesday following, a grand procession was formed, which perambulated the streets, and marched to the Vicarage, and Colville House, the residence of T. T. Watson, Esq., the grounds of

which were thrown open for the enjoyment of the members. At five o'clock the dinner took place in the Public Hall, to which about 260 persons sat down. The Mayor occupied the chair, having on his right the Vicar, W. Gay, Esq., Rev. J. F. Braithwaite, Messrs. J. Louth, J. E. Elvidge, J. Banham, W. P. Bays, and J. C. M. Maynard, and on his left, T. S. Watson, Esq., W. Groom, Esq., and Messrs. W. W. Stevens, J. Leach, W. Smith, J. W. Wigmore, and G. Oliver, all of whom are honorary members, with the exception of Alderman Bays, who is a Shepherd. After dinner, several excellent addresses were delivered; one especially, by the vicar, fully reported in the local press, called forth the warmest enthusiasm. Mr. Archer the Prov. D.G.M. said, the increase of members in the district for the last five years had been on an average 85 persons yearly, but the last year it had been 105. They now numbered over 1000 persons, and the reserve fund was about £5000.

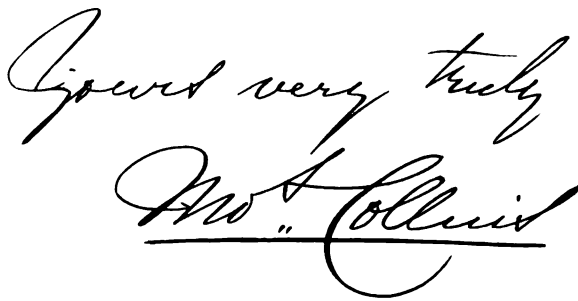
Obituary.

DURHAM.—On the evening of Tuesday, the 14th July, after having been only about an hour and a quarter in the pit, William Stephen Bowen, a tall, healthy, and stalwart man, aged 25 years, while at work as a coal-miner, was suddenly killed by a stone about six feet square by nine inches thick, falling upon him from the roof of the seam. His remains were interred at Shadforth, Durham. As a proof of the very high respect and esteem in which he was held, his funeral was attended by most, if not all, of the industrious miners. The members of the Manchester Unity, of which he was past officer, and a very active and useful member, and the Ancient Shepherds' Society, were also present. The onerous duties of secretary to the local Mutual Literary Improvement Society for some months past had been discharged by him with much tact and talent. He has left a widow, but no family, to mourn his loss.

OLDHAM DISTRICT.—Died, on the 14th May, after a long and protracted illness, P. Prov. G.M. Joseph Schofield, of the St. George of England Lodge, Oldham District. The deceased was initiated a member of the above lodge in the year 1817, and served the various offices of his lodge and district with great credit. He represented the Oldham district at the following A.M.C.s:—Manchester, in 1826; Sheffield, 1829; Leeds, 1830; Liverpool, 1831; Bury, 1833; Kendal, 1835; Rochdale, 1838; Isle of Man, 1841; Wigan, 1842; Glasgow, 1845; and Halifax, 1850. At the Isle of Man, he was elected one of the Appeal Committee, on which he sat in 1841-2.

BURY-ST-EDMUNDS.—On Sunday, August 23rd, 1863, P. Prov. G.M. Ruffell, of the Temple of Friendship Lodge, Bury St. Edmund's district, in the 52nd year of his age. He was highly respected for his affability and courteous manners. He was a very zealous and persevering officer, and was the means of opening several lodges in the district. He leaves three sons and five daughters to lament his loss.

LONGTON.—The Rev. Dr. Vale, Rector of Longton, Staffordshire, died recently, and bequeathed £100 to the Alfred Lodge, Fenton; which lodge, in the year 1821, presented him with a handsome silver cup, as a mark of respect, and which is referred to by the reverend gentleman in his lecture on Oddfellowship, delivered to his brethren in the year 1848. He has also bequeathed a further sum of £100 to the Perseverance Lodge, Burslem. The Rev. Dr. delivered a brilliant oration at the inauguration of the monument which was erected by the Odd-fellows and Forsters to the memory of the late W. Cork, and otherwise made himself generally useful in the district.



THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1864.

Thomas Collins, P. Prob. G.M.

THE ancestors of the subject of the present memoir, during several generations, were located at Bradley, near Stafford. There is still existing in the venerable church of that parish, a monument, which was erected to the memory of the Rev. Francis Collins, Perpetual Curate, who died in 1727. His son, the Rev. Walter Collins, (the great grandfather of the subject of this memoir) was minister of Bradley church for fifty-four years, and no less than four members of this family have been ministers of the same church. The father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of Mr. Thos. Collins, resided on and cultivated their own property at Upper Barton, in the parish of Bradley, a farm consisting of between two hundred and three hundred acres. The subject of this notice, was born on the 12th of November, 1830, at Stafford (whither his father had removed). He received a portion of his education at Brewood Grammar School, Staffordshire, but he left school, at a comparatively early age. He was afterwards for upwards of two years in the office of a solicitor, at Wellington, Salop. In July, 1848, he removed to Wolverhampton, and ever since that time he has held a situation of trust in the office of Messrs. Deakin and Dent, an eminent legal firm in that town. He was married in 1858, and has two children.

Mr. Thos. Collins commenced his career as an odd-fellow as soon as he attained the age of 18. Having a brother a member of the "Terra Firma Lodge," in Wolverhampton, he was initiated into that lodge on the 13th of December, 1848, making the third member of his family who had become odd-fellows; his elder brother Francis, having for several years previously, been a member of the Wellington district. The latter has filled the offices of auditor and director of the Unity, and is now, and for the past fifteen years has been, the C.S. of his district. Mr. Thos. Collins was proposed in the "Terra Firma Lodge" by his brother Walter; who died in 1850, having passed through

the offices of his lodge, and at the time of his death, was in nomination for the office of Deputy Grand Master of the Wolverhampton district. His brother Thomas soon became interested in the working of the order, and it will be seen from the offices he has filled, that he has been, in the strict sense of the word, an *active* member. He took office on the lodge-night after his initiation, and since that time he has never been out of office. After having passed through the chairs of his lodge, he was appointed permanent secretary thereof, and this office was held by him nearly five years, when he resigned in consequence of the drain upon his time in the performance of other duties in connection with the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and the district. In December, 1850, he was appointed District Auditor, which office he held for two years; in 1853 he was elected Deputy Grand Master; and, in 1854, he was unanimously appointed Grand Master of the Wolverhampton District. In 1855 he was again appointed District Auditor, and in 1856, he was elected a second time Grand Master of the same district, being the first member of the district who has twice filled that office. In 1852, he was one of the committee appointed to revise the district rules, with a view to their being registered, and again in 1858, when they were amended; and from time to time he proposed and carried various important alterations and improvements of the district rules. In 1857, he made an application at the district meeting for permission to open a "Past Grands' Lodge," for the purpose of giving members greater facilities in *discussing* various matters of improvement. The application was granted, and in a short time upwards of forty members joined the lodge, of which Mr. Collins was at first president, and subsequently secretary. This Past Grands' Lodge continued in existence for two or three years, but, in 1860, in consequence of a want of attendance on the part of the members, it was closed. Mr. Collins also prepared a code of rules for the establishment of a "Juvenile Branch," in connection with the Wolverhampton District, and although the rules were adopted, the object did not meet with the necessary support. In the same year (1857), Mr. Collins submitted to the district meeting a series of propositions, for the purpose of obtaining from the lodges information respecting the amount of sick allowance, the amount of the funds of the various lodges, and other information, for publicity, etc. He also introduced a proposition requiring the district to appoint auditors to examine and report upon the state of the books of the several lodges. Although these propositions were not then adopted, the question of the examination of lodge-books received the sanction of the last A.M.C.; and, in pursuance of the alterations then made in the ninety-fourth General Rule, Mr. Collins was appointed at the district meeting, held in September last, one of the persons to examine the books of the seventeen lodges in the Wolverhampton District. Mr. Collins also brought before the district, the subjects of an "Odd-fellows' Hall," and a "Library and Reading Room," but these questions have not met with the necessary support to ensure their success. For several years he and others advocated the desirability of having a demonstration of the members, and in July, 1861, a procession and dinner was held, at which upwards of 600 members and friends were present, the mayor of the borough presiding. In the following December, a lecture on Friendly Societies was delivered in the Corn Exchange by Mr. Hardwick; and in all these movements, Mr.

Collins took an active part, both in their origination, and in successfully carrying them out. During the last five or six years, several new lodges have been opened in the district, in the establishment of which Mr. Collins has taken an active part, and he was for six months secretary of one of them held some distance from his residence. When Lord Albemarle in 1856 ventured to attack the Society, one of the Wolverhampton newspapers published an article in which the Society was alluded to in disparaging terms. Mr. Collins defended the Unity from the attack, and ably vindicated, in the leading local paper, the principles and objects of the Order. He is a warm supporter of lodge anniversaries, and has frequently given publicity, through the local press, to proceedings of an interesting and public nature relative to the Society.

With the exception of his absence while attending the A.M.Cs., and on two occasions when prevented by illness, Mr. Collins has never missed attending his lodge, in the management of which he takes a leading part. He has presided on thirteen occasions as chairman of the anniversaries of his lodge. In 1855 the members presented him with an excellent watch and gold chain for his past services. He has been the means of procuring good securities for the capital of the lodge, nearly the whole of which is now invested on mortgage at five per cent. interest. In 1862, he was appointed a trustee of his lodge, and he is now one of its earliest existing members. He has been a member of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund Committee since 1849, and secretary for the past six years, which office he still holds. In all proceedings with reference to performances or benefits for the fund, he has been an energetic supporter. He has taken an active part in revising the rules from time to time, and in the preparation of tables of payments according to age. Since he has held the office of secretary of the fund it has increased from 197 to about 450 members.

Mr. Collins has represented the Wolverhampton District at the following A.M.Cs.: London, Lincoln, Norwich, Swansea, Leicester, Shrewsbury, Bolton, Brighton and Leamington. At Lincoln, he was appointed a member of the Relief Committee; at Norwich, secretary of the Districts Committee; at Swansea, secretary of the Relief Committee; and at the last five A.M.Cs., he has been appointed a member of the Sub-Committee, appointed to examine the proceedings of the G.M. and Directors. He has been *four* times in succession secretary of that important Committee, and those gentlemen who have been his colleagues will readily acknowledge his ability in the preparation of the committees' reports. No one, without experience, can form an adequate idea of the labours which devolve on the gentlemen who are elected on the most important of all the committees appointed at the Annual meetings of the Society. The rather singular circumstance occurred at the last A.M.C., of two brothers, representing different districts, being chairman and secretary of the Sub-Committee. Mr. Francis Collins was chairman, and the subject of this notice secretary of that committee, as before stated.

At the Leamington A.M.C., Mr. Thomas Collins had the honour of receiving the highest number of votes for his portrait to appear in the Magazine, and we believe we are correct in saying that he is the youngest member who has obtained that honour. To those who have been in the habit of attending the A.M.Cs., the expression so frequently

made of "The Legal Trio," will be familiar as applicable to the subject of this notice, to his brother Francis, and to their mutual friend Mr. Ginn, of St. Ives, the latter of whom singularly enough, has been present at every A.M.C. attended by Mr. Thomas Collins.

A TYPE OF THE POET-ONE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

RIVER, sweet River ! how gentle thy might,
With thy pulse-ripples beating in freshness and light;
Taking thy course through the promising land,
Like a blue vein that runs through a bountiful hand.
Rising and ebbing with musical tides;
Giving life to the green arms embracing thy sides.
Type of the Poet-One ! so let him be,
Singing and serving, sweet River, like thee.

River, sweet River ! the weary ones drink,
Blessing thy name as they bend o'er the brink.
Children gaze on thee with worshipping grace,
At the reflex of Heaven that dwells in thy face.
All that come nigh thee behold and rejoice,
Noting thy beauty, and loving thy voice.
Type of the Poet-One ! so let him be,
Singing in joy, gentle River, like thee.

River, sweet River ! serene in thy flow,
Whether winter winds ruffle, or summer suns glow;
Clear, peaceful, and free, softly pouring along,
Bird, Bee, and Zephyr, come swelling thy song.
How great and how varied thy purpose and power,
Now driving the mill-wheel, now laving the flower.
Type of the Poet-One ! so let him be,
Pure, simple, and strong, gentle River, like thee.

The Registrar's Annual Report.

A PERIOD perhaps never existed in the world's history, in which so much deference was paid to "public opinion," as is accorded to it at the present time in England. When we reflect on the influence of our free press and our freedom of speech, and on the marvellous expansion of our periodical literature, the circumstance elicits no expression of surprise. The phenomena appear in perfect harmony, the one the natural offspring of the other; and yet, how few, even amongst the relatively educated section of society, have sufficient inclination, or, indeed, sufficient time at their disposal, to really test the accuracy or relevancy of the numerous statements, so-called "facts," and dogmatic inferences, which daily, nay, hourly, so loudly demand from an impartial public, a fair share of attention and respect. Every one now is supposed to "have an *opinion*," good, bad, or indifferent, on any and every question which agitates the public mind. But it is evident that an "opinion," to possess any substantial worth, must be the result of a careful investigation of facts, and a calm and impartial consideration of the relative value of the various items of evidence which may be brought to bear upon any given subject. Any opinion arrived at without some such rational procedure, can really amount to no more than a distinct mental *impression*, which may be either true or false, or simply absurd, without the owner of the said impression being able logically to demonstrate whether it is either the one or the other. A large proportion of the materials out of which public opinion is fashioned, will unquestionably be found to consist of mere impressions of this class. Hence the vast quantity of dogmatic assertion and the continual appeal to the prejudices, (vulgar or respectable, as the case may be), of any section of the said public, which equally characterises the exhortations of humble stump orators and honourable candidates for municipal or legislative honours.

There is a very large and influential section of society, the members of which are either too busy or too idle to form opinions for themselves. They, therefore, as conventionalism demands that a man shall not, on any account, be utterly bankrupt in such matters, engage what they consider competent instructors to fashion opinions for them. This, in some instances, is a rather expensive procedure. In others, however, the cost is limited to the price of a weekly or daily newspaper. If the main object of a newspaper was simply the collection of facts, no evil, but much good, would result from the compact. But newspapers are generally the "organs" of special parties; they are too often filled with articles devoted to the bringing out prominently the opinions of one party, and to the abuse of all opposition. Hence, if you know what particular journal your neighbour patronises, you may form a tolerable guess as to his "views" on most public matters. The press undoubtedly exercises a powerful influence in the formation of public opinion; and just in proportion to the extent of that influence is, or ought to be, its moral responsibility. The publication of the truth unadulterated, so far as

mere matters-of-fact are concerned, is considered indispensable to the reputation of a first-class journal, however violent may be its party prejudices. Still, no really intelligent thinker ever trusts implicitly to any one party periodical for the mere facts of the case, on any important question. He well knows that what is congenial to the prejudices of the conductors is prominently given, and especially commended; what is otherwise, is either neglected altogether, or curtailed of its fair proportions, and duly snubbed.

If any one class of publications more than another should, in our opinion, aim at the distribution of facts in the widest and most liberal manner, works professedly of a statistical character form that class. Statistical works, when issued in the form of a government report, should especially be compiled, and the contents commented on, in the broadest, the most catholic spirit. When a "blue book" becomes the organ of any sectional party, however respectable, it loses nine-tenths of its value. We are sorry to perceive that Mr. John Tidd Pratt does not think the publication of *ex-parte* statements in his report, incompatible with the due fulfilment of his duties as a public servant. Again and again has he reprinted articles from newspapers, reputable and obscure, denouncing certain presumed friendly society abuses, whose insolent tone is as ridiculous, when applied to self-supporting efforts of working men, as the ignorance of many of the writers is contemptible. Time after time have some of the false impressions thus spread abroad by the government official report been fully exploded, and yet Mr. Pratt never quotes a line written on behalf of those he habitually permits to be maligned in the official pages. We fear Mr. Pratt and his friends know too well the effect which certain articles which have appeared in this magazine would have upon the public mind, if reprinted side by side with some of the sickly fustian and falsehood which he appears to regard with so much complacency. Will Mr. Pratt dare to reprint, in his next report, the article which appeared in our last issue? It would be, but, at the best, a tardy act of justice, if he did; for the twelve months' evil influence of a false impression will have done its work. Does Mr. Pratt possess manhood enough to state, why he did not reprint the most important, the most powerful, and the most intelligent commentary on his recent public action, which was issued by the sub-committee of the Manchester Unity and endorsed by the annual meeting, at Leamington, in last Whit-week? We hesitate not to tell him and his abettors, that that document is more entitled to the respectful consideration of the public, than volumes of the ill-spelt correspondence which he delights to publish. Why he prints these poor men's humble effusions with all their orthographical errors, is past our comprehension, as it can only serve to damage the scholastic reputation of his own clients. We think his time would be much better employed in endeavouring to improve his own method of compiling statistical results, and otherwise amending the literary character of his annual issue; for it certainly is, as yet, by no means a model production of its class.

Mr. Pratt's report contains some valuable matter to which we will do justice in a future number. No one regrets more than we do that his subserviency to a puritanical clique, and to some, doubtless, well-meaning, but thoroughly unpractical minds, so often compels us in the

defence of our Order and of the truth, to occupy space which we would much rather devote to other purposes, if circumstances permitted.

Mr. Pratt and some of his friends entertain a notion that the holding of friendly societies at public houses is a prime element in the production of financial embarrassment. He publishes, yearly, a list of dissolved clubs, shakes his head, and gravely tells the enquiring public that they were held chiefly at public houses. We pointed out, in a previous article, that the figures in his report for 1861, did not support his view. The fact that the great majority of clubs are held at public houses, (like coroners' inquests, petty sessions, etc.,) is sufficient in itself to explain why a majority of those which collapse are held in such places. Mr. Pratt, in his last report, records the dissolution of sixty-seven societies. Of these, forty-four alone are stated to have been held at public houses; and out of the remaining twenty-three, twelve are distinctly described as having held their meetings in the following places:—The Custom House, Bristol; Methodist Free Church School Room, Bristol; National School-room, Stilton; Duke of Manchester's School-room, Kimbolton; Old Independent Chapel, Haslingden; Coal Meters' Office, Coal Exchange; Somerset House, London; Welsh Chapel, Jewin Crescent, London; Temperance Hall, Brighton; School-room Exhall; Collycroft School, Warwick; National School-room, Abergwilli. Of course, so long as the relative proportion between the two classes of societies is unknown, no positive result can be arrived at; but the very fact that so many of these highly-be-praised school-room and office clubs regularly collapse, is certain proof that other causes are at work of a most potent character; and that each section had better study the practical application of the laws of sickness and mortality to their special cases, than waste their strength and divert their attention and that of the public from the main issue, by indiscriminate abuse about the influence of the localities in which they meet, or the means they employ to make their objects known. Those who possess large practical acquaintance with the subject, know well the difficulty of securing efficient supervision in connection with sick clubs that hold out no social attractions. Whatever objection there may be to public houses, it can in no way specially apply to the members of friendly societies. Those who teach the frequenters of such places provident habits, are doing infinitely more towards gradually drawing them away from their injurious influence, than those who fanatically refuse to do one good thing because it is unaccompanied by an adhesion to some other cherished principle or pet craze, as the case may be. We have no hesitation in saying, after nearly twenty-three years' practical experience, it is our firm conviction, if the Utopian philanthropists referred to could have their way in this matter, and forcibly prevent the holding of these clubs in public houses, that the provident effort of the working men in this direction, would be destroyed to the extent of fifty per cent. in less than ten years!! We must accept the great facts of society as we find them, or our kindest efforts for social progress may result in nothing but vain babbling. In our last article we spoke of the immense superiority of example over precept in such matters. In the same spirit we would now suggest the propriety of gentlemen who aspire to parliamentary and municipal honours, being prohibited by the law from holding their committee

meetings, public meetings, complimentary dinners, etc., at public houses. It would do a large amount of good to the cause of civilization, both moral and intellectual, in more ways than one. On the second of November last, we witnessed, to our great disgust, in five minutes, in one street in Manchester, in connection with the municipal election, a greater amount of drunkenness than the whole of our friendly society experience can furnish; and Manchester is by no means as degraded in this respect as some other boroughs with which we are acquainted. We fearlessly again assert that friendly societies have promoted the cause of temperance, even when meeting in public houses, to a greater extent than any other public action except that of the Total Abstinence Society; and we now add to this, that candidates for the honour of governing the people, periodically do the very reverse, in spite of, nay, in defiance of, the written law of the land!

We have before shown, in these pages, that a well conducted lodge in connection with the Manchester Unity, both can be and is managed at a much less expense, and more efficiently, notwithstanding the occasional procession or anniversary dinner, than any of the puffing office clubs. The extravagance of one club certainly in no way affects the economy of another, but we have recently heard of one office club paying as much as twenty-five per cent. for collecting subscriptions alone! So long as the money subscribed for insurance purposes is untampered with, and all expenses of management or display are paid from a separate fund, and a balance sheet is periodically read to or distributed amongst the members, all further legal interference, we contend, would be not only unjust, but absurd, and operative only for evil. The members of each club have undoubtedly both a moral and legal right to exercise their own judgment in the matter. The few grumblers are merely annoyed because they, being the minority, cannot overrule the majority; so they violate all right sense of duty, in such circumstances, rebel against their own laws, seek an alliance with a government official, and attempt to obtain by force that which they could not obtain by fair and constitutional means. There are many extravagances, doubtless, in connection with some friendly societies, which it might be well to curtail, by friendly persuasion; and there are some reforms in connection with Mr. Pratt's office, which it would be equally well to enforce by act of parliament. It is a somewhat novel idea for government officials to be very much interested in the economical management of anything. We, it appears, have been foolishly labouring under an impression that government work was worse done and better paid for, as a rule, than any other. We should be glad to find the friendly society department an exception; but when we reflect that about £1600 were paid for the production of Mr. Finlaison's tables, and that the Manchester Unity has actually produced and published a better and more complete work on the subject of vital statistics, as applicable to friendly societies, for less than two hundred pounds, we confess our faith is not very strong in the matter! We should, indeed, rejoice greatly, if a searching enquiry convinced us that either the quality or the cost of this department of the public service was more satisfactory than our fears at the present time forbid us to anticipate.

C. H.

Self Help :

OR, WORK, WAIT, AND WIN.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS,

Author of "Queen's Musketeers," etc., etc. Editor of Hogarth's Works (last edition), etc., etc.

PART III. WAITING.

CHAPTER I. A DIFFICULTY IN ADVANCE—BUT OVERCOME.

OUR last chapter—to which we beg the reader to recur for a moment—was a sort of antecedent to that in which we find Harry Fairlight to have been the "subjective" hero—so far as regards the key required by Ike Sleak.

By consequence it will be readily supposed that some days had elapsed since the visit recorded, of the respectable Mrs. Sleak to the domicile of the estimable Mrs. Methusaleh—and yet even then—no time had been lost.

We return then to Roland Detroit and find him in his lonely room as Harry had left him. Still he was at his occupation. When Harry quitted his old school-room, Roland went to his loom, and worked away for some hours, as if to make up for lost time, or to fill a certain gap, his thoughts and his fancy—both as the "poles" of opposition, had formed for him. Still "working"—yet "waiting." Could he wait much longer?

The question was one which Roland did not feel he could readily solve.

"No," he murmured. The key-note of his leading thought being struck, he ran along it, as skilled hands would over the strings of a harp. "No—my morn is past—my eve is coming—for I fear my day is over—and the lad with his honest eyes and his pleasant winsome face, loves!—loves! Ah!—he is happy, for he has hope before him—and I!—what have I?" He put his folded hands before his face, and tears sprang forth upon them as he moaned the name of "Alice! My poor darling—my patient love—my consoler, and my last trust on earth; it is hard—hard—very hard—" and it was piteous—had any one seen it—to behold the brave mind quail under the anguish of the moment, in the few sobs he so soon repressed.

Bethinking himself that there was something yet to do, he reverted at once to the topic that most forcibly rose before him.

"This is womanish—action—man! action! still to 'work'—to 'wait'—and who knows to—*win*? aye to win!—but these boys must be saved—saved, and how to arrange that must be speedily decided upon."

He rose from the loom, put on his coat and hat, after little preparation, and straightway, after leaving his dwelling, took his direction for the house of Mr. Nutt, of the great foundry-firm of Nutt and Bolt—to whom he was very well known, and by whom he was really respected for the general high character he bore, and for certain idiosyncrasies in mechanical genius he possessed.

Poor Roland Detroit! Somehow his mechanical genius was not convertible into cash; and Mr. Nutt, a very hard-headed man, was fast accumulating a great fortune. How are these anomalies to be accounted for? The question being an open one, we shall let it remain.

Mr. Nutt was a celebrity at Silktown, where factories were springing up

every day, and was respected at a very fair per centage. Silktown in more ways than one fabricated the "articles" which filled the tills of the bankers of Bankopolis. Silktown was becoming, not so much the receptacle of wealth as the *Creatrix* of riches—if we may be allowed to endow it with such a name—Silktown was becoming famous in the "manufacturing" interest—and machinery being the great requisite of the vast factory-bastiles growing so rapidly around on every hand, machinists were in requisition, and hence Messrs. Nutt and Bolt were becoming men of wealth and substance. It follows, also, that Harry Fairlight was likely to share more or less in this prosperity.

Roland Detroit seeing danger a-head—so palpable, so clear—planned with such a mixture of skill and clumsiness, as proves that cunning is *not* a match for common sense, was hastening to take the right measures for counteracting the scheme thus set afoot.

"He must know all," muttered Roland, "they will believe me on my bare word, I thank heaven for it. They will believe me on my bare word against some others on oath"—but hold! hold! Roland, my friend, does your egotism lead you to quote the Pharisee who "thanked God he was not as other men are!" and he stopped short. He "pulled himself up," as the phrase is, when the sense of self-boastfulness broke upon him, but he did not slacken in his walk, though at the same time he felt a certain warmth about his heart which made him almost enjoy his reluctant mission. Yet the pride of a chivalric order made his bosom throb, for the words he uttered in soliloquy might be forgiven, just as a generous man might feel a complacency when employed on a true man's mission, and when it is the safety of others, and not his own interest which forms the motive of the act he is engaged upon. "Yes, they will believe me—and well for them—as for myself—that it should be so. But—for Ike Sleak—well—it will be seen in the sequel whether he is worth saving or not, 'for whom the gods foredoom, they first dement,' " and from which quotation it may be inferred that the weaver had a touch of the predestinarian mixed up in his Christian belief.

Arrived at the door of Mr. Nutt—a wide-shouldered glaring, obtrusive, yet palatially brick edifice, situated in a prominent centre of Palace Square, into which Palace Street led—he was soon admitted, and being asked to wait a few minutes, as Mr. Nutt was engaged in his library over some plans, the weaver found himself entertained, for a short space, with the housekeeper, Mrs. Sleak, who was really gushing in her "regards" and "welcomes" towards him. Requesting him to be seated, but offering no "hospitality," a custom we may say Mr. Nutt was by no means deficient in carrying out, she smoothed down her apron, and began.

"Deary me—deary me—Mr. Detroit—I am so glad to see you. What a time it is since I see you last."

"Yes, some half dozen years, at least," returned the weaver, drily.

"And I've been so anxious—you know—so anxious to tell you how much I am obligated to you—"

"For what?" demanded Detroit, a little sharply.

"Why about Ike—good gracious—if it hadn't been for you—O—h!" And she held up her hands as much to represent the state of utter helplessness of moral desolation, Ike Sleak might (for all *her* efforts) have been left in.

"Well, if so, I'm glad to know it, though a little late in the day," replied the weaver, for he grew irritated at hearing these words, at variance to which her purpose was opposed, and of the awful treachery she had premeditated, the more awful because her own son was implicated in the contemplated crime, and the treachery was a double one.

"May I ask, Mr. Detroit," she said, "why—what—you called about?" Her

speaking was as treacherous as the purring of a cat, which the next moment flies at your face.

"To see Mr. Nutt," returned Detroit.

"He's busy, very busy, you must know."

"I can wait—"

"But can't I do the same—as—"

"No, I should think not."

"Bless me—he don't like being disturbed I can assure you."

"If you'll be so good as to mention *my* name to him, Mrs. Sleak, I think he will—" and the weaver reclined back in one of the great mahogany chairs with which the room was richly "wooded."

And when Roland Detroit said—"my name—" with a sounded emphasis, the woman's face became slightly rigid.

"Is it about—about—!" she gasped.

"It's—at present—a little private business, Mrs. Sleak," he answered.

"How soon it may become public—*public*—and in the papers—mark me—I can't say—"

"For God's sake tell me—what is it about—for mercy's sake—do—"

"Not yet—not quite—yet."

"Oh! Mr. Detroit—"

"Hush!" said Roland, "some one comes."

The door opened as he spoke, and in Mr. Nutt entered. He looked precisely, in his loose home-coat, like one who has been at work in his "study."

"Ah! Detroit! is it you? how are you?" he exclaimed, in a *brusque*, yet cordial manner, and held out his wealthy hand to the poorer man, as one not ashamed by comparison or position to know him.

Detroit took the offered hand with the air of an equal.

"Mrs. Sleak you can go; send us in a jug of beer or a glass of sherry, which would you like, Detroit?"

"A glass of beer would not be unwelcome, sir."

"But sir—" began the housekeeper.

"Well!"

Mr. Nutt had a habit of saying "Well!" in a tone, and with a manner by no means agreeable, and his tone and manner made the housekeeper start back.

"Mr. Detroit," said the woman, haggard—pale—a pitiful spectacle—"may I have a word with you?"

"Why, what the dev—" began Mr. Nutt—"but there go—it's about her boy I s'pose—you've lost some time with him, I believe, in your 'march of intellect' business. Make haste, for I'm in a hurry."

"Yes—Mr. Nutt, it was about him I came to speak to you."

"Very well—go—don't be long."

Both quitted the parlour, and Mrs. Sleak carefully closed the door behind her. They were in the passage, at a little way out of ear-shot. She stopped short.

"Oh! Mr. Detroit, you know all!" she said.

"Yes," he answered, seeing that she, too, knew that *he* knew all.

"And have come to expose——"

Detroit pitied the mother's agony; but he felt, too, that she merited the pain.

"I come, woman, I come to *prevent*—before the punishment is due!"

She sank on her knees before him.

"Spare me—spare Ike; I deny nothing; I confess all—all—only spare my boy—my only child!"

That forlorn plea smote him to the very heart.

"Good; you will let *him* know it—Ike I mean; and remove him from that Jezabel's dwelling!"

"Yes—yes—yes—" she vehemently whispered.

"Then I have only simply to change my errand for another; your dark secret is safe. Go and do your master's bidding—I am satisfied now; but at the same time I bid you beware—not for your sake, but for *his*!"

The cowering woman drew tremblingly away, and descended the kitchen stairs, in obedience to the orders her master had given her. Roland Detroit, with a smiling face, re-entered the parlour.

"Well, what's it about, eh! Detroit?" asked Mr. Nutt, "not much, eh—that confounded old woman is a long time—"

"Oh—it's about Harry, sir, Harry Fairlight; he's an inventive lad—"

"Ah yes; and to tell you the truth, invention is rather what we are just in want of now."

"Well, I think your wants may be met at once."

"I trust so; we want looms altered, and adapted to another form of machinery."

"I think that I can help you to the right man," said the weaver.

Then Detroit entered into a description of Harry Fairlight's improvement to the loom, described it in detail, the technicalities of which we may spare the reader; also, the manner in which Detroit ingeniously shifted his real errand to another good purpose.

"You see, sir, it's appliance to the machinery, you mean?"

"Yes, I think I do; but you will lose."

"Well, sir?" asked Detroit.

"But you will *lose*—"

"No matter, others will gain—" was the quiet reply.

"Well—well, wait a bit, and we'll see."

"Wait! I *do*," and Roland smiled as he drank his glass of beer.

CHAPTER II. A SMALL PARLIAMENT: "WAITING."

THE weaver, satisfied on the whole with what he had done, was walking thoughtfully homewards. He had intended to make a passing call, but with a sigh relinquished his purpose. "No," he murmured, "Alice will not be in, she will have gone to take tea at Mrs. Fairlight's; and she will meet her niece Lucy Lovel there; yes, the girl is making the widow a dress, which her son has presented her with. Happy youth, happy lover, may God speed your happiness, and happy mother, rich in such a treasure as a good son." For Harry had trimmed out his little home in a style that was almost the envy of the neighbours; only that neighbours are not generally envious of the small prosperity which follows on the industry and the perseverance of those who may live "next door" to them—as it might be—and "next door" may also include several doors off. There were some not envious of Harry's progress, but angered at, or with, themselves, for not having done better when the sun of more prosperous times shone over them. They read in this that silent, deep, yet terrible reproach which accumulates with such heavy interest on time mispent, on opportunities neglected or passed over, on money wasted on the deadly sins which are the bane, the curse, the damnation almost, of crowded industrial communities, where at times the earnings are exaggerated beyond a common average, and where they go out of the hand like the sands of the sea shore. Harry was generally liked, and his mother was *respected*. She had merited this for her uncomplaining submission—allied with that determined *working* patience, a good woman possesses in such a large degree. They did not live in a "genteel" part of the town. It might not even be respectable. In fact it was more inclined from "over-population" (for which see Mr.

Malthus), to be disreputable. Yet the home was well-furnished, scrupulously clean—it is so easy to be clean—and it was happy.

Roland Detroit was passing in that direction, but for a reason, a whim, a fancy, he passed up another street, and so avoided it. Ere he had got to the end, where some small street altercation detained him an instant, he came once more to a halt, and this time not without being at once interested in the group he looked on. At the corner of a street—then—the work-bells were ringing, factory answering to factory, as “deep answereth to deep,” that is to say, as we have admitted it to be about tea-time, the “hands,” more or less grimy, and dusty, and puffy, were filling the thoroughfares and jostling, with good tempered impatience, against each other; and the scene was one of animation, such as a cynic might have enjoyed. The “good days,” the gratulations, the release from labour, if only for a time, were of the cheeriest nature. Labour and industry were there combined in momentary leisure, their hands released from their tools of craft, their manipulative skill and toil.

At the corner of a street Roland saw a group of youths, young men they might now be termed, and he stopped to cast an eye of recognition upon them. He knew them all. Their ages might have been reckoned at, separately, about twenty, more or less, and their dress and aspect denoted a somewhat strange diversity of occupation, but they seemed to meet on the most cordial terms, and Roland Detroit felt some pleasure in remarking that there was Bully Tuck, there was Ike Sleak, who generally held aloof, but who possibly finding no way of sneaking away, was there also; there was Billy Pritchett, bold, defiant as ever; also there were Harry Fairlight, Talky Slop, and Jack Huggett, with his hands in his pockets as usual, and their conversation was clearly of an animated nature. Bully Tuck wore his professional blue frock, and resting his hand upon his ‘tray,’ much after the manner of an ancient warrior, looked as if he fed upon beef, and thriven upon it. To do him full justice, his sloe-black eyes, his rounded cheeks, his hearty *canorous* laugh, his white teeth, all had contributed to improve that unpromising young gentleman. Ike Sleak had *not* improved. He had a suit of very second-hand clothes too large for his bulk, and he had a tallowy tinge about his face indicating the sort of unhealthy atmosphere generally bred about a marine store. Billy Pritchett was “slim and genteel,” with a large touch of the dandy about his small figure; but he looked as if he was contented with his lot, and what is more, condescended to the others. As for Talky Slop, he was, in his own imagination, the great, hideous “Marat” himself. With one hand thrust into the front of his waistcoat, and the other disengaged and extended, as if to give the right emphasis to oratory, no doubt he was declaiming about the “rights of man.”

Roland Detroit smiled quietly—perhaps his smile was tinged with contempt and bitterness; contempt for the sophistry of the young stump orator, and a sadness that the lad was running into helpless peril; for politics in the days not long gone were infectious as the plague, and the virulence of politics or of plague, as a rule, ended in death! a death the one shape of which was not more ghastly than the other. When the weaver saw Jack Huggett with his hands in his pockets, and leaning against the street corner, as if to draw his indolent support from that, the weaver smiled again; but there was more of humour than of pain in it this time. Harry Fairlight looked the very man he was. The dust, the shavings, the filings, the very odour of the modelling-room clung to his fustian jacket; but he wore it with an unconscious grace, and although he wiped his forehead with a very common “printed” pocket-handkerchief, it was only to shew to any one not much more concerned than Roland, that the young man had only just left a very heavy and laborious task. “Yee,” muttered the weaver, “yes, he works, he waits, he will win; and God

prosper him. I wonder what the lads are talking about." His fancy was that he should like to *hear* what they were talking about; but two sufficing reasons checked a feeling by no means to be wondered at. The first was this: "listeners seldom hear any good of themselves," and the weaver was sufficiently a man of the world to know, that those whom you may have *served best*, or as far as means and power went, are apt to speak the *worst* of you, and yet really mean no serious harm by it. Joking, chaffing, old reminiscences, may touch the sensational *ganglia* of the listener, yet they mean him no serious ills.

As we know the group more intimately, or, rather, more individually, than the weaver, we will approach within earshot, and take the reader with us. The youths had met "promiscuously" at these street cross-roads, and a certain coincidence of time, place, and persons which do not assimilate daily or even weekly, induced them to halt and confab together about their present prospects in life. They had not yet become quite old enough to discuss this important theme over a tavern-bar, not quite for lack of example, but because two among them had more moral courage than the others.

"It's a mere waste of money, which fattens the publican who poisons you," Talky Slop would say. "Think of the *pikes* as we may want."

"Think of your grandmother," responded Jack Huggett, with a contemptuousness absolutely shocking. "I only think it's a blessed sight too hot to do anything."

"Especially to lift a heavy pewter, and illustrate the system of hydraulics, which, as old Detroit used to tell us, completely upset the theories of gravity, and of fluids finding their level," said Billy Pritchett.

There was a small amount of desultory chat still going on among them, until, as each became aware that time was passing on—and time was everything in Silktown—Harry Fairlight, turning to Sleak, said:—

"Well, Ike, old fellow, and how do you get on without 'working,' mind, as you recollect you once voted for?"

"Why, you see," returned Ike, in a tone of touching pathos, "I can't get on without it."

"So you're a waiting, to be rich then?" put in Billy Pritchett, with a laugh.

"Well, we all do that, don't we?" asked Jack Huggett, with an effort. "I wait, don't I?"

"A—h! but some coves you see—ah!" Ike glanced towards Harry as he spoke, and his look conveyed envy of a double depth.

Ike Sleak envied Harry his known and merited progress. Ike also envied him in a strangely contradictory spirit for his power of working, for possessing, in point of fact, that quality Sleak decried most.

"Well, Bully, and how do you get on old fellow!" said Harry Fairlight, turning cheerily to him.

"Why, I feed, I does, but I works too," replied Bully, whose small animal eyes were almost obscured by his puffy cheeks. "I gets better beef than our old master did."

"Poor Roland—poor master," muttered Harry, "yes, it's like you do."

"Never mind that now, as time's running short," broke in Talky Slop; "as we're having questions round—come—how am I? that's the word you see."

"Oh! as for you, Talky, you're all right," replied Billy Pritchett.

"The time has not yet come," insinuated Talky, darkly. "the pear is not yet ripe enough to pluck; but the time is coming, and the pear is ripening. THEN let the tyrants beware! good day, lads! good day. Wait—I wait too—"

"So do we all," laughed Harry.

"Wait, yet, and then you'll see, good-bye." He turned and stalked away majestically, and with the air of one who had at the instant (electrically, as it

were) shaken all the monarchies of the earth to their foundations. A general laugh rose among them, as Talky vanished round the corner.

"What a rum fellow it is," remarked Billy Pritchett, with a patronising manner, "only he does go a-head so."

"You're right, Billy, you're right, but you—how does the world use you, old chap!"

"Well, old Latitat's not such a bad fellow after all," admitted Billy, languidly, as he lifted up his hat, and ran his hands through his hair, which he wore close-cropped in contradistinction to Talky Slop, who wore his in long waves to give him a sort of leonine aspect, when in his tremendous diatribes and philippics, something of the "Beseeker" fire mingled with his mood.

"Well, it seems we all get on more or less by degrees," said Harry, cheerily, "I work, and I wait, and may the best man win"—and the speaker laughed—one of those laughs which form the true bass in humanity's music.

"Yah!" snarled Ike, "the best man win indeed. And who is the best man after all; come tell me that?"

Bully Tuck, laughed, then shouldered his tray, and said "I don't think *you'll* be the best man—Ike."

"Nor you either," retorted Sleak, in turn.

"P'raps not; but I'm a-working, you see, and I'm a-waiting too, as you must know. So good-bye mates," and away he went, whistling shrilly through the street, the air of the "Roast Beef of Old England," until he too was lost to view. There yet remained Ike Sleak and Harry; Harry had bade him good day, when he turned and said: "Oh! by-the-bye, Ike, I've done your key for you. Here it is, and I've taken some pains with it too."

Ike Sleak clutched at it, looked at it with even an expression of approbation, thought over his instructions, and cogitated for a moment.

Roland Detroit saw the eager glisten in Sleak's eye, as he witnessed Harry passing something into the other's hand, and with a sudden chill at his heart he comprehended the complicated villainy, shallow as it was, which was intended to blight the spring of his most promising pupil.

"It's a curious sort of key, isn't it Ike?"

"It is—really and truly so."

"I wonder what it's to open—eh! Ike?" and Harry laughed.

"So do I," and Ike smiled. "But I don't know—only I'll see you in the evening—I'll call in after work hours."

"Very well," replied Harry, carelessly, and with a nod he left Ike thrusting the key into a secret pocket, as if it was a pleasure, while Harry Fairlight, thinking of the sweet face of Lucy Lovel, he was sure to meet at home, hurried on his way.

By this time, too, Ike Sleak had begun to take his road, when all of a moment he met the weaver face to face. The expression of the latter was cold, chilling, contemptuous even, and Ike with his usually impenetrable nature, was not a little taken a-back by it. Halting abruptly, he assumed his oiliest of smiles. "Oh! Mr. Detroit, how glad I am to see you! dear me, it is so long ago, and how do you do?"

The weaver relaxed nothing of his hard stern expression. Ike held out his hand as if to conciliate him. Detroit did not take it—seemed to draw back from him with a sort of loathing, and Ike was not nice to look upon.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" pleaded Ike.

"No," answered Roland.

"Are you angry with me?" whimpered Ike.

"No my lad, you are not *worth* being angry with," and Roland broke into a harsh laugh, which grated upon Ike's nerves.

Something he felt sure had gone wrong. "Well then—if you're not angry—"

"I am sorry for you—very sorry—"

"Oh! is that it," and Ike recovering himself took courage, and held his nose high in the air. "Perhaps I may be sorry for you," added Ike with insolent pity.

"For me!" and the weaver made a step towards him.

"Aye—come now—hands off, no harm you know—I don't want to have any disturbance, or words."

"I think my lad you're not so clever as you may have thought yourself," and the weaver's quiet tone, and steady gaze, made Ike's skin creep unpleasantly.

"Wot d'yer mean!"

"I want something Harry Fairlight has just given you."

"Harry Fairlight? why I haven't seen—"

"What; you can lie too, can you? good! it completes your case my man," continued Detroit, magisterially.

"My case? wot d'yer mean!" Ike had repeated this query so often, that he was getting virtuously indignant.

"The key—I want it—aye and for your sake too."

"Why, s'elp me—you'd make a feller believe as—"

"Listen!" said Roland sternly, and seizing his arm. "Listen! Look! do you see yonder man?" He pointed to a passing figure as he spoke. It was a policeman, as Ike instinctively recognised at once.

"Shall he go with us, you, me, key, and—and all?"

"Oh lor! oh lor! to think now—"

"The key—the key—and quickly!" It was put into his hand this time.

"Now you can go to Mrs. Benoni with my compliments, and tell her—"

"Wot shall I tell her?"

"That the key won't fit!"

And Roland's whisper, mocking as it was, made Ike's blood cold as any stone. He stood a moment frozen with fear and astonishment,—which feeling pervaded him so far, that he trembled from head to foot. He had yet to learn that quality we term "prescience" in the weaver. Detroit knew all, and that was sufficient to convince the astute youth, that the weaver was still his *master*, though in quite another sense. Detroit had disappeared, and Ike with the instinct of terror haunting him, hurried home, that is to say, to the dwelling of Mistress Methusaleh, who, on hearing the failure of their wicked plot, overwhelmed him with curses. "You dog! you rat! you Christian hound," she exclaimed, "you imbecile fool, to fail now; ah—go—go away—go; I have nothing more to say to you."

"Come, come," muttered Ike sulkily, "don't you put it on so heavy on my shoulders."

"Your shoulders! they can carry nothing—they can bear nothing."

"I won't bear nothing more from you."

"Won't you? eh! eh! eh!"

"No, curse you in turn you harpy—you old wretch—no."

"Well—we shall see—wait—wait."

"Wait!" ha! ha!" Ike Sleak's laugh had mischief in it. "They all say 'wait,' but I won't," and he swore a fearful oath.

"Don't wait then, but go—go—you cur! you dog! go!"

She spoke no more. The next morning the neighbours found her with her brains plastering the walls, and her secret hoards rifled. Ike Sleak had fled, and was not to be found.

To be concluded in our next.

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

BY J. C. HEAVISIDE.

[ORIGINAL.]

SAID the raven to the Dove,
 As she sat upon the tree,
 All calm as calm could be,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Brooding o'er her love :
 "Oh cushat, cooing Dove, haste away
 To the banquet spread below,
 Where the war-blasts hoarsely blow,
 And the blood-streams bravely flow;
 And our Royal Eagle feasts all the day !
 Why linger dreaming there,
 Like a love-sick maiden fair,
 Silly Dove !"

Said the cushat, cooing Dove
 To the Raven on the tree ;
 Of his blood-feast, sleepily
 Brushing trace away,
 Nodding up above :
 "I join not, Raven, in thy feast to-day,
 Nor slake my thirst at gory stream.
 'Tis mine to muse and dream,
 By nature's ceaseless stream,
 Of life and beauty bright ;
 Ever flowing day and night,
 Like a living poem sung
 To a lyre, golden strung,
 Tuned by Love !"

Oh, gentle poet, cushat, cooing Dove !
 Blest be thy dreams in thy bower up above—
 Viewing nought but beauteous visions 'neath the sky
 Ne'er casting down thy gently beaming eye
 To batten on the garbage of the earth !
 Fain would I learn of thy sweet life the worth ;
 To simple pleasures all my thoughts incline,
 And win the calm that dwells in hearts like thine !

While croaked the sneering Raven at her lay,
 And winked and slumbered through the live-long day ;
 The gentle Cushat winged her joyous flight,
 Upsoaring in the fields of lambent light,
 Nor drooped into her nest, until the day
 Slid o'er the watery sphere, in calm, away.
 Still coo'd the Cushat in her poet-dream
 Till rose the lady moon with silver beam ;
 Then slept the sleep a well spent day doth bring,
 Her head drooped down 'neath gentle, downy wing.

The Physiology of Health.

BY A. G. HENDERSON.

MR. DE QUINCY has said that all the laws of health could be written upon the thumb nail; and no doubt they could. Temperance, exercise, cleanliness, and fresh air probably sum up the whole of the matter. But what is temperance to one, is intemperance to another; what is exercise to one, is hard labour to another; what is cleanliness to one, is downright dirtiness to another; and as to fresh air, very few people know what it means. With a view of lessening the extensive ignorance that prevails on these all-important matters, and of correcting the loose floating notions which, built upon a few superficial ideas, too often usurp the place of accurate knowledge based upon the scientific principles of physiology, the present article has been written. Much, indeed, has, within the last few years, been written upon the subject, by men, whose extensive knowledge and scientific acumen and precision, eminently fitted them for the task. Much has been established upon a firm basis; but many points remain to be cleared up. Many workers are in the field; facts are rapidly accumulating; the sciences of chemistry, heat, electricity, magnetism, and light, are all being brought to bear upon physiology; and it is not an unreasonable hope that this last, notwithstanding the difficulties that surround it, will ultimately attain that precision and certainty which distinguish the other sciences. In the meantime, such is the unspeakable importance of the subject, such the immense influence it has upon the well-being of mankind, that it cannot be too much discussed; for, even if nothing positively new can be brought to bear upon it, a recapitulation of the known, or the placing of it in new and varying aspects, may kindle ideas in other minds, and lead to more extended observation, confirming what is true, or correcting what is false or only partially true.

The object of the present paper is not a recapitulation of the many rules and maxims that exist in reference to health; but rather, by a reference to known scientific laws, bearing directly and indirectly upon the subject, to allow rules and maxims to evolve themselves, stamped with the authority which science alone has the power to confer. Profoundly convinced of the entire falsehood of the not unfrequently enunciated aphorism, that "an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory," and the truth of its very opposite, viz., that an ounce of theory is worth a ton of practice, we shall endeavour to exhibit the theoretical aspects of the question, as far as this may be accomplished within very brief limits.

Fearfully and wonderfully are we made. In contemplating the complex structure of the human body, the incessant changes which it undergoes, the chemical and other forces of which it is the seat, and its mysterious connexion with the soul, which alternately governs, and is governed by it, we stand aghast, wondering less at the disorders it exhibits in a state of disease, or partial disease, than at the fact of so complex a machine ever working in the harmonious way it does when in health; and the wonder is not lessened when we learn, as learn we soon may, that its abnormal states are usually brought about by our own ignorance, follies, or vices. Let us glance briefly at the organic processes which constitute life. At the first moment of the

entrance of the infant into this world, with the first cry that it emits, the feeble body, then but a few pounds weight, which it has acquired at the expense of the parent organism, becomes the prey of a subtle and powerful agent, known as oxygen, diffused throughout nature, and existing in the atmosphere, which is truly called the breath of life, in the proportion of 20 per cent. of its bulk, or 22 per cent. of its weight. This agent, carried to the lungs with every inspiration, is absorbed into the system through the infinitely fine blood vessels distributed in countless numbers through their substance, and conveyed by the action of the heart to all the tissues of the body, seizing hold of every atom which, having fulfilled its function in the system, is no longer adequate to the purpose, forming with it new compounds, such as carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and various others, and finally making its exit from the body by regularly appointed channels. To compensate for this waste, and to build up, according to a given standard, the adult human being, food is provided; first, the nutritive fluid stored up in the breasts of the mother, which contains in exact proportions the materials necessary to form the various tissues, brain, muscles, bones, tendons, etc.; afterwards, the various substances prepared by an omniscient and beneficent Providence for the purpose, in the fruits and vegetables of the earth, and in the flesh of animals. For a certain time, and up to the period when the body attains its full growth, it is obvious, that the waste must be less than the supply, otherwise it could not increase in weight. That point, however, attained, the body remains, or *ought* to remain, for a more lengthened period at or near the same weight until the decline of life, when the scale is again turned, but in an opposite direction. Although plentifully supplied with food, the powers of digestion fail, while the waste continues, though lessened by the reduced activity of the brain and muscles, until death finally closes the scene. The inexorable oxygen, however, continues its work, and, in a short period, the once active and blooming body is resolved into its elements, which enter into new combinations. It will materially assist our conceptions, if we refer to the amount of oxygen on the one hand, and food on the other, which thus enter the system in the course of a given period. To determine this accurately, is no easy matter, because the quantities of both are modified by many circumstances. The amount of oxygen consumed is dependent upon the number and force of the respirations in a given time, and these are subject to considerable variations. A child, for instance, breathes quicker than an adult. A bird deprived of food dies on the third day, while a serpent confined under a bell, will live three months or longer without food. The quantity of oxygen inhaled also depends upon the size of the thorax, the temperature of the air, and other causes, which need not be recapitulated. The quantity, and also the quality of the food taken into the system, must, it is obvious, also vary, and so great are these variations, that any average that may be taken must be very fallacious, when applied to individual cases.

The diet of an adult man, Valentin, from experiments made upon himself, estimated at 6 lbs., solid and liquid, daily; Sanctonius estimated it at 8 lbs.; Rye at 7 lbs. and 5 lbs.; and Horne at 4 lbs. 3 oz.; although the celebrated Cornaro for fifty-eight years took daily but 12 oz. of solid food and 14 oz. of light wine. This last is no doubt an exceptional case; but facts of an opposite character, equally exceptional, may be cited. Barrow, for instance, in his travels in South Africa, states that ten Hottentots ate a middling-sized ox in three days, and that three Boesjesmans had a sheep given them about five in the evening, which was entirely consumed before noon of the following day. "They continued to eat all night," he says, "without sleep and without intermission till they finished the whole animal." We can readily believe the statement that follows, viz., that, "after this gastronomic performance, their bellies were distended to such a degree that they looked less like

human beings than before." Captain Parry states that an Esquimaux lad, scarcely full grown, ate in twenty hours 10 lbs. 4 oz. of solid food, besides a pint and a quarter of rich gravy soup, three wine glasses of raw spirits, one tumbler of strong grog, and upwards of a gallon of water, without considering it anything extraordinary. It is obvious, therefore, that nothing like an exact estimate can be made of the quantity of food actually consumed, nor, for the purpose of our argument, is it at all necessary. In a rough way, it may, perhaps, be taken at 5 lbs. solid and liquid together, for each individual adult daily, which, in the course of a year, amounts to about 17 cwt. In addition to this, it has been estimated by Liebig, that an adult man takes into his system about 32½ oz. of oxygen daily, or about 750 lbs. in the course of a year, making, with the food, something like 24 cwt. actually absorbed in the course of a year; and yet, notwithstanding this enormous consumption, the body remains, that is, whilst in health, and all its functions duly performed, of the same weight. What, it may be asked, becomes of the mass of matter thus introduced, and for what purpose does this everlasting supply and waste exist?—why this eternal round, this apparently purposeless circulation through living bodies?—for it not only applies to men, but to all animated nature. This enigma science has been in a great measure enabled to solve; and if there are still difficulties standing in the way of a complete solution, they will doubtless vanish with the advancing development of scientific ideas and experimental research. In one word, it may be stated that the whole of this flux and reflux is for the production of *force*. The body is an animated machine, constructed with wonderful wisdom, for manifold purposes. In the first place there must be force to digest and prepare the various matters introduced into the system as food for proper assimilation; in fact, to convert them into blood, to be, by another exercise of force, circulated to every part of the body, for the purpose of supplying the wasting, dying, or dead tissues with fresh living material; exchanging new lamps for old, as Dr. George Wilson, in his admirable essay on chemical final laws, puts it, not, as in the barker of Aladdin's lamps, because the new lamps in this case are the magic ones, the genii having departed from the old. Then force is required to pump in, as it were, by means of the respiratory muscles, the vital oxygen, without which the new lamps would not be properly formed, nor the old ones in a fit state for the carriage they have to undergo; also to act as the moving power of an elaborate arrangement of pulleys and cordage, in the shape of muscles used for the purpose of conveying the body in a mass from place to place, or to perform the various modes of manual labour necessary for his very existence on the earth; or, by a still more elaborate network of brain and nerves, to carry on the processes of thought. The body has been compared to a steam engine, the bones, muscles, tendons, nerves, etc., of the one corresponding to the wheels, cranks, piston, and other contrivances of the other. What is the food of the engine? Water and coals. But these, of themselves, are not forces. The engine, in juxtaposition with them, without other conditions, remains a dead, motionless piece of matter; its elaborate structure giving it no advantage over the lump of coal which lies near it. But now, let motion, in other words, heat, be conveyed to the black inert substance, instantly the carbon atoms of which it is composed are seized by the inrushing oxygen of the atmosphere; the force stored up in the coal ages ago by solar action exhibits itself both as light and heat; successive developments of this force communicated to the water, drive its particles further and further asunder, and this now repulsive force, acting upon the prepared mechanism of the engine, is converted into mechanical motion, the only limits to which are set by the coal, the water, and the oxygen. Let it be observed, however, that with this production of the

mechanical force, those of light and heat disappear. They become changed or converted into an equivalent amount of mechanical force.

It is the same with the human body. Adopting Liebig's classification of food into nitrogenous—that is, substances containing nitrogen, such as flesh, eggs, milk, peas, beans, flour, etc.—and non-nitrogenous—substances destitute of nitrogen, such as starch, gums, oils, and fats—the first employed in the building up of the body, and in supplying matter for the repair or reconstruction of the tissues consequent upon waste; the second in furnishing fuel for the maintenance of the bodily temperature (though there can be no doubt that the decomposition of the tissues themselves contributes also to this maintenance), there can be no difficulty in understanding how, from the constant changes which these various substances undergo in the body, principally through the agency of the inspired oxygen, the forces necessary for the growth, development, and reproduction of new tissues are eliminated. It is a thoroughly established truth, that there can be no decomposition, or recombination without the development of force in the form of heat, electricity, magnetism, light, or mechanical motion; and there can be as little doubt, since all these forces are mutually convertible into each other, that the nervous, or vital force, is but another form of those so-called physical forces. The chemical union of an atom of oxygen and an atom of hydrogen to form water, or of two atoms of oxygen and one of carbon to form carbonic acid, is exactly the same process inside the body that it is out, and is attended with the same development of force; and if it be only considered what enormous forces are silently developed in the galvanic battery, for example, by the gradual decomposition of water, or by the combustion of carbon in a furnace, we may get a glimpse as to how the vital processes develop the very force necessary to carry them on, and keep that wonderful machine, the human body, constantly at work for three-quarters of a century, or more. A statement of the absolute amount of heat developed by the composition of the two compounds, carbonic acid and water, will give something like an idea of the forces developed by the living body. By a series of experiments, conducted with great care by Mr. Jowle, of Manchester, and extending over a period of several years, it has been established, that the amount of heat that would raise one pound of water one degree, Fahrenheit would, if applied mechanically, raise one pound weight 772 feet high, or, which is the same thing, would raise 772 lbs. one foot high. This important fact, or law, has been termed the "mechanical equivalent of heat." Now, when carbon and oxygen unite to form carbonic acid, 1 lb. of the former combining with $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of the latter, (that is, one atom of carbon = 6 with two atoms of oxygen = 16) sufficient heat will be absorbed to raise 8000 lbs. of water one degree, Centigrade, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, Fahrenheit. The mechanical equivalent of 772 for the degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer becomes, for the Centigrade, 1,390, and, multiplying this by 8,000 lbs., we find the mechanical equivalent of the 8,000 lbs. of water, to be 11,120,000. In other words, 1 lb. of carbon in combining with $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of oxygen, to form carbonic acid, would generate sufficient heat to raise 11,120,000 lbs., or 5,000 tons, one foot high. The heat developed by the union of oxygen and hydrogen is still much greater, being 34,000 lbs. multiplied by 1,390, or 47,260,000 lbs. This seems almost incredible, but it is literally the truth; and although the force thus developed is in the form of heat, the ready convertibility of heat into electricity, as in the Thermo-electric pile, for example, and also into mechanical motion, as in the steam engine, enables us to understand the force of animal electricity and magnetism, and the countless mechanical forces at work in the system. Liebig calculates that an adult man, taking moderate exercise, consumes 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of carbon daily, which pass off through the skin and lungs as carbonic acid gas. This carbon would require 37 ounces of oxygen, and

the amount of force thus generated can easily be deduced from the above calculation.

What has all this to do with health? some impatient reader may ask. Everything, as he will soon see. What is health? We will answer in the words of one who stands high as a practical physician, Dr. Chambers, of London. In his lectures recently delivered at St. Mary's Hospital, he says, "The *most active* renewal of the body possible, the highest possible development of life in every part is *health*." He adds, "The *complete* cessation of renewal is *death*, the *partial* cessation, or arrest, is *disease*." To these definitions we add his own explanations. "To speak," he says, "of a superabundance of life or of an excess of vital action, is a contradiction in terms. There *cannot* be too active a renewal of the tissues, for the fresher their organic constituents, the more serviceable they are, and the longer duration they have before them. There *cannot* be too close an adherence to that typical form which it is the business of renewal to keep up, any more than there can be too exact an obedience to law and order. In death, the flesh goes on being decomposed as during life; but not being renewed, the form is lost entirely. In disease, decomposition goes on, but renewal flags, and the decomposing tissues are not sufficiently pushed out by new formed substances. They are retained as part of the imperfect body—a sort of death in life—and are rightly termed by the pathologist, *degenerate*. They are generated, but not *regenerated*." And, in order to show how closely science has been enabled to estimate the working of this important law of waste and supply, the following striking fact may be stated. We quote again from Dr. Chambers: Drs. Bidder and Schmidt reckon that the body of a mammal contains 35.45 grammes (the gramme being about $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains troy) of nitrogen for every kilogramme ($2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) of its weight, and therefore that an animal of 180 lbs. weight, which is the mean or average weight of a man, contains upwards of $4\frac{1}{10}$ lbs. of nitrogen. Then, according to the calculation of Liebig, the liquid and solid excretion of a man by the kidneys and the bowels, for a year, amounts to $16\frac{1}{10}$ lbs. of nitrogen. Now according to the notes made by M. Devergie on the bodies of the dead deposited at the Morgue in Paris, it would appear that complete decomposition of the body takes place in about three and a half months, that is, that all the tissues are resolved into their elements in that period. Now in three and a half months, a man, according to the above calculation of Liebig, excretes $4\frac{1}{10}$ of nitrogen, thus shewing that, in this period of time there is a complete renewal of the body; for the nitrogen thus excreted must, whilst the body was in health, have been replaced by the food, as no nitrogen is absorbed from the atmosphere. Thus the body is constantly dying, in fact begins to die the moment it is born, but is as constantly revived by the food absorbed, the amount of force necessary to effect this being evolved from the substances themselves, while these decompositions and recompositions are going on. Truly this is very wonderful, and it will appear still more so, if we consider that all this waste material, thrown out from the body as apparently worthless, is used by nature in the production of new forms of life and beauty; so that from death springs life, while life exists only by death. Health, then, is the most active renewal of the body that is possible, and keeping this fact steadily in the mind, there will be no difficulty in deducing practical rules for the attainment of this blessing. Consider, first, such rules as are connected with the supply. It is at once obvious, that as health consists in the active renewal of the body, not only must there be a sufficient supply of food, both carbonaceous, or heat producing, and nitrogenous, or tissue forming, but also of the vital air, oxygen, in order that new oxidized compounds may be formed, and force evolved; of course, these are closely related to each other, but there are no limits set to either, except such as are set by the digestive system on the one hand, and respiration on the other.

The amount of force evolved, the vigour gained by the body for all the purposes of life, will be in proportion to the amount of blood formed from the food, and the quantity of oxygen respired through the lungs. And this is exactly conformable to experience. Healthy children are constantly in motion, which produces waste, and constantly eating, which produces supply, and the more they eat, the more they exercise; and the quicker and more energetically they respire, the more vigorous they become. It is the same with adults; the man best able to stand the wear and tear of life, to undergo bodily fatigue, and mental labour, is he who has a good appetite, good digestion, plenty of wholesome food, and plenty of exercise in the open air. The student may pore over his books, mental attention almost suspending respiration, and may for a time spur on the brain to activity, but the consequent want of appetite, and deficiency of respired air soon set a limit to his labours; the force stored up becomes exhausted, he is compelled to leave his books and recruit, and finds, perhaps when too late, that the will, all-powerful when backed by the physical laws of nature, is powerless when it enters into antagonism with them. Two errors, in connexion with the supply, must be specially guarded against. One is the taking more food into the stomach than the digestive apparatus can possibly reduce into a fit state for assimilation. The surplus quantity must inevitably produce mischief. Unhappily man, in order to enjoy the gratification of eating and drinking, is too prone to commit this error; but it is a great deal better to err on the opposite side, and take too little, because the real wants of the system will soon make themselves felt by means of a healthy appetite, and the balance is soon restored. The advice to get up from the table with an appetite, is based upon a sound knowledge of physiological laws. The other error is that of breathing impure air, by which we mean air impregnated with any matter foreign to its natural constitution, viz., $\frac{1}{4}$ of oxygen and $\frac{3}{4}$ of nitrogen, the latter existing in it apparently for no other purpose than that of diluting it, and so modifying its action on the animal system, for no animal could long breathe pure oxygen.

The great source of impurity in the atmosphere is from animal respiration itself. The air inspired by the lungs is very different from that expired; it loses much of its oxygen, and gains 3 to 6 per cent. of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapour, traces of ammonia, hydrogen and volatile organic substances. So long as respiration takes place in the open air, these poisonous gases are rapidly diffused through the atmosphere, but if it takes place in apartments, and no provision, or very defective provision, is made for the entry of fresh air, and the escape of the foul, the consequences are sure to be mischievous, and not unfrequently fatal. "To place an animal in air overcharged with carbonic acid," says Mr. Lewes, "is equivalent to a gradual prevention of his breathing at all. Suffocation results from vitiation of the air in precisely the same manner as from interception of air." Most people have heard of the "Black hole of Calcutta" tragedy, and another fact bearing upon the same subject may be stated. The deaths of new-born infants between the ages of one and fifteen days, which, in the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, amounted, in the course of four years, to 2,944 out of 7,650 births, were suddenly reduced to 279 deaths during the same period, after a new system of ventilation had been adopted. "Thus," says Mr. Lewes, from whom we quote, "more than 2,500 deaths must be attributed to the bad ventilation." The great importance of this, in connection with health, will be at once obvious, from the principles previously laid down. In order to ensure the timely elimination of the waste or decayed tissues from the body, nature has made careful and special provision, no less than four sources of escape being established, viz., the lungs, the skin, the kidneys, and the bowels; and a departure from health takes place the moment any one or

more of these channels are in any way obstructed, or cease to perform their functions with due regularity.

We have already alluded to the lungs. Their special function seems, besides that of introducing oxygen into the system, to be, to eliminate carbonic acid and water in the form of vapour, the products of the oxidation constantly going on. The skin, with its myriads of pores, has a similar function. The kidneys eliminate albuminous or nitrogenous compounds, and through the bowels are ejected various substances, which cannot be used in the vital processes. Perhaps the most important of these, certainly the one most neglected, is the skin. Neglect is speedily punished, however, as everyone knows who has ever taken cold, (and who has not?) which is nothing more than obstructed perspiration. Constant daily washing and exercise, are the only means of keeping the important outlet of the dead tissues in proper condition. We have no space left even to touch upon the bearing of the passions upon health, and we must likewise refrain from entering into any details as to various articles of diet, drinks, etc. For these, reference may be made to the writings of Johnston, Lankester, Dr. Carpenter, Lewes, and others. Our main object has been to develop, as far as could be done within the limits of a short paper, the physiological *laws* bearing upon health, satisfied, that if these are once understood, the application of them to practice will be attended with no difficulty, and that practice, without such knowledge, is almost certain to introduce innumerable errors, the imagination here stepping in to supply the place of science, as it does in a great many other things.

AN OFTEN TOLD TALE.

BY MRS. M. A. COMPTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

SHE stood upon the lonely shore,
The white waves curled around her feet,
And from the dark storm gathering o'er,
The sea-birds sought a safe retreat.

Unheeded was that wild sea's rage,
For o'er her heart, and in her brain,
Had raged a wilder storm than this,
Passions that ne'er could sleep again.

How wild! how sad! the look she fixed;—
Gazing on that lessening mast,
She felt that when it left her sight,
Hope! fear! despair itself was past!

She loved him! Dreamed that he was true!
Dreamed not that dark *could* seem so fair,
And he has left that trusting heart,
To wither—break—in its despair!

A wrong all time could not efface;
Her name but now on slander's tongue!
—Those wild waves were her resting place;
That rising storm her requiem sung!

Home Kindliness.

BY ISABELLA MUNRO.

THE day's work was ended, and homeward, in the setting sunlight, across the cornfields, and through the winding lanes, plodded two weary workmen, each with his basket on his shoulder. To shorten the length of the way, the men discussed the various subjects of passing interest, expressing their opinions on each, with a clearness of reasoning and accuracy of judgment which showed, that amid all the toil and anxiety of working for their living, they had not forgotten to avail themselves of the many means of improvement which, in our day, are happily open to the British workman. But though the mental culture of the two men was probably about the same, their way of expressing their opinions was widely different, and was perhaps indicative of their different characters; Charles Leighton, the younger, stating his with a mildness, an earnestness, and moderation, which won your respect for himself, if not your conversion to his views; while his companion, Robert Morris, thundered out his convictions with the force and impetuosity of a sledge hammer, and seemed as ready to annihilate an opponent's argument, as that ponderous instrument is to crush an obstacle.

At length they came to a breezy common, at whose farther limit stood Windon, the village in which both dwelt. But now between them and it, the booths of a country fair were being rapidly pitched on the level sward, and preparations made for the swings, merry-go-rounds, etc., which are the glory of such gatherings.

"Now, here is another evil wants redressing, or rather putting down altogether," observed Morris, decidedly.

"Nay, I am not so sure about that," rejoined Leighton, "especially as the magistrates have resolved to suppress the drinking booths. It all depends on the spirit in which a man visits such places. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and he will work none the less diligently all the rest of the year, because for once he has laughed at the clown or wondered at the conjurers. For my own part, I mean to take my wife and children to see the menagerie which is to come this year."

"I have seen such things before now," said Morris, shortly.

"So have I, but it will be a treat to the young ones."

"Oh, I have no time to think of treats," was the gruff response. "A man with six children has something else to do."

"A man with seven children means to find time on this occasion," said his companion, laughing. "Poor people's children have so few chances of pleasure; and this will be instructive also."

By this time, pursuing their usual path, they had advanced almost into the centre of the fair preparations, when turning the corner of a booth they came in view of a professor of the art of walking on his head and throwing summersaults over other people's, busily engaged in rehearsing its mysteries.

"Now that fellow is unmistakeably, as well as legally, a rogue and a vagabond," casually observed Morris, but in his usual tone of stern denunciation.

"Thank ye, master, for your good opinion," replied the young man, who had overheard the remark.

Morris appeared disconcerted for a moment; but recovering himself, with his usual firmness, he said, "I won't go back from my words; a man who gets his living about the country as you do is a rogue and a vagabond. You are a likely lad, and it is a pity but what you had been brought up to work honestly."

"It is a pity but what I had had a good father to teach me," retorted the mountebank with a sneer, as they passed out of hearing.

At length, with a friendly "good evening," the men parted; and each sought his own cottage. Ere he entered the gate, Leighton paused for a moment, as he often did, to look at his home, which he thought the prettiest spot in Windon, standing, as it did, in the midst of a blooming garden, and with its white walls almost hidden beneath a mantle of blossoming honeysuckle.

It is the belief of many that the outward aspect of a dwelling is a key to the life within its walls, and in Charles Leighton's case, at least, the theory held good; for there was more happiness to be found beneath that humble cottage roof than within many prouder homes. Early in his married life, the reflective, right-hearted man had come to the conclusion that working for his family's support was not the only duty he owed to them. That it was his part also to take thought for their happiness, to make himself one of them, to bring a contented spirit and a cheerful face home with him at evening, and to be his wife's companion, and his children's friend and counsellor. Through all the intervening years he had striven to act up to this conviction, and the result had added infinitely to his own happiness; for what could be more cheering, after a hard day's work, than to return to a home made trim and orderly expressly to receive him; what pleasanter, than to see a bright smile break over his wife's face at his entrance, and to be surrounded by rejoicing children, each eagerly offering some little service. But on the present evening the children crowded round less gleefully than usual, and one of them stood apart, and was weeping bitterly.

"What ails Willy?" inquired the father of his wife.

"What I am very sorry to tell you," was the reply; "he has been both naughty and disobedient. Though he knew it was against your desire, he has been sailing with other boys upon the river; the boat upset and they were all nearly drowned."

"My son!" said Leighton, in a tone of grave surprise.

"Oh, don't be angry, father," cried the delinquent, with a fresh burst of tears. "I am very sorry I did it, and I will never do the like again."

"I am not exactly angry, Willy," replied his father. "I am more sorry and surprised, that after all our care and affection for you, you should have had so little regard for us, as to put our commands at utter defiance; and that you, nearly the eldest of a large family, should have set so bad an example to your young brothers and sisters. I had hoped better things of you."

The troubled expression of the father's face, and those few quiet temperate words, were infinitely more painful to the boy's unhardened spirit, than would have been the suffering and ignominy of many stripes. They put to flight all the little rebellious feelings, which, like evil birds, had been fluttering around his heart; he felt overwhelmed with regret for his fault, and shame for his ingratitude and disobedience towards the parents whom he seemed to love more truly than ever. He felt unworthy even to plead his penitence. But the parents read his heart, and with a few earnest, almost solemn words of admonition, Willy Leighton's pardon was sealed; and by this timely gentleness their child's affection and obedience were won for evermore.

Meanwhile Morris had likewise opened his gate. His cottage looked barer

and less inviting than that of his late companion; but those were points he did not heed. He put his pride in the consciousness that by his own efforts he had acquired a considerable amount of education, that there was not a more sober or industrious man in Windon, nor one who kept his family more respectably, or, for his degree, put a larger sum into the savings bank; all qualities of which a man might well be proud. But of the gentler virtues which can brighten the humblest home and soften the direst poverty, Morris never thought; and never doubting he was all a man should be, he entered his cottage, and somewhat gruffly inquired if supper were ready.

"Quite ready, Robert," answered his wife, a care-worn looking woman, "I have only to dish it."

"Then look sharp about it," was the abrupt rejoinder. And without one pleasant word to the wife who had toiled all day in her home as hard as he had out of it, or taking the least notice of two or three of his younger children, who were standing silently about the room, Robert Morris unfolded a newspaper lent him by the foreman of the works where he was engaged, and was quickly absorbed in its contents, which he never thought of sharing with anyone else.

Had he not been so interested, he might have perceived that his wife's usually pale cheek was flushed, and her manner flurried. But though she hurried about to fulfil his orders as that of one whose will was law, and whose patience must not be tried, she yet found a moment's time to steal round to the back of the cottage, where a boy of some twelve or thirteen years was crouched down weeping sullenly.

"Never mind, now," she said in a whispered tone, "but dry your eyes. Your father has come home, and I would not for all the world he knew it, or he would never forgive you—remember how he served Sam. Run up to bed, and I will make an excuse for you." And drying the boy's eyes with a trembling hand, and imprinting a loving, but illjudged kiss upon his brow, the mother flew back to her kitchen.

Richard Morris (who had been one of Willy Leighton's companions on the river), lost no time in doing as he was bidden. By a violent effort he suppressed his sobs, and, taking his boots in his hand, crept stealthily up to his attic bedroom; neither sorry for his disobedience, nor grateful for his mother's protection, and only concerned lest she might not succeed in deceiving his stern father, who would, he knew, show him no mercy. Then, trembling to her very heart, Mrs. Morris sat down to supper.

"Where's Dick?" inquired her husband, shortly.

The mother's eye glanced warningly round on her other children, as she uttered the equivocal truth, "that he was not all right, and she had sent him to bed."

Poor soul! her brow flushed, and her throat swelled, as she thus fenced with the truth before her children; but unhappily this was not the first time, by many, it had happened. As all women should, and most do, she had commenced life by confiding all things to her husband; but his inflexible sternness at home had gradually estranged her confidence; and when, about six years previous to our story, for a venial fault he had so severely punished her eldest son, that the lad had fled from his home, and never been heard of since; the half broken-hearted mother had resolved, that, for the future, no consideration should induce her to reveal her children's faults to their father, lest his harshness should deprive her of them all. But the results of this determination were most lamentable. Though the mother tried her best to control her children, they soon learned to gauge the extent of her power, narrowed, as it was, by concealment from her husband, and beyond it they put her at defiance. And thus, primarily from his want of home kindness, the children of Robert Morris, one of the steadiest and most respected men

in Windon, ran a great risk of growing into untrained and unprincipled men and women.

On the morning the fair opened, ere Morris left home, he desired his children to keep away from the spot on pain of his serious anger. And when at mid-day Leighton left his work, that he might accompany his wife and children to see its wonders, it was amid his fellow-workman's unmeasured derision.

"To think," he said, "that a steady, sober man, in the possession of his senses, should go dragging about a stupid fair, to gape at live lions, and monster turnips, and mayhap teach his children to respect him by taking a turn at Aunt Sally! The thing quite passed his comprehension."

"I will try and make my children love me, and then I can trust to their both respecting and obeying me," was Leighton's untroubled reply, as he nodded his farewell.

If, as Leighton said, a man would but visit a country fair in a right spirit, resolving to enjoy its simple amusements, it is astonishing how much innocent pleasure it may be made to yield. The sight of so many happy faces is of itself gladdening; and the heartiness with which—forgetting the toil, cares, and hardships, of their daily lives—the crowd enjoy their rare holiday, engages our sympathy and our interest, both in them and the wonders they come to see; among which there is probably something new to ourselves, some diorama of foreign lands we have never seen, some mechanical appliance, or astonishing result of science.

With but a passing glance at anything, Leighton and his family hastened on to their great attraction—the menagerie, which was distinguished by a band of discordant music. However, no surroundings can destroy the interest with which—especially for the first time—we look on the savage dwellers in the different wilds of the world, and Leighton's children were almost beside themselves with delight at the aspect of the varied company to which they were introduced. And for many a long summer's day, and long winter evening after, when other children were discussing marbles, and pitch and toss, or perhaps planning some piece of mischief, that visit to the menagerie furnished Leighton's children with abundant subjects for conversation.

The Leightons were returning, each child laden with a fairing, when they encountered Morris in his working clothes, passing homeward through the fair.

"Improving, is it not?" observed the latter sarcastically; "raises a man in his own esteem, and that of his neighbours?"

"That is according to how he conducts himself," replied Leighton, calmly.

"A man surrounded by his wife and children is not likely to go far wrong."

"In their eyes, at least, he is certain to go right," said Mrs. Leighton.

"You know, Mr. Morris, a woman likes to be taken out sometimes."

A frown gathered on Morris's brow at what he considered this hit, and he answered grimly, "Some women may perhaps; but all women's husbands do not approve of such follies."

But almost ere he had concluded, his stern eye literally flashed fire, for glancing towards a neighbouring merry-go-round, he espied, sitting astride a huge swan, and whooping vociferously, his son Richard, while two of his younger children stood by awaiting vacancies on the revolving machine. A single moment sufficed to push his stalwart person through the intervening throng, and another to tear the rejoicing Dick ignominiously from his exalted position, and to order him and his brethren home; with the significant information that he would take care they remembered the fair. Then raising the basket he had thrown down, Morris himself followed them leisurely, as he went, casting disdainful glances on the glittering wares exhibited in the canvas shops, until he came suddenly on a party of acrobats pursuing their

perilous calling. Almost unconsciously the practical eye of the workman was attracted by the finely developed forms of the men, and the strength of muscle and skill displayed in their various feats, and involuntarily he stopped to look at them. One amazing combination melted away, only to give place to another, and yet another, still more wonderful, as those agile men and youths mounted each other's shoulders, and threw themselves into innumerable fantastic and graceful attitudes. At length they rose as it were in a living pyramid, surrounded by winged Mercuries, and were greeted by thunders of applause, in which unknowingly Morris joined. When this exhibition had likewise come to an end, the performers went round to collect the tribute of the spectators, and the workman, too honest not to pay for what he had looked at, contributed liberally.

Now that the excitement was over, feeling somewhat ashamed of his inconsistency, Morris hastened on. But ere he had gone many steps he noticed before him one of the acrobats gliding noiselessly among the crowd. Something strange in the demeanour of the youth arrested his attention, and watching, he saw him pause beside the village squire; and with a movement, stealthy, rapid, and noiseless, dive his long sinewy hand into the gentleman's pocket, and the next movement, still unfelt by his victim, drew forth a pocketbook. No one appeared to have observed the incident save Morris; but his authoritative "Stop thief!" rang loudly over the festive throng, startling it from its merriment; and springing forward, he grasped the offender by the collar, while his muscular hand closed over the lithe one still clasping its prize. There was no need of question, the situation told its own story; but as Morris held the trembling lad, awaiting the village constable's arrival, gradually, through the thick coat of paint, he recognised the person whom he had so lately branded as a rogue and a vagabond.

"Did I not tell you," he said, sternly, "that it was better to work honestly for your living?"

"And did I not tell you," rejoined the youth, glaring fiercely on him with his paint-encircled eyes, "that it was a pity I had not been better brought up?"

"Aye, did you, and more shame on him who so failed in his duty," replied the workman with characteristic vehemence. Then delivering his charge to the proper authority, he hastened home, much moved in spirit to fulfil what he considered his own duty, by punishing Richard and his brothers with the most pitiless rigour.

The next morning saw the acrobat brought before the magistrate. As the people filling the court looked on the fine well-grown youth, just entering on manhood, many an expression of regret crossed their lips, that a roving life, and evil associations, should already have brought him to so sad a pass. But the sullen demeanour of the prisoner seemed to repel their sympathy, and he obstinately refused to give any account of himself, even to the extent of his name.

"What's the odds what I am called," he said, bitterly. "That man," pointing to Morris, "will tell you that I am a rogue and a vagabond, and what do you want more?"

However, the testimony of Morris and the squire was so conclusive, that the prisoner was committed for trial, and the witnesses bound over to appear against him.

"Oh, there's no doubt but he'll appear," laughed the culprit scoffingly, as he looked at Morris. "And so he ought, for he helped to make me what I am."

"I," cried the workman in surprise; "why, I never set eyes on you until Tuesday."

"But if you had not beaten, and imprisoned, and lectured, your son as

harshly as if he had committed a theft, when he broke a window with a stone; if you had not persecuted the lad until he could bear it no longer, but fled away to become an outcast in the world, to herd with rogues until he forgot what good he knew, and with thieves until he became one of them; if you had not done all this, but tempered justice with mercy, Sam Morris would not be standing now in this dock for you to bear witness against."

The flashing eyes, and wild excitement of the young prisoner carried conviction of his tale; and a hush of astonishment and consternation fell upon the assembly as they listened to him, and traced in his bold, paint stained features, the likeness of the almost forgotten Samuel Morris.

And the father traced it also. The discovery was like a thunderbolt, almost overwhelming him with excessive anguish. He had been so proud of his honest name, his spotless reputation; and now the son, so long lost, had come back not only to deprive him of these, the poor man's patent of nobility, but in the face of all men to accuse him and his conduct of being in part the cause. And, to add to his misery, his suddenly awakened conscience told him he was not quite guiltless. He had always meant for the best, but he had not tempered justice with mercy, nor guided by love the tender spirits committed to his care. His rule had been of iron, and the rod had turned to a scorpion in his hand, and wounded him in the tenderest point. He began to fear he had made a fearful error, and with a groan the unhappy man's head sank on his hands; and with deep remorse he remembered that, but a few hours previously, he had well nigh as severely punished another child, while brighter than ever blazed upon him the fire of those vengeful young eyes, as if by a horrible perversion of feeling, the son triumphed in seeing the father suffer.

It was a painful scene for everyone. And, pitying the father's feelings, by a silent wave of the hand the magistrate dismissed the prisoner to his cell, and the audience to their homes, and as noiselessly retired from his own seat. And when at a touch on the shoulder Morris again raised his head, he met no eye save those of his friend and neighbour, Charles Leighton, who accompanied him home.

But a short interval interposed before the assizes; but in that brief space a better spirit had come over both father and son, and on the trial the latter pleaded guilty to spare his father the pain of bearing witness against him; while, by the good offices of the squire, his sentence included a long residence in a reformatory.

This painful incident over, Morris returned to his home, and his ordinary way of life; but the words of his son haunted him perpetually: "temper justice with mercy." Long as he had been in perceiving it, he now saw that it was the true foundation on which all human intercourse should stand; and that between a man and those dearest to him, something yet kindlier should prevail. With Robert Morris, to see the right was to act upon it, and with a determination and earnestness of purpose, which overcame the effects of natural disposition and long habit, he commenced a gentler domestic system, whose results soon proved to him that love is infinitely stronger than fear, and that the best security for home happiness is home kindness and consideration for others.

UNION OF CLASSES.—When the interval between the intellectual classes and the practical classes is too great, the former will possess no influence, the latter will reap no benefit.—*Henry Thomas Buckle.*

ADDRESS ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

WRITTEN AND DELIVERED BY JAMES CURTIS, PROV. C.S., BRIGHTON
DISTRICT,

*On the occasion of an Amalgamated Fête of the Friendly Societies of Brighton and neighbourhood,
held at the Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, in aid of the Local Charities.*

WHEN nations rock,—when brave hearts quail,—
When tyrants flee,—when strifes prevail,
And shake this earthly sphere :
One little spot alone is still,
In trust dependent on His will
Who guides our passage here.

Would'st know the land? Thou need'st not roam ;
'Tis England dear, our island home—
'Tis this our happy land.
It is the land of freedom's birth,
This chosen spot of all the earth,
Protected by His hand.

Would'st know the land where man with man
Will strive to do what good he can,
Where union hath its powers?
Would'st know the land? Thou know'st full well
The land for which our heroes fell :
It is this land of ours.

An Emperor says—(ally or foe
I'll not presume, myself, to know)
"The Empire it is peace."
But we, at home, with friendly bands,
Will haste the time with hearts and hands
When war and strife shall cease.

Firm to ourselves, no foes we fear,
Banded together, friends sincere ;
In union we are strong.
A stake in hedge of country's weal
This union bids each brother feel
To each one doth belong.

Then foes without may threaten loud,
In conscious strength old England's proud,
Whilst union thus extends.
'Tis this that nerves an English arm
To shield, from ev'ry thought of harm,
His hearth, his home, his friends.

Man ne'er was formed for narrow self,
 To hoard and heap up paltry pelf,—
 To shun his fellow man.
 No! 'Twas a duty,—'tis so still,—
 To help, to aid, with right good will
 To do what good he can.

And wise is he,—with truth imbu'd,
 With selfish passions all subdu'd,
 With fellow man to link;
 To save from suff'ring here below,
 To heal the pangs of want and woe,
 To snatch from ruin's brink.

And wise again,—in pride of health,
 When labour gives to each one wealth,
 He, who provision makes
 For time when sickness dulls his hours,
 Grim death's gaunt shadow o'er him lowers,
 And earthly joy forsakes..

See, wife and children clust'ring round;
 This joy, to ease his pangs is found,
 That he, in prime of life,
 Had cared for those to him so dear,
 Nor leaves to want and suff'ring here,
 His children and his wife.

Throughout the realm these bands are found,
 Throwing a glorious halo round
 This happy land of ours.
 Thus, self reliant, brave, and free,
 Thus, truly independent he,
 The Englishman o'ertowers.

"What's in a name?"—our Shakspeare wrote:
 Let's from our eyes remove the mote
 Of strife from party name.
 Odd-Fellows, Druids, here are seen,
 With Foresters in Lincoln green:
 Our ends are all the same.

To-day, as one, we all unite,
 And gen'rous help from friends invite:—
 They've *come* to aid our task.
 For those in sickness now we plead,
 And for the poor, in hour of need,
 Your sympathy we ask.

Two noble buildings, open door'd,—
 With science see each building stor'd,
 And kindly skill is there.
 To aid the funds of these we seek:
 They cheer the suff'ring, raise the weak,
 And feebl'd strength repair.

'Tis thus we strive, while pleasure reigns,
 Still to do good,—to heal those pains
 To which our flesh is heir.
 Our mission bids us ne'er forsake,
 But still a brother's burthen take,
 Whilst friendly joys we share.

We wish all here a happy day:
 Another wish yet, 'ere I say,
 To each a kind Farewell:
 May Faith and Hope illumine all here,
 May Love conduct us to that Sphere
 Whose joys no tongue can tell.

Visit Lodges.

" Now's the time, and here's the place,
 We, the sons of Friendship grace;
 Still to meet and part in peace
 Let our minds be bent."

VISIT LODGES! These two words were some months ago transmitted by the order of our society's directors, to north, south, east, and west, wherever the advantages of oddfellowship are known.

In the North of England some twenty or thirty years ago, oddfellowship was viewed in a far superior light by the members, than is commonly the case at present; then the works of the Order were charity, benevolence, and friendship, which were promoted by all, but now, as the Order has increased in numbers, there have crept in, as it were, unseen, parties whose objects have not been to assist the distressed, and comfort the afflicted, but those which they considered would promote their own welfare without paying any regard to that of others, and instead of endeavouring to forward the good cause, they have promoted discord and enmity. These kind of persons may be met with in all districts at the present time, but in the Unity's earlier days but few such could be found, and the consequent general good feeling led to the establishment of periodical visits from one lodge to another, at which meetings the best feelings were brought out, peace established, the welfare of the Order advanced, and friendships made and renewed, while harmony enlivened the evening and brought the lodge to a close. After a time these interesting meetings were but seldom held, and had almost been forgot until a few years ago when a revival was attempted, but it now appears to have again given way from a want of interest in the subject, as well as from local prejudices. However, I am not writing for the degradation of the Order, but merely to show that even our flock possesses its black sheep, though I have no doubt their number is smaller, (comparing number of members), than any other society established for similar purposes.

I think much benefit may be derived from visiting lodges, and first of all I may mention an increase of friends, which is not to be despised, for without true friends we should all find ourselves at a loss, in many transactions

and duties, which we are called upon to perform. A "bosom friend" has always been highly prized, and the poet has often memorialized him and given him the praise which a true friend merits. If so be that we want a friend, and who does not, a better opportunity cannot offer than the lodge night, when brother meets brother, and the best feelings are promulgated; not only are new friends made at lodge visits but old acquaintances are renewed, and brotherly love is engendered towards those of our brethren with whom we come in contact.

In the second place, by visiting lodges, we have opportunities of seeing the manner in which business is conducted, and in this we find a great difference. I know that in the district where I now reside regularity and exactness in conducting the business of the lodges is not nearly so well attended to as in the northern counties.

Instruction in the noble precepts inculcated by our order is another advantage to be derived from lodge visits, but my own observations lead me to conclude that too little interest is taken in this subject; especially in country districts, where we seldom find our admirable lectures attended by any except those who are, in a manner, compelled to be there for the purpose of delivering the lectures, or auditing the accounts. This inattention to the subject I consider is owing to two causes: First, a misunderstanding (or, rather, no understanding) of the subjects treated of in these lectures, and, second, the inconvenient times at which the lectures are given. The first cause, I think, might be removed were short addresses to be given by members on the objects of the Order, and on the signification of the emblems, during the intervals in lodge business. The inconvenience of attending is not so easy to remedy, but I think that if *one* lecture was given each lodge night, previous to the commencement of the general business of the lodge, it might offer some inducement for a better attendance at these lectures, and, consequently, the parties would not only feel more interest in, but would also be better informed on those principles we advocate, and they would at the same time learn other matters tending to raise them higher in the estimation of true odd-fellows, and assist them when absence from other friends necessitates an application to brothers of a strange lodge. The statistics of the Order, the mode of procedure in cases of distress, the alterations in laws, the settlement of disputes, and many other such subjects are all topics on which much interesting and useful knowledge may be obtained by visiting lodges.

In our large towns the music halls are a favourite resort of young men, I suppose because they have generally a "free license" to associate with whom they choose; for I cannot conceive that they find any intellectual amusement in much of the *trash* which those places generally present. Whatever these halls may be to their proprietors, they are not calculated to forward the improvement, moral or physical, of those who attend them. These remarks have been made in order to show the contrast between such places as those and our lodge rooms, where it must be acknowledged the songs are of a superior class to those generally sung in music halls. Still, we now seldom hear a song or recitation composed specially for our use, and "set to music," though several excellent ones were some years ago inserted in the *Odd-fellows' Chronicle*, but now they are little known. Were a few such songs and recitations introduced into our lodge rooms they would have a good moral effect, and tend to the advantage of our members in general, by creating a fondness for the society of brothers, and consequently a good attendance on lodge nights.

Lodge, No. 482.

J. B.

WEDDING BELLS.

[ORIGINAL.]

FROM out the surging, billowy storm,
 Life's heavy, tossing sea,
 I rose, a spirit of the dawn;
 O'er cities, hamlets, mountains, dells,
 I passed triumphantly,
 And heard the sound of wedding bells.

From village churches, ivy-clad,
 (I listened quietly,)
 A deaf'ning joy—all hearts are glad—
 Comes through the morning mist and tells
 ('Tis marriage minstrelsy!)
 A tale of love in wedding bells.

Afar, where life both high and low—
 So let it ever be—
 Dwells side by side in weal and woe,
 Behold a throng—a concourse swells,
 Where chimes right merrily,
 The clang—the peal of wedding bells.

The river flows and carries on,
 Like time and memory,
 The waifs and strays of thought bye-gone;
 A rythm sweet of lakes and fells,
 Of English liberty,
 Comes back in joyous wedding bells.

Away to towers, old England's boast,
 The land of history;
 Through forest glades of cent'ries growth,
 Where monarchs die, but time ne'er quells
 Our native chivalry,
 In gallant hearts, and wedding bells.

There clad in robes of sombre shade,
 A spirit prayerfully,
 Invokes a blessing from the dead,
 While from her heart bereaved there peals,
 In blissful purity,
 A heavenly thought of wedding bells.

The bride leads on her flow'ry train,
 Rose, shamrock, thistle, three.
 God grant these isles a happy reign;
 Faith, hope, and love entwine—peace dwells—
 A nation's unity,
 In nuptial vows and wedding bells.

F. R.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR, AND BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

[ORIGINAL.]

THOU'RT gone, Old Year, thou'rt gone;
Gone for ever gone!
It seems but yesternorn,
Old year that thou wert born.
Thus time keeps rolling on;
On, for ever on.

Thou'rt come, New Year, thou'rt come;
Short will be thy stay;
The summer flow'rs will bloom,
But winter seal thy doom,
For ever and for aye;
Ever and for aye.

C. MARSHALL,
Pride of the Valley Lodge, Godalming.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

LIABILITY OF NON-REGISTERED LODGES.—*Price v. Jones*, a case of some interest was recently tried at the County Court, Merthyr Tydvil, before his honour, Judge Falconer. The plaintiff, the Rev. Dr. Price, of Aberdare, as trustee of the Merthyr district of Alfreds, sued the defendant, Benjamin Jones, as the secretary of the Earl of Dynevor Lodge, for the sum of £6 5s. 8d., being the sum due from the lodge to the district for the quarter ending January 5th, 1863. The Order of Alfreds is similarly constituted to the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, having branches called districts and lodges. The district of Merthyr has its rules duly certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies; but the lodge had not registered its bye laws. This lodge, with four others, attended by delegates the quarterly meeting held January 5th, 1863, but refused to pay the sum due and left the Order. In July last the case came before the court, Dr. Price having entered the plaint against the lodge through its secretary. The case was ably argued on both sides; Mr. James, solicitor, appearing for the district, and Mr. Smith defending the lodge. After a trial of over three hours, his honour held that the lodge not being registered *was not a society within the meaning of the act*, and as a society it could neither sue or be sued, therefore the plaintiff must be non-suited. On the 22nd of October, 1863, the case came on again, in a new form. The lodge in this case consisted of 64 members; and having failed to recover from the lodge, as a society, in its collective capacity, Dr. Price divided the gross sum of £6 5s. 8d. into sixty-four equal parts, and sued one member for the sum of 1s. 11½d., in order to test the liability of members individually in non-registered societies. The case occupied the court three hours and a half, when the judge decided in favour of the plaintiff, giving judgment for the *one shilling and eleven pence half-penny, with full costs*; thus assuming the principle that members in non-registered societies are liable to their share of district dues. At the close Dr. Price intimated his

readiness to end the matter at once by their paying the sum of £6 6s. 8d., or he should proceed with the other cases until he had recovered 1s. 11½d. from each of the remaining 63 members. The other four lodges have paid in full.

OFFICE CLUBS, AND THE ENORMOUS COMMISSION PAID TO COLLECTORS.—Another illustration of the way in which this much-lauded class of friendly society, got up professedly for the benefit of the poor are managed, was recently brought to light at one of the London police-courts. Henry Collins was charged with embezzling the funds he collected for the Royal Victoria Friendly Society, and was committed for trial. In the course of the examination it appeared that there are several such societies, which, like the Royal Victoria, allow their collectors 25 per cent. on their weekly collections, besides a salary of 6s. a-week, and that this society, though professing in one prospectus to have an assured fund of £20,000, and in another, of £2,500 only, had in point of fact neither the one nor the other, their only bankers being the Post-office savings' banks. It was alleged that as large a sum as £20,000 had been lost by the defalcation of collectors, who had gone over to rival societies. [We commend these facts to the many respectable philanthropists and official personages, who are eternally railing at the extravagant management of odd-fellows' lodges. We know many lodges whose entire management expenses range between six and ten per cent. of the contributions. Indeed, in consequence of the large amount of *gratuitous* labour performed by the members of the *self-governed* affiliated bodies, it is impossible that any mere business or office club can compete with them in this respect, and secure equally efficient supervision.—*Ed. Odd. Mag.*]

INFORMATION FOR DEPOSITORS IN POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.—On the recent committal for trial of the post-master of Beverley, it was stated that one of the charges against him was that of defrauding the depositors in the post office savings bank. Reproving the carelessness of the depositors, and also showing the excellent security of the post-office savings banks, the *Star* has the following remarks:—"The arrangements which have been made for the security of the depositors in these excellent institutions are at once simple and efficacious. The postmaster is bound to sign in each individual's deposit book a receipt for the amount paid in, and to forward a daily account to the chief office in London, from which a further acknowledgement will be sent to the depositor, and if he does not receive this within ten days he is requested to make direct application to the postmaster-general, an intimation to this effect being printed in the book itself. As a farther check upon fraud, a letter is sent to him annually from the central office, requesting him to transmit his deposit book, in order that the entries in it may be compared with those that have been posted into the ledger from the daily accounts of the postmaster. If people would bear these regulations in mind, and act upon them, any misappropriation of the money paid into the savings bank could not possibly remain for a fortnight undiscovered. But what has recently taken place at Beverley furnishes another illustration of the inveterate obstinacy with which people will neglect to comply with very simple rules, even when they have been framed for their own protection. Several individuals paid in money and had their books duly receipted by Mr. Tilson, but no acknowledgement reached them from London, and yet they made no application to the chief office for an explanation of the omission. The time arrived when they ought to have received a circular asking them to forward their verification; but though no such communication arrived, they did not think it worth while to inquire why the rule had been departed from. The explanation of these seeming irregularities is simple enough. Mr. Tilson had not entered the payments in question in his returns, and he had stopped, on their way through the post, the letters asking for the transmission of the deposit books. He admits his guilt, stating that the amount he has mis-

appropriated is about £150, and the police have found in his house between fifty and sixty of the missing letters. His crime is commonplace enough, but his career of embezzlement must have been brought to a close long ago had it not been for the negligence of the depositors themselves. The minds of those who have placed their money in these savings banks will be greatly relieved by the intimation given by Mr. Peacocke, the assistant solicitor to the post-office, that the State holds itself responsible for all that they have paid in, and that they will suffer no pecuniary loss from the misconduct of the local official. It would be much to be regretted if anything occurred to impair in the smallest degree the confidence of the public in these admirable aids to that economy which is worthy of every possible encouragement. In 1862 the amount deposited in them was £1,947,138 15s. 6d., and at the end of the year a sum of £1,631,107 remained in them to the credit of 176,569 depositors, giving an average of £9 10s. 6d. to each depositor, the withdrawals being less than a fourth of the entire sum paid in. Their machinery appears to have been planned with skill, and they possess two most substantial advantages—that access to them is always easy, and that the safety of their funds is guaranteed by the most unexceptionable security. But surely it is not too much to ask that those for whose benefit they have been instituted, and who find in them facilities for putting by their savings and drawing them out when needed, which were previously unattainable, should co-operate with the authorities in making the scheme work well. The best devised rules are useless if people refuse to attend to their prescriptions. In this case the depositors really deserve to lose something, since the fraud which Mr. Tilson has committed would have been of far less magnitude if they had taken the trouble to obey the simple instructions printed for their guidance. . . . It certainly seems hard that all the trouble and expense of the investigation should have been entailed by the neglect of each of a small number of individuals to write a short letter, when circumstances had arisen under which such a step was distinctly prescribed, in the instructions printed in their deposit books."

LECTURES.—On Monday, October 12th, Mr. Charles Hardwick, editor of the *Odd-fellows' Magazine*, etc., delivered a lecture on Friendly Societies in the Assembly Room, Odd-fellows' Hall, Bradford. The Mayor occupied the chair. He stated that when he was asked to take the chair, he was not aware what kind of a meeting he was to preside over, and when he read the paper announcing the subject, the pleasure he had before felt was greatly enhanced, because for a long time he had thought much on matters connected with friendly societies. He was particularly anxious on such matters as the contribution which each member ought to pay to ensure their stability, the safe investment of money, on which he had frequently pondered, and desired to possess more information. Mr. Hardwick spoke about an hour and a half, illustrating the financial portion of his subject by reference to his diagrams, representing the rates of sickness and mortality at various ages of life. At the conclusion, Mr. Wyatt moved that the thanks of the audience be presented to Mr. Hardwick, for his able and eloquent lecture. Mr. Councillor T. Illingworth seconded the motion. The motion was carried amidst applause, and the Mayor, in conveying the vote to Mr. Hardwick, expressed his great gratification with the lecture which he had heard.—On the following evening Mr. Hardwick delivered a second lecture on "Poetic Elocution," to a numerous audience. Mr. Councillor J. Schofield, P.G.M., occupied the chair. Mr. Hardwick, in a very eloquent lecture, first commented on the influence of poetry and the arts, on civilization and manners, and then showed that both were essential to the development of a complete humanity. He gave, with excellent effect, a number of illustrations of the true mode of reciting dramatic and other poetry.—*Abridged from the Brad-*

ford Observer.—Mr. Hardwick delivered a similar lecture on Friendly Societies at the Public Hall, Rochdale, on the 20th October, G. L. Ashworth, Esq., the Mayor, in the chair. Mr. Alderman Livsey, Mr. Alderman Healey, and other members of the Council were on the platform. The usual votes of thanks were carried with enthusiasm.—A similar lecture was delivered by Mr. Hardwick at Chesterfield, the mayor, C. Black, Esq., in the chair. The proceedings are reported at some length in Hatton's *Derbyshire News*. Mr. Alderman Jones, in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said "he had listened with great pleasure to the highly instructive and eloquent lecture which had just been delivered by Mr. Hardwick, and he was sure the high position that gentleman had attained was a sufficient guarantee of the value of the information he had imparted to them." (Loud cheers.)

EFFECTS OF GOOD DRAINAGE AND WATER.—It appears that for the quarter recently ended, the rate of mortality in Salisbury has been extraordinarily low, the deaths out of a population of over 9,000 having been only 20, while the average number of deaths in the corresponding quarter for many years previous to the introduction of a proper system of drainage and waterworks was 60, and since these works, for the last eight years, the average has been 37. The average annual number of deaths for the eight years preceding the completion of the drainage (including the cholera year) was 242, or 27 in 1,000, and for the same period since 193, or 21 in 1,000, an actual reduction of almost one-fourth of the whole number. With just 50 deaths per annum less than usual during the last eight years, Salisbury is now looked upon as one of the very healthiest cities in the kingdom. It may be interesting to know that if an equally low rate of mortality had prevailed in London during the last quarter only about 450 persons would have died each week, instead of the number actually recorded—about 1,250.

IMPORTANT TO SECRETARIES OF BENEFIT SOCIETIES.—*Canterbury Police Court*.—(Before the Mayor and E. Woolton, Esq.)—Monday, August 24th, Frederic Hobday, the secretary of the £10 Burial Society, was summoned at the instance of Mr. Tomkins, for having neglected to forward to J. T. Pratt, Esq., the yearly statement of the funds, together with the last annual report, before the 1st day of June. Defendant pleaded guilty, but said he had prepared a statement of the accounts, but through a press of business it had got misplaced, and was not, therefore, sent. The complainant was some time before he could fix on the amount which he should claim for his expenses, but ultimately he put the amount at 10s., and the Bench hearing that there was another similar case to be adjudicated upon, determined to divide the amount. The defendant was fined 1s., court fees, 9s., and complainant's expenses, 5s. James William Pilcher, secretary to the £100 Burial Society, was summoned for a like offence. He also pleaded guilty, but said this was the first time he had neglected to send the return, and he should not have done so this year, but he received no form to fill up as he hitherto had done. Mr. Tomkins said that the forms were posted to every secretary in the United Kingdom, without fail. Mr. Pilcher said he had received none; and he thought it would have been much better if, instead of putting the society to the expense of these proceedings, the registrar had sent a letter to him informing him of his neglect. The mayor asked Mr. Tomkins whether that course had not been pursued, and he replied in the negative. The mayor said he understood Mr. Tomkins to say when he applied for the summons that he had written for the return. He certainly thought it rather sharp practice to summon a man without giving him notice. Mr. Tomkins: Out of 600 societies in this county there are 350 who have not made the return. Mr. Pilcher thought that the secretaries ought not to be caught up so sharply under a new act of parliament. The 18th and 19th vic., under which the societies were governed, said that if the returns were not made by the last of September, then the

registrar was to give notice to the trustees of the societies neglecting to make the return. It appeared that a new act of parliament had lately become the law of the land, and had set aside the act under which they were governed. He should like to know how much of the old act was repealed by the new one. The mayor said, it was clear an offence had been committed; but he thought the complainant was acting very sternly in bringing these proceedings. They should fine the defendant 6d., and costs 9s., and should not allow the complainant any expenses in this case.—*Kentish Observer of August 27th, 1863.*

OFFICE CLUB MANAGEMENT EXPENDITURE.—At the Central Criminal Court, September 22nd, John Murphy was charged with embezzling small sums of money, the property of the trustees of the Royal Liver Friendly Society. It transpired that the society, which professes to insure poor people, who pay small sums of money weekly, allows its agents and collectors 25 per cent. on the premiums they gather in. The prisoner was acquitted, and the Recorder commented in terms of strong reprobation on the manner in which the society did business.

TREASURER OF A FRIENDLY SOCIETY REFUSING TO ACCOUNT.—At the Salford Police Court, Dec. 7th, Walter Heywood, late treasurer to the Manchester Equalised District of the Order of Druids, was charged with refusing to account for a sum of £131 15s. 10d., in his possession, belonging to the society. The society had been enrolled. The defendant was ordered to pay the money, together with £20 penalty and costs, or in default three months' imprisonment. The defendant said he would go to prison, and was accordingly locked up.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

BARTON-UPON-HUMBER.—Never, in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, has the good old town of Barton been so much inclined to do honour to the principles of frugality, integrity, forethought, and mutual help, which so strongly characterise the Odd-fellows, as during the recent demonstration in honour of the laying of the foundation stone of their new hall. An imposing procession was formed. The stone was laid by John Winship, Esq., who delivered an eloquent address expressive of the gratification he felt in taking part in the ceremony. He was proud to acknowledge the position of their great society. The erection of that hall was one of the noblest works which ever came into the mind of a Bartonian. He strongly recommended the erection of similar structures by the order everywhere, for it must be a great advantage to transact their business in their own hall. As he stood on that stone he trusted it would be dedicated to those great principles of integrity, prudence, and forethought for which it was designed, and that renewed prosperity would follow every effort of the Order. (Cheers). But he must do something to shew that he was in earnest: he then made a gift of 5,000 bricks to the committee of the building fund. Mr. Winship also read a memorandum, which recorded, that this hall was erected in the year of our Lord 1863, by the Good Design Lodge and Poor Man's Friend Lodge of the Independent Order, under the direction of the trustees, and committee, named therein. The total cost is computed at £829. The original of the memorandum was encased in the foundation stone. At five o'clock a public tea meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Queen Street. A very large company was present. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held in the same room, when H. E. Mason, Esq., law clerk to the local government

board, ably presided, supported by Messrs. J. Winship, W. Wilkinson, H. J. Tomlinson, J. Atkinson, &c., &c. The chairman said it could not be doubted that the objects of societies—like that they were that night met to support—were entitled to the best thanks of the community. He gave an interesting *resumé* of the progress of friendly societies. He then noticed the scales of charges which were made by the Order. His opinion was that all the tables were prepared with scrupulous fidelity and care. He then noticed a paper read on the subject at the late Social Science Congress, when the motto used was "Self-reliance, independence, and self-government." In conclusion, he hoped that the proceedings of that day would result in the addition of members to the lodges. Local self-government was a good thing, and they ought to abate not one jot until they gained it to the fullest extent. (Cheers.) Messrs. Tomlinson, Winship, and Atkinson, delivered eloquent and practical addresses.

BRADFORD.—The members of the Loyal Rose of Yorkshire Lodge, celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary by dining together on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th, at the Hope and Anchor Inn, Mr. H. Wyatt, Prov. G.M., presiding. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to in true Odd-fellows' style. The "Health of the District Officers" was proposed in a neat speech by P.G. Joseph Wilks, and replied to by the Prov. C.S.; P. Prov. G.M. Sam. Smith, one of the visitors, then proposed, with some forcible and practical remarks, "Prosperity to the Rose of Yorkshire Lodge," which was responded to by its painstaking and meritorious secretary, P.G. Thomas Smith, who stated that they had strengthened their numerical position by the introduction, this year, of some promising young members, and their finances by the addition of upwards of £20 to their capital, notwithstanding their sick experience had been much heavier than usual. They at present numbered 71 members, and the amount of their funds was £550.

BRADFORD.—On Monday, Dec. 7th, 1863, a tea party was held at the Odd-fellows' Hall, by the members of the Loyal Faith, Hope, and Charity Lodge, in celebration of its 29th anniversary. About 250 persons of both sexes sat down to tea. After the trays had been removed, Saml. Brown, Esq., M.D., occupied the chair, Mr. R. Fawcett, officiating as vice. P. Prov. G.M. Wm. Pickard, in proposing "The Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U., and the Board of Directors," said from his personal knowledge of the Board of Directors, he was convinced they were men of sterling character, and managed the working of the society in the most efficient manner. Mr. Councillor Schofield in reply, stated, the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows as well as all other societies of a kindred nature, if properly managed, had great influence upon the well-being of society at large, and though objections were numerous, especially from a certain official in London, to such meetings as these, yet it was an inherent feeling in Englishmen to have such social gatherings, and long might they continue to enjoy them. They acted as a stimulus in creating or renewing an interest in the welfare of the society. He was satisfied the people of this country would not allow any government official to interfere in their own self-government; but they would lawfully carry out the objects for which they were instituted. By their voluntary efforts he hoped they would long be able to have such social gatherings as the present. Not one farthing had been taken from the funds of the lodge for that night's enjoyment, nor had any member been compelled to attend if he did not think proper so to do. Mr. Councillor John T. Illingworth, Prov. C.S., in replying to the toast of the "Bradford District," said he remembered that some eight years ago he was told by a gentleman, in conversation, that the society was hopelessly bankrupt, when the fact was that they had improved more since that time both in numbers and funds than in any corresponding period. In this district they had an accumulated

capital of £17,000, the interest upon which almost paid the funeral money of their members, and they had added to their capital at the rate of nearly £1000 per annum for the last two or three years. Mr. Joseph Rushworth, secretary of the lodge, assured the meeting that the lodge was prospering, having 297 members, with a capital of £1650; it had initiated 26 promising young men this year.

BRIGHTON.—The Waterloo Lodge met, by adjournment, in the large upper room of the Odd-fellows' Hall, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, the special business being the initiation into the Order of the Mayor of Brighton (A. Wilson, Esq.), Henry Moor, Esq., and Mr. T. Sabine, jun., of East Street. Over 200 members assembled, including M. D. Scott, Esq., Mr. Alderman Smithers (Ex-Mayor), Mr. Alderman Burrows. Mr. Welsford Smithers, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Councillor G. Hill, Mr. Councillor Woollett, Mr. Curtis, sen., Mr. Challen, &c., &c. The ceremony of initiation being performed, the chair was taken by Mr. James Curtis, Corresponding Secretary of the District. The Mayor in replying to his health, expressed his delight at having been permitted to join an institution whose operations were so extensive in the cause of our common humanity. "The Corporation," was responded to by the ex-Mayor, who remarked that of the many pleasing incidents in connection with his year of office nothing was more grateful to his memory than the recollection of having presided in the Town Hall over a party of more than 400 Odd-fellows. Mr. Moor, who was heartily applauded, in acknowledgment of the toast of his health, said he had that night joined a society of which he had heard much. From the admirable initiation charge which had been delivered to him he hoped to find it fully carrying out its professions; he had joined the society with an intention of seeing what its working was, and did not intend, as was too often the case, to retire from taking any active part in it, now that the initiation ceremony was completed. He regarded societies of this kind as thoroughly English, demonstrating, as they did, the independent self-reliance of the industrial classes. Mr. Alderman Burrows, in responding to "The Magistracy," bore ample testimony to the excellent working of the Manchester Unity. In his capacity as a magistrate he was happy to say he knew nothing of them; as a medical man it was often his lot to witness the good done by the society; and as a member of the Corporation he could assure them of the desire of that body to assist them in any way that was required. The health of the "Honorary Members, coupled with Mr. Sabine," produced a reply from that gentleman. He told the meeting his sole object in becoming an Odd-fellow was that he had often witnessed the good the society had effected, and he felt it his duty as a citizen to help those who to the very utmost were helping themselves.

BRISTOL.—On Wednesday evening, September 16th, 1863, the members and friends of the Loyal Blaize Castle Lodge, met at the Black Boy Inn, Durdham Down, to celebrate their fourth anniversary, when nearly 50 sat down to dinner. The chair was taken by N.G. John Waters, V.G. Joseph Warburton officiating as vice. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the C.S. of the district, Mr. Thomas Adams ably responded to the toast—"The G.M. and Board of Directors," in a somewhat lengthy and practical speech, which was frequently applauded. The toast of the evening "Success to the Blaize Castle Lodge," was given by P. Prov. G.M. Foot in a very flattering manner, and responded to by the permanent secretary of the lodge, who stated that the lodge numbered 74 members, 28 having been initiated during the last year, two deaths had taken place, and £51 7s. 0d. had been paid as sick gifts to the members since its formation, and that it had a capital in cash of £176, and after paying all expenses, the balance on the year was £53 14s. 3d. P.G. Miller in a neat and well received speech, in which he alluded to the duties of the office, and the efficiency with which it was filled, presented the

permanent secretary of the lodge, P.G. Francis Wood, with a silver lever watch, suitably inscribed, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, as a mark of their respect and esteem, and of the high opinion they entertained of his ability and integrity, and as an acknowledgment of their gratitude for his untiring zeal and exertion for the general welfare and prosperity of the lodge. P.G. Wood heartily thanked the members for the very kind and unexpected manner in which they had appreciated his humble services. During the evening two past officers' diplomas were presented to P.Gs. Miller and Napton, which were duly acknowledged by them.

BRISTOL.—October 21st, the twenty-second anniversary of the Widows' Hope Lodge, was held at the Plume of Feathers Inn, Wine Street, when a large number of the brethren partook of dinner. On the removal of the cloth, the chair was taken by Br. E. J. Burgess, N.G.; the vice-chair being filled by Br. Blizzard, V.G. Mr. Adams, C.S., in the course of an excellent speech, said that there were about 2,000 members in their district. The contributions paid by those 2,000 members to the sick and funeral funds during the past year had been £3,600; and during the same period £2,400 had been paid as claims on that fund, apart from management expenses. The addition to their accumulated capital in the past year had been £1,300, and they had a capital in the district of £19,000. (Cheers.) P. G. Reece, president, in responding to the Widows and Orphans Fund, said they had had a gain of £74 in the funds last year. Their stock amounted to about £2,500. They had drawn their capital from the government funds, and had invested it in railway debenture bonds, which would increase their yearly interest to the extent of about £25. (Hear, hear.) P.G. Watts, permanent secretary of the Widows' Hope lodge said, the funds now reached the sum of £982 17s. 6½d., and they had 106 members on the books. During the last twelve months, they had paid out for sickness, £56 10s.; district funeral levies, £11 10s.; and they had had no deaths during the year. They had that day invested £500 in Taff Vale Railway debenture bonds, and they also had £400 in other public securities. (Cheers.) In responding to the toast of "Kindred Societies," Mr. John Westaway, district C.R. of the Ancient Order of Foresters, dilated at considerable length on the benefits conferred by both societies and trusted they may long go hand in hand in extending the great principle of self-dependence.

BRISTOL.—The second anniversary of the "Loyal Sincerity Lodge," was celebrated in November, at the Odd-fellows' Hall. Br. Young, P. Prov. G.M. presided. Br. H. O. Rowland, P.G., occupied the vice-chair. Mr. Adams, Prov. C.S., in responding to the "Manchester Unity and Board of Directors," referred to the great confidence felt in the present board, several of whom had been re-elected time after time, and were strenuous in their exertions for the benefit of the society. The society was never in a better position, both as regarded its numbers and finances. Br. Noye, G.M. of the lodge, spoke in warm terms of the first N.G. Br. Jessie Dicks, P. Prov. G.M., whose unavoidable absence prevented a very pleasing presentation that night, on behalf of the members of the lodge, as a mark of their esteem and regard (loud cheers). The presentation consisted of a past officer's diploma, together with an inkstand, subscribed for by the members of the lodge. Br. Palmer, the secretary, said the lodge was the youngest in the district, and although it had only been established two years it numbered seventeen members, and four new members were about to be enrolled. After paying all demands they had £20 in the bank, and £17 in the treasurer's hands; this, he thought, was a very flourishing condition for so young a lodge.

BURY.—The anniversary of the Collingwood Lodge was celebrated on Oct. 17th, by a tea party and ball, at the assembly room, Red Lion Inn. About 250 ladies and gentlemen sat down to tea. After tea the room was prepared for the enjoyments of the evening. P.G. William Binns, who, in October next,

will complete his half-a-century of labour as an Odd-fellow, was called to the chair. Amongst other observations he said, the Collingwood Lodge had been in active operation for 49 years; that was a considerable time, and if he could show that it is in a position to carry out those views and principles for which the society was first established, then it would be a sufficient proof, in his opinion, of its soundness and stability. The Collingwood Lodge at present numbers 400 members. It has paid during the last financial year for sick £450 12s. 2d., for deaths £90, distressed brothers £12 7s. 6d., brothers on travel £2 7s. 6d., for deaths of brothers' wives £35, making a total of money paid of £590 7s. 2d. The present worth of the funds is £1,818 13s. 3½d. Mr. Binns then referred with gratitude to the manner in which the members in Lancashire had been relieved by their brethren in various parts of the world during the cotton famine. He reminded them that the society was conducted mainly by the working class, and the services rendered were mostly gratuitous, and the payments by which it is supported are so arranged as to come within the means of working men.

COCKERMOUTH.—On Saturday evening, August 8th, 1863, the members of this district met at the Cocker Lodge to present P. Prov. G.M. William Rule with a testimonial of respect, comprising a neat silver cream jug, which bore a suitable inscription, an illuminated certificate, and a purse of gold, before leaving this country for New Zealand. After supper, P.G. E. Thwaites, bookseller, was unanimously called to the chair. After briefly introducing the subject, and urging members to renewed exertions in spreading the principles of the Order, (Friendship, Love, and Truth), the chairman called upon Prov. C.S. Joseph Hewson to make the presentation, which was done in a most complimentary manner, he having known Br. Rule for many years, and his unwavering attachment to the true principles of the Order. Br. Rule replied with great feeling and emotion, stating he had been an Odd-fellow 23 years. During that time, he had only been absent from the Victoria Lodge three nights, and that through sickness, having been in office all that time, with the exception of six months.

CONGLETON.—The members and friends of the Sir Philip Egerton Lodge, held their anniversary dinner at the Egerton Arms Inn, Astbury, on Saturday the 7th November. After dinner, P. Prov. D.G.M. Titley, treasurer to the district, occupied the chair; Br. Robert Heathcote the vice-chair. After the usual introductory toasts the chairman gave "Prosperity to the Sir Philip Egerton Lodge," commenting on its prosperity since its removal from Newbold Astbury to its present lodge-room. The vice-chairman responded, as the father of the lodge, in a feeling manner. He described the "ups and downs" of the lodge in its early career, but was happy to find that it now numbered upwards of 70 members, and they had near £200 in hand. He afterwards proposed the health of Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., as an honorary member; and dwelt upon the good qualities of Sir Philip as a landlord, and a firm supporter of all institutions that were beneficial to society in general.

DEVIZES.—On Friday, Nov. 13th, the anniversary of the Independent Lodge, was celebrated by a large number of members and friends, amounting to eighty-nine, dining together at the Rising Sun Inn. The chair was ably filled by Brother P. Prov. G.M. Pyke, Brother P.G. Greenland occupying the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, the treasurer's account was read, which showed that, although there had been an unusual amount of sickness among the members the last three quarters ending September, the sick pay amounting to more than £118, there was a balance in favour of the lodge of over £55.

DUBLIN.—On the 2nd of August last, several members of this district, including E. F. Quinn, G.M., John Quigley, C.S., and Mr. J. Ralph, district treasurer, accompanied by their male and female friends, proceeded in carriages

to view the beautiful scenery of the county Wicklow. The route lay through Dundrum, Stepaside, Enniskerry, Glen of the Downs, to Delganny, where they dined on the sod. After they had partaken of a hearty dinner, dancing commenced and continued till dusk, when the company returned to the Odd-fellows' Buildings in Upper Abbey street, where they had supper, and kept up the dance till a late hour.

DUBLIN.—On the 16th August, Mr. M. J. Ralph, P. Prov. G.M. invited to his house, No. 6, Newcomen Place, members of the different lodges in this district. The tables were burthened with dishes, and viands of every description. The worthy host occupied the chair, and P. Prov. G.M. John Byrne filled the vice-chair. When the cloth was removed, the chairman, in appropriate terms, prefaced several toasts respecting the Order, which, having been duly responded to, singing commenced, and the company did not separate till a late hour.

DUBLIN.—Monday the 23rd November, the odd-fellows gave their annual ball at the Rotundo. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable. The principal officers of the society in attendance were Mr. Quinn, Grand Master; Mr. Strahan, Deputy Grand Master; and Mr. Quigley, C.S. A large number of the brotherhood were present in full regalia. Dancing was kept up with much spirit to an advanced hour in the morning.

GLASGOW.—On Friday, 14th August last, the members of the Glasgow District of Odd-fellows, M. U., met in the house of P.G.M. George Crawston, Crow Hotel, George's square, for the purpose of presenting C.S. James Boyle, P. Prov. G.M. with a testimonial of respect. P.G.M. George Crawston in the chair, D.G.M. Laughlan McLean, croupier, when the chairman, in alluding to the many services rendered to the Order by Br. Boyle for 22 years, in the name of the district, presented him with a purse of sovereigns, and a pair of silver spectacles, when, after songs and addresses on the benefits of oddfellowship, P.G.M. George Peebles concluded by proposing the Grand Master and Board of Directors, Manchester Unity.

GUERNSEY.—The members of the Island of Guernsey District, having expressed a desire to take part in the ceremony of the inauguration of the statue to the memory of the Good Prince who took so lively an interest in the welfare of her Majesty's subjects, the several lodges met at the Manchester Unity Hotel, Market Place, on the 8th October last, they were marshalled by the Provincial Grand Master, (Br. W. J. Lenfesty), and, preceded by the band of the Loyal Caesarea Lodge, (who, with a number of their members, had come expressly from Jersey for the purpose of assisting in the demonstration), marched to the militia arsenal for the purpose of joining the general procession. In the early part of the morning, the members of the St. Andrew's Lodge met at their lodge-room at the Rue Frairie, and marched into town, where they joined the other members of the Order previous to their leaving for the arsenal. The whole of the members were attired in black clothes, and white gloves, and wearing the full regalia of the Order, presented a very creditable appearance. Amongst them were a number of the most respectable well-to-do tradesmen of the town. The demonstration was the great feature of the day. The procession numbered about 300 odd-fellows. In the evening a large number of the brethren, accompanied by their wives and friends, assembled at the Victoria Room, Victoria Road, where they spent a very pleasant night, a number of appropriate speeches, etc., were delivered. The musical portion was under the direction of Br. Carter, jun., of Jersey, who had composed several original pieces for the occasion, amongst which were the "Oddfellows' Polka," and the "Oddfellows' March." There are four lodges in the Guernsey District, which together, number about 500 members, with an accumulated capital of between £2,000 and £3,000.

HARTLEPOOL.—The members and a few friends, between 50 and 60 in number, celebrated the fifth anniversary of the Loyal Havelock Lodge, on October 14th, at the Raby Hotel. On the removal of the cloth, Br. J. C. Botham, M.D., was called to the chair, and Br. J. J. Armstrong, Prov. G.M., ably filled the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, etc., the vice-chairman gave "The Loyal Havelock Lodge," coupling with it the name of the secretary, Br. W. Ragg, which was received with loud applause. The secretary, in responding to the toast, gave a retrospective view of the rise and progress of the lodge, and concluded by reading a statement of its affairs, from which it appears there are 110 *bona fide* members on its books, and that its financial accounts are in a flourishing condition,—the surplus capital in hand, after paying all sick, funeral, and other expenses amounting to upwards of £220. The vice-chairman then rose and presented two splendid "P.G. certificates," in gilt frames to Mrs. P.G. William Brown, and P.G. John Hewson, as testimonials of respect for their attentive and valuable services rendered the lodge. Messrs. Brown and Hewson briefly but appropriately returned thanks for this mark of esteem and kindness.

HORNCASTLE.—On the 19th October, the 26th anniversary of the Loyal Philanthropic Lodge, was celebrated at the Bull Inn, Horncastle. About 120 members and friends dined, the chair being occupied by B. J. Boulton, M.D., one of the surgeons of the lodge, who was supported by the Rev. W. H. Milner, vicar of Horncastle, F. W. Tweed, Esq., Mr. J. Ward, P.G.M., Mr. J. Naylor, P.C.S., etc., etc.; Mr. J. Chapman, secretary, officiated as vice-chairman. After the tables were cleared the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given by the chairman, and enthusiastically received. The vicar, in proposing the "Manchester Unity," in a very able speech, pointed out some of the causes of the numerous failures of friendly societies, which, year after year, find their way into the *Gazette*. Until quite recently he was not aware of the system of extra annual contributions which had been adopted by the Manchester Unity, the want of which in other societies was one great cause of the failures referred to. The rev. gentleman then at some length compared the Unity rates of contribution with the Government scale, and said he found there was so little difference between the two that it would be comparatively useless to make any alteration. He next referred to the insurance of the lives of the young members of a lodge, proving that by so doing the lodge would secure itself against any loss through the early death of any of those members insured, and that if they lived over a certain number of years, the whole of their payments to the funeral fund would be clear profit. He said also that he found clubs generally stopped sick pay to members over 60, and gave no annuity in place of it, which he said was one great objection to these societies.—Mr. J. Adcock, P. Prov. G.M., of Newark, responded, he observed, that in the Manchester Unity a member's sick pay was not stopped at 60, on the contrary, should he at any age become (through accident or other causes) disabled from following his usual employment, he was allowed a weekly pension for life. He also spoke of the great difficulties the Unity has had to contend with, and the great progress it has made in the last 30 years, both numerically and financially, which afforded ample proof of the soundness of the principles on which it is established.—The vicar next remarked that if the payments to sick members were on the scale alluded to by Mr. Adcock, he was afraid that the contributions were not, after all, sufficient to secure those allowances; although, of course, interest and lapsed policies would help to make up the deficiency.—F. W. Tweed, Esq., proposed the "Horncastle District."—Mr. J. Ward, P. G.M., responded, he said they had now 531 members in the district, of which number above one-half belonged to their own lodge, and they had had only two deaths in the present year.—The chairman, in proposing the "Philanthropic

Lodge," remarked that there were 270 members, with a capital of £1570. The average age of the members he found to be 32 years, which was much under the general average.—Mr. J. Brown, P.G., proposed the health of the secretary, Mr. J. Chapman, who gave the following additional statistics:—Number of members admitted since January 1st, 16; number withdrawn, 5; members dead, 2; making the present number 270. The receipts from January to September, amounted to £227; payments in the same period to £127; balance to the credit of the lodge, £100. Other toasts were successively proposed and duly acknowledged. This was one of the most successful meetings ever held here, additional interest being created on its becoming known that the vicar of Horncastle (who had just previously published an article on "Benefit Clubs,") had accepted an invitation to dine with them, and a very interesting discussion took place between him and several of the members.

IPSWICH.—On the 6th Nov., a meeting was held in the Town Hall, Ipswich, of members of the Odd-fellows' and Foresters' lodges, to consider the propriety of building a hall for the transaction of business appertaining to the two Orders. It was unanimously resolved to raise the sum of £3,000 in shares of £1 each, for this purpose.

LEEDS.—On October 27th, the members of the Loyal Temple Lodge, their wives, and friends, celebrated their thirty-second anniversary in their lodge room, tea being provided for the occasion, after justice being done to the excellent repast, the remainder of the evening was spent in singing and dancing.

LEICESTER.—Two new lodges have recently been opened in this district, one at Enderby, called the Lord Stamford Lodge, and the other at Thurnby, called the Prince of Wales Lodge. At the opening of the latter, especially, a large number of members gathered together, and several excellent addresses were delivered on the Order, its progress, and principles.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—On the 19th October, at the Good Samaritan Lodge, the following presentations took place:—A beautiful emblem scarf was presented to P. Prov. G.M. Heafford by P.G. Hobson, who observed, that no member could have rendered more valuable services to his lodge. He had performed arduous and responsible duties gratuitously, for upwards of twenty years. He had been principally instrumental in raising the lodge from a depressed position to its present prosperous state. P. Prov. G.M. Heafford replied in suitable terms, and said, 18 years ago the lodge was worth £200, but at the present time the reserved funds amounted to £1,200.—To P. Prov. G.M. Needham was presented by P. Prov. G.M. Orme, a handsome emblem beautifully framed. He conveyed to the recipient the thanks of the officers and brothers of the lodge, for the valuable services he had rendered as treasurer for upwards of 15 years, without the least pecuniary remuneration. P. Prov. G.M. Needham briefly responded, and hoped he should be permitted by providence to meet the lodge for years to come.—P.G. Morris was then presented by Br. James McLean, with a handsome emblem beautifully framed. He said it was to such men they had to look to as props and supports, and he hoped that when he looked upon those emblems, they would stimulate him to virtuous deeds, when the lodge was in peril from internal and external enemies. P.G. Morris briefly replied, and said he was always very happy to meet his brethren. Br. John Newmans exhorted the young members to follow the footsteps of those who had worked hard for the lodge, and to make themselves useful and honourable members of society.

MACCLESFIELD.—On Tuesday, October 6th, the anniversary of the six lodges in Macclesfield, was held at the Park Tavern. After dinner, G.M. Robert Davies presided, and P.D.G.M. Edward Stanley occupied the vice-chair. The latter congratulated the members of the society upon the great progress which had been made during the past year. They had made 36 new members,

of an average age of twenty-two years. They had an accumulated fund of £1,453 1s. 3½d. in the savings bank. P.G. Thomas Cockram said the first lodge was established in Macclesfield in 1825, and it was tolerably prosperous. In 1826, the eventful year of bankruptcy caused by changing the currency, and calling in the £1 bank notes; the lodge through this cause was reduced to six members; since then the society had prospered, and now numbered nearly 400 members.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—The foundation-stone of the hall of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, in Swanton-Street, was laid on August 18th, 1863, by his Excellency Sir Henry Barkly. The ceremony was commenced by Dr. Greeves presenting to His Excellency a silver trowel, with the following commemorative inscription:—"Presented by the five lodges of the I.O.O.F., M.U., associated in building the M.U. Hall, in Melbourne, to His Excellency Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., &c., upon the occasion of laying the foundation-stone, 18th August, 1863."—The following record, which was engrossed upon vellum, was then read by Mr. W. R. Smith, the honorary secretary to the committee of management:—"Anno Vicesimo Septimo Victoria Regina.—The foundation-stone of this hall, for the use of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, in Victoria, was laid this 18th day of August, 1863, by His Excellency Sir H. Barkly, Knight Commander of the Bath, Captain General and Governor in Chief and Vice-Admiral of Victoria, and a member of the order, assisted by Augustus F. A. Greeves, Esq., past grand master of the order, and founder thereof in this colony; George Langridge, Esq., being the present grand master; Jacob Hart, secretary; Thomas W. Lloyd being provincial grand master of the Port Philip district; Henry F. Phipps, deputy grand master; James H. Cunningham, secretary of the district. The funds being provided and the structure raised by the Loyal Australia Felix Lodge, the Loyal Melbourne Lodge, the Loyal Victoria Lodge, the Loyal Rose of England Lodge, and the Loyal Britannia Lodge; the land costing £900, and the building £2,718; Leonard Terry being architect, and Leech and Brecknell the builders." The document further recited the names of the trustees for the various lodges. The record was deposited, together with the usual accompaniments, in a glass vase.—His Excellency said he accepted with much pleasure the trowel that had been presented to him, and should carry it away with other similarly interesting mementoes, which, with their associated recollections, he should look upon as marking strongly the progress this colony had made in social, moral, and religious advancement during his stay in it. As a brother of the Order, it was to him a high gratification to take a part in laying the foundation-stone of the Manchester Unity Hall. He knew by many it was considered that the results of their order were merely the wearing of a certain costume, and at times walking in procession preceded by painted banners. It would be well to say that the Order had a deeper significance, and that the principles announced in the motto inscribed upon those banners, "Friendship, Love, and Truth," were in reality carried out. (Cheers.) In alluding to the spread of the Order over a wide surface of the world, carrying with it wherever it went the benefits of mutual assistance, he expressed his concurrence in the sentiment contained in the words of a paper read by Mr. Hardwick last year to the Social Congress, that the Manchester Unity was the best constituted and most generally useful provident institution in the world. Here in Victoria, where it was introduced by Dr. Greeves not many years ago, it had also spread largely, and he might state that at the present time it numbered eighty-four lodges, and between eight and nine thousand members; and that in many of the lodges the sick fund in hand amounted to £10 for each member. Convinced as he was of the advantages the Order carried with it, it was gratifying to him to observe its extension; and he looked on to the day

when the benefits of the Order would be so widely recognized, and its spread so universal, that the appellation of Odd-fellows now adopted would be handed over to those who, by neglecting to become members, excluded themselves from a participation in its good effects. (Cheers.) He had great pleasure in laying the stone. The stone was then lowered upon its bed with the usual formalities. Dr. Greeves in proposing a tender of the thanks of those present to His Excellency for his kindness in appearing amongst them on that occasion, amongst other remarks, said in a few weeks it would be twenty-three years since he was one of eight by whom the first lodge in Victoria was opened. Only eight members of the Order could be found to take part on the occasion. Since that time the number of members had increased a thousand fold. He, too, looked on to the time, so felicitously suggested by His Excellency, when the diffusion of the benefits of the Order would be universal. After the National Anthem had been sung, His Excellency mounting the stone, proposed "Three cheers for Queen Victoria," which were heartily responded to; as was the call for three for the Manchester Unity. Three more were then awarded to Sir Henry Barkly, after which the company dispersed. In the evening, the dinner in connexion with the event, given at the Loyal Rose of England Lodge-room, Australia Felix Hotel, was largely attended by members and officers of the Order. Dr. Greeves presided, and about 250 persons were present. The following anthem, composed for the occasion by Dr. Greeves, to the same air, was sung as a continuation to "God Save the Queen :"—

Grand Master of us all,
On bended knee we fall,
And Thee adore :
Through our fraternity,
Faith, hope, and charity,
Justice, love, purity,
'Bide evermore !

The orphan's prayer to hear,
And dry the widow's tear,
Ours is to do ;—
The broken heart to bind,
To help maimed, halt, and blind,
And to the troubled mind,
Bring joy for woe.

Thy grace, O Father, shed,
That these good aims may spread
World-wide their seed ;
So that all men may see
In our great Unity,
A noble reality,
And cry, God speed.

In the course of the evening presentation was made of two very handsome medals, with the insignia of the Order engraved upon them, to P.G.M.'s Rowe and Lee, and were suitably acknowledged by the recipients.

NORWICH.—The annual meeting of the Lodge Loyal Temple of Friendship, was held on Nov. 19th, in the Assembly Rooms, Beccles. About 170 of the brethren and their friends sat down to dinner. The chair was taken by W. M. Crowfoot, Esq., M.B., surgeon to the lodge, supported by the mayor, (S. W. Rix, Esq.,) and the deputy mayor, (T. A. Laws, Esq.). Mr. Daynes, in response to the toast of the Manchester Unity, in a long and eloquent address, amongst other matters, spoke of the action of the society with reference to the Lancashire distress, and showed that no member need lose the benefits except by his own misconduct. Mr. Daynes then explained the past and present position of the district, and rebutted several of the statements and inferences recently set forth by the *Times* newspaper, and Mr. Jno. Tidd Pratt. Mr. Daynes drew a very striking contrast between the present state of the Manchester Unity, and that of other benefit societies which had

recently been proved to be only the speculations of designing Directors, and said there were three kinds of benefit societies in vogue. First, those established by some wealthy patron, in which social intercourse was absent; secondly, the fraudulent class, which he had already mentioned; and, thirdly, their own and other kindred societies, where every man had a voice, and the administration of their affairs was conducted by themselves. A testimonial was presented to Br. Lenny, who responded in appropriate terms. It consisted of a very handsome plated butter cooler, a cake basket, and salver, and on the latter was engraved; "Presented to Br. William Lenny, by the brethren of "Loyal Temple of Friendship Lodge," of the M.U.I.O.F. Beccles, as a token of their esteem and sincere respect, Nov. 19th, 1863." From the financial statement read by Br. Aldous, it appeared that the reserved fund of the lodge in June last, amounted to £866 11s. 1d., showing an increase in two years of £216 6s. 5½d. The mayor thanked them for their kindness in inviting him, and was especially obliged to their secretary for forwarding to him Mr. Hardwick's admirable paper on the constitution, objects, and importance of their society, which had made him much better acquainted with the working of their Order, and had assisted him in understanding and appreciating the valuable explanations given by Mr. Daynes, and their Br. Aldous. He believed their noble and excellent institution was eminently adapted to promote these great objects, and therefore he most heartily rejoined with them in its prosperity and success.

NORWICH.—SPEECH OF MR. DAYNES ON MR. PRATT'S POLICY.—On Tuesday, Nov. 24th, the members of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, celebrated their twenty-eighth anniversary by a dinner at the Crown and Angel, St. Stephen's Street. About 140 members of the Order partook of a good and substantial repast. In responding to the toast of "The Manchester Unity Independent Order of Odd-fellows, and the Grand Master and Board of Directors," Mr. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M. and C.S., who occupied the chair, delivered a long and eloquent address, which occupied more than two-and-a-half columns of the *Norfolk Chronicle*. The general views expressed are likewise endorsed by the editor in an able leading article, which we should feel obliged if Mr. Pratt would publish in his next report. Mr. Daynes referred to the denunciation of the Unity seven years ago by Lord Albemarle, and the prophecy of its early dissolution. He contrasted the present with the past position of the Unity, and showed that instead of signs of dissolution appearing, that they had increased their numbers by 91,945 since the promulgation of the prophecy referred to. It was gratifying at all times to speak of a numerical increase in the society to which they were attached; but he should now draw attention to a subject which was of far greater importance. He held it to be a subject the most important that could engage the attention of those who were members of a friendly society, to test its financial condition. Upon the successful management of a friendly society must the members depend for the realisation of those promises, the fulfilment of which might not be required for fifty or sixty years. He would, in the first place, not speak of the condition of the single lodge, whose anniversary they had met to celebrate; he would carry his hearers over a wider field, and speak generally of the lodges which existed in the county of Norfolk, belonging to the Norwich district. They had at the time referred to, in this district, 4,710 members; and on the 1st of January last they had, in the same district, 7,101 members, showing an increase of no less than 2,391 members in seven years. Cheers.) The capital they possessed in 1856, was £23,192 4s. 1½d. Well, they had increased their capital, during the seven years, to £61,637 4s. 1½d., showing an increase in that period, which was to have hurled them down into bankruptcy and ruin, of £28,444 19s. 11½d. (Cheers.) But they might be told that possibly they had had great exemption from sick-

ness—that they had been favoured in an extraordinary degree in that matter. Let them see how far that was correct. The payments made to their sick members in 1855, amounted to £1,770 18s. 1d.; last year they paid to their sick members, £3,315 14s. 2½d. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Therefore it would be seen that in the matter of sickness, they had simply obeyed the laws which regulated these societies; that, as their members increased in age, so would the pressure on the fund from which their sick was relieved increase. They found, that in the year 1855, in this district, the sum paid in shape of funeral donations, was £445; in 1862, it had only increased to £560; showing that they might safely operate for a great number of years with regard to death benefits, without any considerable pressure being felt. (Hear, hear.) After examining the financial position of several of the lodges in detail, Mr Daynes drew attention to the controversy recently raised by Mr. Tidd Pratt on the publication of his annual report. It seemed to him on reading that report, that that great public officer who was charged with the direction of the affairs of friendly societies, so far as the state was concerned, had not imported into his report, one single particle of information, for which they had to thank him. (Hear, hear.) It was true that he had given, and in his (Mr. Daynes') opinion, in very bad taste, a number of letters from persons who were properly described by the proposer of the toast, as the few discontented of the society. It could hardly be expected that they could draw three or four hundred thousand men together, without finding that in that number, some would be disposed to quarrel with everything and everybody. In this respect the Manchester Unity simply shared the lot that was common to humanity, and he acknowledged at once that they had such persons belonging to their society. He might have given the world the benefit of the complaints which those letters contained, but he had no occasion to have gone out of his way to expose the ignorance of his correspondents. (Hear, hear.) He looked in vain through the pages of Mr. Tidd Pratt's report, which formed a goodly volume, for one single page, emanating from the Registrar himself, conveying the slightest information on the subject of benefit societies. (Hear, hear.) It was true that a large number of pages were consumed in giving an account of the societies that had made returns to him, in accordance with the act of parliament; but there he simply gave in one column the number of members belonging to those societies, and in the next column the amount of money which the societies possessed. Mr. Daynes then referred to Mr. Pratt's dogma, that they had no right to enjoy themselves in the manner they were then doing, in connection with a friendly society. He (Mr. Daynes) altogether disputed the position. They saw that almost every undertaking in this country, no matter what its object, was made the occasion for a dinner. If a new church was built it was opened with prayer, as was befitting such an occasion; but generally speaking, it was found that the ceremonial was marked by something besides prayer, and that there was some feasting in connection even with the opening of churches. In almost every undertaking, in almost everything concerning the proceedings of this world, and especially in this country, feasting and banqueting seemed to form almost a necessary portion of the affair. (Hear, hear.) Then why should humble men like those who were members of these societies, and who only met together on such an occasion once a year, be precluded from the operation of this general practice. (Hear, hear.) He would at once say that if Mr. Tidd Pratt would boldly and steadily advocate that friendly societies should pay the proper sum required to secure the benefits which their rules held out to their members, he would go with that gentleman most entirely in any measure that would ensure such a result. (Hear, hear.) But with respect to the matter of feasting, one would suppose, especially, if he were of the uninitiated, that the members of the Manchester Unity were a drinking

and swilling body. (Laughter.) Could a more false or stupid picture be presented to the imagination than was contained in this charge? Upon the average in this lodge, they had a meeting of this description once in two years, and he asked, could any reasonable man charge them with extravagance, waste, or improper conduct in making it a matter of rejoicing among themselves, that they should celebrate the anniversary of the lodge to which they looked for assistance in the hour of need? (Hear, hear.) After showing that the members in this neighbourhood paid for their dinners out of their own pockets, Mr. Daynes referred to the slight expenses incurred in occasional processions, etc., and which were paid from the incidental or management funds, and contended that this was to be regarded as the advertisement of the society. (Hear, hear.) It would be perfectly legal, according to Mr. Tidd Pratt's doctrine, to charge for advertising, no matter to what extent they went, no matter how many touters they employed throughout the country. They might have canvassing agents without number, and any expenses paid in that direction would be perfectly legal in the eyes of Mr. Tidd Pratt; but if they chose to have in connection with their lodge a demonstration of the description they usually saw in the country, where they have their band, and the clergyman of the parish, or the squire, sometimes made his appearance and honoured them in taking the chair, thus giving a tone to the proceedings, and affording encouragement to those who were members of the society, the man who objected to contribute his quota as a member of the lodge to the inconsiderable expenses referred to, which had been incurred by order of brother members, who had to contribute towards them equally with himself, did not found his complaint in justice; because when he became a member of that lodge, he was well aware of the nature of the society he was entering, knowing full well that those annual festivities did take place, and that, in addition to ensuring his health against the casualty of sickness, and his life against the casualty of death, he was entering a body who conducted their affairs in that particular way. (Hear, hear.) Again, there was a very vexed question with regard to their meeting at public-houses. On the occasion referred to, Lord Albemarle had stated that he went to Diss to lament over the dissolution of the very best society he ever knew. How did it come about that the very best society in the county, which never held a meeting in a public-house, should have passed away? Those societies died simply because people would not become members. (Hear, hear.) They had more officers than privates, for in counting over the list of patrons it enjoyed at the time of its dissolution, he found that it had something like 300 patrons and about 220 members. (Laughter.) That list of patrons contained the names of titled gentlemen, land-owners, and a great body of the clergy; therefore it could not be said that the society became defunct for want of funds. The society died because there was not infused into it the vigour which the working classes alone could give to a society of that description. With regard to these much abused public-houses, he very much wondered when he heard gentlemen speaking from the platform in the manner he had described, with regard to public-houses, which, it should be remembered were taxed most heavily to accommodate the public, why they should allow that most ancient institution, which some called the "crown's quest," but which he should term the coroner's inquest, to be held in public-houses, as was usually the case. (Hear, hear.) It appeared to him that there must be something very wrong and improper in every verdict emanating from a jury assembled in a public-house. (Laughter.) Again, if he went to Mulbarton, where a most respectable lodge was held—a lodge with a large number of members and a very large capital—he found that the Odd-fellows were not the only persons who supported the public-house in which they met, for the petty sessions were held

in the very same house, and for a long time in the very same room as that in which the Odd-fellows held their meetings. (Laughter.) The magistrates of that part of the county deemed it right to hold their petty sessions there, and they fancied, he supposed, that they could administer justice as well there as if they were to assemble in some other place. (Hear, hear.) At the Queen's Head, Hethersett, there was another Odd-fellows' lodge, and there also the magistrates held petty sessions. The same thing occurred at the Globe at Blofield. The Odd-fellows did not call public-houses into existence—they used them for their convenience in the same manner as the magistrates used them for their convenience in the matter of petty sessions. (Hear, hear.) He was much struck the other day on reading the *Times* newspaper to see that they had stated in allusion to one of the friendly societies, he believed an Odd-fellows' lodge (though it could not have been in this district, because whatever amount was spent when a lodge assembled here, was entirely discretionary) that each member was called upon to pay 2d. per month for beer! (Laughter.) This was looked upon as a most extraordinary offence. Two-pence per month! Why that would be 2s. 2d. per year if they met 13 times, though they might meet only 12; however, he would give them the utmost extent of the reckoning. (Laughter.) But it so happened in the case of Odd-fellows' lodges that no member was obliged to attend unless he thought fit; every possible convenience was afforded him for sending in his money when due, and that need not be more than four times a-year; therefore the lavish expenditure referred to was confined to such as thought fit to attend, and to whose taste it was congenial to assemble now and then with their fellow-members. He was satisfied that they all agreed with him that the poor as well as the rich were entitled to a fair modicum of enjoyment consistent with the means which each possessed. Extravagance could be committed by the lord with his thousands, as well as by the humble labourer with his shillings. The extravagance was to be measured by the expenditure and the means being placed side by side, and if the humble man only spent such a portion of his earnings in personal enjoyment as was consistent with the claims of his family, no rich man need grudge him that amount of enjoyment among his fellows. (Hear, hear.) Referring to the highly-patronised societies, Mr. Daynes contended that it should be the business of those who sought to improve their fellows to make them self-dependent. (Hear, hear.) For his part he preferred the principles inculcated by the Manchester Unity, namely, "self-reliance." Let them be thankful for the countenance and encouragement of the rich; but if these were withheld, then let them, like men, rely upon themselves. (Hear, hear.) He would now allude to another class of societies, of which he had desired to speak. Referring to the much lauded "office clubs," Mr. Daynes said this country was filled, at the present time, with men whom he could not designate better than as bubble adventurers—men who invented societies and who spread their nets in all directions to catch the ignorant and the unwary. He would take one society in particular, because it had been spoken much about of late, and contrast it with the Odd-fellows' society. There was a society in Liverpool called the Liver Provident Society. That society was duly registered pursuant to the 18th and 19th Victoria, by Mr. Tidd Pratt, which fact was inscribed duly on all its prospectuses. Through an army of collectors that society received from the lowest class of working people, who of all classes in this country could least afford to be robbed, no less than £80,000 last year; a fact admitted by themselves and published by Mr. Tidd Pratt as their return in his annual reports. Now, how was this disposed of? They had paid, in burials, £35,746; they had expended in management, £35,660! (Sensation.) They paid to the collectors in the way of commission, £19,339; and for salaries, £5,690; the secretary appropriating to himself, according to the admission

made to him (Mr. Daynes) by a gentleman who was now striving for a higher position in the society, sixteen guineas a-week as his share. Each of the directors received £4 per week, and many of them had their sons appointed collectors. The result was a balance of £11,188 last year. The Liver society was only in a very slight degree a sick benefit society; it dealt principally, or almost entirely, in life assurance business, and it ought to have accumulated nearly £30,000 instead of £11,188, to have dealt fairly and honestly with its funds. (Hear, hear.) He only referred to the Liver Society as one of the best of that very bad class. Mr. Daynes then referred to the expenditure in the Norwich district, of the Manchester Unity. They had last year added to their capital £4,800; they had paid to their sick, £3,300; for the burial of their dead, £650; and to their medical officers, £1,350; consequently they had paid for local benefits more than £5000, and had added to their capital nearly £5000. (Hear, hear.) They might be asked what became of the £1000 still to be accounted for? It was well known that there was not a way-worn traveller belonging to the society who came into their district, but received relief at their hands, and there was no case of distress occurring among themselves but was cheerfully relieved. He did not for one moment mean to say, large as was the amount of labour gratuitously given by the members of the society, that there were not some expenses incurred in the management of the society, or that some of the officers did not receive money payments for the services they rendered; but he would say that the labour given represented in the majority of cases a much larger monetary value than the remuneration given in exchange for it, and he thought that no reasonable man would for one moment complain that in dealing with £11,000, something like £900 should remain to be accounted for in the shape of benevolence, and that which was necessary to conduct the business of the society. Mr. Daynes spoke of one lodge in the district, whose assets, after a proper valuation, showed a balance over its liabilities of over £1000. He recommended the members not for one moment to consider how they could dispossess the lodge of the surplus money by dividing it, let them rather consider the best mode of applying it in a beneficent and kindly manner to the deserving amongst themselves. After further alluding to benefits attending friendly societies, and the prospects of the Manchester Unity, Mr. Daynes concluded a remarkably telling and well-timed address by hoping that the time was coming when this subject, through being better ventilated, would become better understood, that they should hear no more ridiculous complaints of the feasting of the society's members, though they would willingly receive advice from those who were in a position to give it, if that advice were confined to pointing out how they might render their society more secure. Mr. Daynes resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

OXFORD.—The members and friends of the Prince of Wales Lodge of Odd-fellows celebrated their third anniversary on the 21st October last, by dining together at Mrs. Vyze's, the Druid's Head. Mr. Councillor Carr occupied the chair, and was supported by the Mayor (W. Brunner, Esq.), H. Fletcher, Esq., — Church, Esq., — Leary, Esq., etc. To the toast, "Prosperity to the Prince of Wales Lodge," P.G. Green responded in a lengthened and earnest manner. The Prince of Wales was a young lodge, having been only in existence three years, and, having to contend with older lodges, he thought its progress had been very satisfactory. It now numbered 53 members, all young and healthy men, and the funds amounted to £90, which were invested, and during the past year they had paid £30 10s. for sickness; this comparatively large payment was chiefly owing to the result of an accident, but the very principles for which they had been banded together had been thereby exemplified, and benefits had been conferred upon sick and suffering brethren, which held out strong inducements to those who were not similarly privileged to become

members of the Order. The Mayor said he heartily wished success to such societies, as he had no doubt they had a great influence upon society at large. W. Brunner, Esq., said there was a growing feeling of the value and importance of honorary members to this Order, for though they did not directly participate in its benefits, indirectly they derived great advantages by encouraging habits of prudence and forethought.

PLYMOUTH.—On Friday evening, October 23rd, 1863, the officers and brethren of the Earl of Mount Edgecombe Lodge held their anniversary dinner at the Red Lion Hotel, Chapel Street, East Stonehouse. After dinner Br. Butcher, D. Prov. G.M., occupied the chair, and Br. Spry, Prov. C.S., the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, etc., had been drank and responded to, the chairman proposed "Prosperity to the Earl of Mount Edgecombe Lodge," and in the course of his remarks stated that the lodge was opened on October 10th, 1859. They numbered 60 members on the books, and were in a fair way of doing well. He had much gratification in stating they had £140 in the savings bank, at three per cent. interest. With regard to their sick fund, £14 only had been expended during the four years. The health of "The officers of the Plymouth district" was responded to by Prov. C. S. Spry, who, after some preliminary observations, said that the district had been established over twenty years. The mother lodge of the district, the Pride of Devon, had been a prolific parent; four districts had been established, and more than 100 lodges owed their existence directly to her. Here ten thousand sons had been instructed in her temples in the principles of friendship, love, and truth. One lodge was opened last quarter with every possible prospect of success, and another body of men announced their intention to ask permission to open a lodge under the happy cognomen of Loyal Good Intent. From the 1st of June to the 1st of October, the district had admitted 150 members, the average age of whom was 25 years. It had paid £358 19s. 3d. for sick pay; granted £105 to bury eight brothers and five brothers' wives; and granted £154 18s. to widows and orphans as annuities and bonuses. This left the fund unimpaired, having on the 1st of October in the hands of lodges £15,071 13s. 3d., mostly invested at good interest. The widow and orphan fund, after disbursing £3,249 16s. 7d. for the objects for which it was raised, possessed an accumulated capital of £3,316 11s. 9d. The district therefore had a realised capital of £18,388 3s., with 20 lodges and 3,000 members.

PLYMOUTH.—A special meeting of the Loyal Pride of Devon Lodge was held on Saturday, Nov. 7th, to initiate Walter Morrison, Esq., M.P. of the borough, as an honorary member. Although the notice was only issued on the previous day the room was crowded, there being several hundred of the brethren present, and a large number could not get in. Mr. J. Spry, Prov. C.S., proposed the health of the newly initiated brother in an excellent speech, in which he reviewed the progress of the Order from its establishment in 1812 to the present time. He said the Plymouth district contained 28 lodges, numbering 3064 members. It had been in existence since June 1843, and since that time £21,750 18s. 4d. has been paid the sick, £2,900 has been expended on burying the dead, and £3,249 16s. 7d. disbursed in assistance to the widow and orphan. After disbursing this large amount the realised capital in possession of lodges amounted to £15,021 13s. 3d. and the Widow and Orphan Fund to £3,316 11s. 9d. It was very gratifying to him to know that they were not only enabled to meet their engagements; but now, after twenty years' active operations, (which when the society was first introduced in Plymouth was prophesied as the utmost limit of their existence) they were in possession of £18,388 5s. 0d. to give increased security to future operations, and to meet the liabilities that must be consequent on the advancing ages of the members. Mr. Morrison, in reply, amongst other observations, said, he

thought the whole of the country must feel interested in the progress of friendly societies. There was a value in them that must be felt by every one who took an interest in the development of independence of character; and when spread amongst an immense number of individuals it must have an influence upon the nation. (Cheers). The Manchester Unity had seen the necessity of arranging its affairs upon some philosophical basis, such as regulated insurance companies—a result that must have been secured at the cost of great labour and expense. They did not, like the dog in the fable, keep it all to themselves, but divulged it to the public for the benefit of other friendly societies. (Cheers). The tables compiled by Mr. Ratcliffe must have been of enormous value to kindred societies. It was obvious that, unless they were governed by some principle by which age was taken into consideration, they would never get the support of young men to an old-established lodge. In his capacity as member of parliament it was his duty to make himself acquainted with those matters which marked the social condition of the country. (Cheers). D.P.G.M. Butchers, said the Pride of Devon Lodge contained more than 500 members. He was happy to say that the accumulated capital at the present time was nearly £3,300. (Hear, hear). He believed he was right in saying that since Christmas last the lodge had added £306 to its funds, after paying all expenses.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—On Tuesday, August 18th, the spacious hall at Bradley Green, built by the members of the Loyal Knypersley Lodge, was opened. The hall is capable of seating from 400 to 500 people, and will be used for lectures, concerts, &c. A procession was formed, which, after parading the village, proceeded to Biddulph Grange, the residence of James Bateman Esq., who kindly threw open his gardens on the occasion. On their return, the members went to Knypersley church, where a very appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Hughes, of Congleton, who explained the meaning of the various mottoes and designs of the Order. On leaving the church, the members proceeded to their new hall, where an excellent dinner awaited them. A fine haunch of venison, sent direct from Biddulph Grange, graced the cross table. Mr Bateman took the chair, and opened the meeting by some appropriate remarks on the advantages that would be derived from the erection of such a room, both by the members and the public. He said he was proud to see some of the oak which his father had used in the old hall at Knypersley again brought into use, and hoped it would be preserved, and the building secured, for a great number of years. Mr. Bennett, the G.M. of the district, responded to the toast of the Order, and went fully into the extent and usefulness of the society. Mr. Bowers, the C.S. of the district, gave a detailed account thereof, stating the various sums which the district had on several occasions awarded to charitable objects, both at home and elsewhere. The chairman gave a sovereign to the Widow and Orphan Fund, and six or seven other gentlemen gave half-a-sovereign each. Upwards of 400 people were comfortably seated during the proceedings.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—On Tuesday, August 25th, the members of the Widow and Orphan's Relief Lodge, Norton, celebrated their anniversary. Shortly before eleven o'clock a procession was formed, and paraded the village. The unpropitious state of the weather prevented the members from going beyond Smalthorn, about a mile from Norton; after which they returned to Norton church, where the Rev. H. S. Kelsall, curate of Smalthorn, preached a suitable sermon. On leaving the church, the members proceeded to the Cock Inn, where about 80 sat down to a first-rate dinner. On the removal of the cloth, the G.M. of the district, Mr. John Bennett, took the chair, and proposed the usual loyal and other toasts, remarking on the toast of the Order, that the members had cause to congratulate themselves

upon belonging to such a gigantic institution, one that dispensed so much relief to the working classes of this country. About five o'clock, the members went to the Floral Exhibition, which was held in a field adjoining, and to which each member had been presented with a free ticket of admission. Had the weather been more favourable, it would have added much to the members' enjoyment, but on the whole a very agreeable day was spent.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, a special meeting of the members of the Perseverance Lodge, Burslem, assisted by a few of the brethren of the St. John's Lodge, was held at the Queen's Head Inn, for the purpose of initiating H. R. Grenfell, Esq., M.P., one of the members for the borough of Stoke; J. S. Hill, Esq., ex-chief bailiff of Burslem, and J. Macintyre, Esq., a local manufacturer, as honorary members of the Order. After the ceremony had been gone through, Prov. C.S. Peter Bowers, was called to the chair, and explained to the newly initiated members, the extent and usefulness of the Order, and the advantages derived from being connected with such a noble institution. After the healths of the newly initiated brethren had been drank, each made a suitable reply. The chairman said that he hoped the example which their highly respected member that evening had set, and which had so willingly been followed by the other two local gentlemen, would speedily be the means of a number of the more affluent in the district enrolling themselves as honorary members.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE.—On Monday, Nov. 9th, the members of the St. Andrew's Lodge, Hanley, celebrated their anniversary. After dinner, P.G.M. John Bennett was called to the chair, and delivered a brief address to the members and friends assembled. The usual loyal and lodge toasts were given and responded to. The lodge is in a very flourishing condition.

QUEENSLAND.—On Thursday, May 21st, 1863, a festival was held in honour of the opening of the Pioneer Lodge, Rockingham, at the Rockingham Hotel. After supper the chair was occupied by H. G. Hall, P.G., who, in an able speech, expounded the principles of the Order. Alluding to the progress of the Order in Australia, the Chairman remarked that the Sydney Branch numbered seven districts, 35 lodges, and on 31st December, 1862, numbered 2303 members for New South Wales and Queensland; since that, one lodge of 100 had been created, and they had that evening just opened a second. The financial condition of the local branch was equally satisfactory. They had £10,918 13s. 9d. invested in real security; while, during 1862, the revenue received was £6344, and the expenditure, in the same period, £5439; and they must understand that so far as the district was concerned, no more was called in than was wanted to be put out, as there was no occasion to accumulate largely. This expenditure of £5439 was thus made up:—Sick pay, £1603; funeral donations, £670; widows and orphans, £231; management, £2925. This latter amount appears no doubt, to bear a large proportion to the other items, but it must be remembered that this Order gives medical assistance, not only to members, but to their families also, and that of course makes the expenditure rather more than it otherwise would be. The income is more than the expenditure, and the accumulated funds more than the liabilities. Several other addresses were delivered, from which we gather the gratifying intelligence that oddfellowship continues to flourish in the distant colonies.

SALFORD.—On Saturday, October 3rd, a new lodge, called the "Mercury's Pride," was opened at the house of Mr. Holder, the Rose and Crown Inn, Broad-street, Pendleton, when upwards of 100 sat down to dinner. After dinner the chair was very ably occupied by P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Whiteley, who, in an opening speech of considerable length and ability, occupied the attention of the audience. The vice-president's chair was occupied by the G.M. of the Salford district. Mr. John Vickers, who, in a very neat speech,

briefly alluded to the satisfactory condition of the district in general. The usual loyal toasts were given, and suitably responded to, as well also as other toasts indicative and illustrative of the order. Amongst the guests were Mr. Councillor Nicholls, and Mr. Councillor Waterhouse; P. Prov. G.M. William Heywood (brother to the Mayor of Manchester), of the Manchester district; Mr. Frederick Richmond, D.G.M. of the order; the C.S. of the order, Mr. Henry Ratcliffe; P.G.M. Woodcock, of Glossop; P.G.M. Charles Hardwick, the editor of the *Odd-fellows' Magazine*; Mr. Kirby, the D.G.M. of the Salford district; Mr. Emmanuel Howarth, the C.S. of the district; Dr. Pettinger, of Hulme; and Dr. Davies, of Pendleton. As the evening advanced the number of guests were swelled to upwards of 200, who enjoyed themselves very much. Several eloquent speeches were delivered.

SALISBURY.—On Thursday, November 19th, the members of the Widow and Orphans' Refuge Lodge, celebrated their seventeenth anniversary. After the removal of the cloth, P.G.M. Joseph Walker was voted to the chair, supported by Mr. Councillor Dawkins. The vice-chair was occupied by Prov. C.S. Randall. Mr. Randall, the secretary, gave a brief outline of the working of the lodge from its commencement. At the present time it numbers 93 members, with a capital of nearly £400. At this stage of the proceedings, two testimonials, subscribed for by the members, were presented. They consisted of an emblem in a beautiful gilt frame, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. William Tabor, for services rendered during the past 18 years, Nov. 19th, 1863;" and a silver lever watch and chain, on which was engraved the following:—"A token of respect to P. Prov. D.G.M. Stephen Curtis, from the members of the Widow and Orphans' Refuge Lodge, M.U., Nov. 19th, 1863." Both brothers responded in feeling terms, after which the health of the city members, who are both members of the Order, was proposed.

SOUTH LONDON.—On Monday, Oct. 12th, the members of the Loyal Earl of Darnley Lodge, met at the Town Arms, Queen Street, Gravesend, to celebrate their nineteenth anniversary, when about seventy sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. V. R. Burgess, the G.M. of the Order, supported by Dr. Hind (surgeon to the lodge), Secretary Champion, and several past officers. The vice-chair was occupied by P.G. Cain. On the landing leading to the room was hung a tastefully executed design, with the words, "Welcome to the Grand Master of the Manchester Unity." After the usual introductory toasts, the chairman in an excellent speech, explained the principles and advocated the cause of the Order, speaking of the extent of the society, he observed this was a great advantage over many other societies, inasmuch as a man leaving this country for a foreign one, would be sure to meet with members of the Order, let him go wherever he might. It was a great benefit also to men who were in search of employment, for besides being relieved, it was often the means of their being introduced to members of the Order who procured them work. The society, he said, was not only the largest, but it took the foremost position as regarded its finances. The South London District presents a balance sheet with about £10,000, present value, assets over the liabilities. Another great feature was this—if a lodge breaks up the members of the district are bound to support their brethren in case of sickness. They recognise no such thing as a lodge breaking up and throwing its members on the world. When any particular calamity arises—such as the Famine in Ireland, the War in the Crimea, and the late Distress in the Cotton Districts—the Manchester Unity was always found ready to render assistance. In the cotton districts there were 10,000 members out of employment in January, 1862. The directors considered that these members ought to be retained on the books, and upwards of £4,500 had been collected for the purpose of keeping them in compliance. The secretary (Mr. Champion) then read the financial statement of accounts, from which it ap-

peared that the lodge is in a very flourishing condition. During the year fifteen new members had been received, twenty had received sick allowance, ten had been lost through not keeping in compliance, and the total number good on the books was 130. No deaths had taken place during the past year. There had been an increase in the funds of £76 15s., and the total capital of the society was £1,344 14s. 8½d. The health of the Grand Master and other toasts were drunk and responded to with enthusiasm.

ST. HELEN'S.—The anniversary meeting of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, was held at the house of Mr. James Sefton, the Griffin Arms, Eccleston, Nov. 23rd. Between 50 and 60 members and friends sat down to a dinner. P.G.M. Richard Haslam, presided, and P.D.G.M. Thomas Glover, ably sustained the duties of the vice-chair. The vice-chairman (D.G.M. Thomas Glover) in responding to the toast of "The Grand Master and the Board of Directors," observed that the Grand Master and the Board of Directors, by their unquestionable ability and great experience in all the responsibilities and workings of oddfellowship, carried on the business with the vigour of management, and a full perception of the requirements of the Unity, which did not fail to secure the thorough confidence and respect of all connected with the noble order of which they had the honour and privilege to be members. (Cheers). The lodge, which is in a very prosperous state, numbers about 50 members, and which, at the end of last year, was shown by the balance sheet, to be worth £107 7s. 0½d. The balance in favour of the management fund was, £3 19s. 2½d.; worth per member, £2 6s. 10½d. The district comprises no less than twenty lodges—two having been opened during the present year. At the close of last year the then existing 18 lodges numbered 1291 members, the treasurer had £599 17s. 4½d. in hand, and £6647 11s. 10d. in the bank—their total worth being £7247 9s. 2½d. The total sum paid in sick gifts and funerals during the year was £1285 13s. 8d.

STAMFORD.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Loyal Albion Lodge of Odd-fellows, was celebrated at the George Hotel on the 7th September, under most auspicious circumstances. Upwards of 170 sat down to dinner. The mayor (Edw. Browning, Esq.) presided, and was supported by O. N. Simpson, Esq., F. J. Morgan, Esq., the surgeon to the lodge, Dr. Robbs, Henry Whincup, Esq., Mr. Henry Johnson, Mr. Henry Michelson, Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Holdsworth Whincup, and others. In proposing the toast "The Officers and Members of the Loyal Albion Lodge," his worship commented upon the benefits a society like the Odd-fellows conferred upon the industrial classes—benefits that could not be over-rated, for they tended to inculcate provident habits among the masses of the people, and were of immense advantage to the community at large. The Loyal Albion Lodge, he said, appeared to have enjoyed an unexampled degree of prosperity, and it was undoubtedly the largest and most flourishing society in the town. Mr. Studwell in the course of his speech, gave some very interesting statistics. The Stamford district numbers 800 members; the subscriptions to the sick fund during the past year amounted to £725 4s. 1d., and the expenditure to £366 5s. 2d., making a clear gain in the year of £358 18s. 11d. The management fund subscriptions amounted in the same time to about £150, and the sum paid for medical attendance was £95 7s. 8d. The district lodges contributed nearly £30 for the relief of their distressed brethren in Lancashire, and for other charitable objects. On the following evening, a *soiree* and ball was held in the same room, which, as well as the anniversary meeting, passed off with great *éclat*.

STEPNEY.—On Saturday, the 19th of September, the members of the Ancient Abbey Lodge, assisted by the district officers, and several officers and members of the other lodges, met at the Bird in Hand, Stratford, Essex, to present a handsome testimonial to their esteemed Br., Joseph Ion, their late host and

treasurer, for his faithful services to the lodge for a period of nearly twenty years. The testimonial, which consisted of a silver cup, of the value of six guineas, was presented by P. Prov. G.M. John Coward, who feelingly alluded to Br. Ion's kindness and integrity during the time they had been connected, which was ever since the lodge had been opened. He expressed regret at their being compelled to part, but they had no option but to do so, or stay the progress of the lodge. The trade having left the village, it compelled the members to remove to the town, although reluctant to do so. Br. Ion in replying regretted the circumstances that compelled the parting, but assured them he should ever feel grateful for the kindness shown to him, and labour as hard for the prosperity of the Manchester Unity, as when he had the honour to be their host and treasurer.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The Shakspeare Lodge of Odd-fellows, M.U., celebrated their twenty-third anniversary on Wednesday, the 19th August, Mr. Councillor W. Stephenson in the chair, faced by the respected treasurer, P. G. J. Morgan. The chairman in proposing "The Grand Master and Board of Directors of the M.U.O.F.," spoke at some length upon the important influence for good which oddfellowship and other kindred institutions exercised upon the working population of this and other countries, and the great amount of hard work which must devolve upon that body of men. The health of P. G. J. Morgan, as treasurer of this lodge was received with unbounded applause, who replied in a lengthy speech, alluding to the great amount of good that may be done by men working together in perfect unity, and instanced the handsome sum that was contributed by the Odd-fellows towards the Crimean Fund, and the fund for the relief of their distressed brethren in Lancashire, and several other things, all leading to shew the great power and good, which friendly societies and particularly the Odd-fellows exercise upon the community at large. Mr. Morgan's speech produced a marked effect upon the meeting, and very justly called forth the heartiest applause. The secretary, P. G. W. G. Lyne gave a statement of the accounts, which shewed the lodge to be in a very flourishing condition, having 100 subscribing, and 7 honorary members, with a total fund of £1,371 7s. 9d., the greater portion of which is invested in good security, the interest of which, for the past year, amounted to £67 18s. 6d., and the amount saved during the year was £74 6s. 7½d. a greater amount than was ever saved in one year, since the establishment of the lodge. The members are greatly indebted to the chairman for the ready and cordial manner in which he came to preside over the meeting, and for the spirited way he conducted it, all admitting it to be the pleasantest evening they ever remembered.

TASMANIA.—On the 31st of August last, the eleventh anniversary ball in connection with the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, took place at Del Sarte's Rooms, Hobart Town, the occasion being for the benefit of the widow and orphan fund. Members of different volunteer corps attended in uniform. Dancing commenced shortly after 9 o'clock, and was maintained with energy, and without much intermission until the small hours of the morning. During the evening we noticed the Acting Mayor (Alderman Walker), Aldermen Seabrook and Risby, the Honourable the Colonial Secretary, Colonial Treasurer, Mr. Wedge, M.L.C., Messrs. Lette, M.H.A., Grant, M.H.A., T. G. Gregson, M.H.A., Balfe, M.H.A., Doctors Smart, Hall, and Stokell, Messrs. D'Emden, A. Moses, Cherry, and other influential gentlemen. Other members of the legislature were expected, but through indisposition, the inclemency of the weather, or other causes, were prevented. The rooms were, as usual, brilliantly lighted with gas; and the general aspect of the ball room, the agreeable character of the company, the excellence of the refreshments, and the praiseworthy efforts of the stewards to minister to the general comfort, made the re-union one to

justify the anticipations of the most sanguine. To supplement the receipts, several donations were afterwards received by the stewards.—*Hobart Town Advertiser.*

TUNBRIDGE.—On the 8th July, the members of the Loyal Hand of Friendship Lodge, Langton, celebrated their fifth anniversary. A procession was formed, which paraded the village, and visited the residences of the gentry in the neighbourhood, returning to dine in host Langley's capacious booth erected on the green for the occasion. About 50 members and friends sat down to dinner at two o'clock, under the presidency of P. Prov. D.G.M. Bridger, of Tunbridge. In giving "Success to the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows," the chairman observed that it was not only to those connected with the Order that their benevolence extended, stating in confirmation of his views what the Order had done in aid of the Irish famine, Lancashire distrees, and at the last Annual Moveable Committee, a resolution was passed to raise a subscription to assist the National Life Boat Society. In giving "The Hand of Friendship Lodge" he passed a warm eulogium on the services and exertions of the worthy secretary, brother John Piper, who in returning thanks gave a lucid and cheering account of the working of the lodge since its formation in 1859 with 15 members. It now numbers 43 members, has a fund in hand of £146 8s. 6d., has paid £19 15s. 6d. to the district funeral fund, £36 11s. 0d. to the widow and orphan fund, and £9 during the past year for sickness.

TUNBRIDGE.—On Tuesday, the 11th August, the members of the Hand of Friendship Lodge, presented to their respected host and treasurer, two coloured emblems (beautifully framed) of the Order, and the Widows and Orphans Fund, with the following inscription:—"These emblems are presented to Br. Langley as a mark of esteem for his services as their host and treasurer." Permanent secretary Piper made the presentation. He hoped it would be considered a memorial of their high esteem, and their sincere gratitude for the gratuitous services so faithfully rendered to the lodge, and he begged the acceptance with it, of the best wishes of the members for his future welfare and happiness. Br. Langley suitably responded.

VICTORIA.—A new lodge, the Loyal Pride of Devonshire, was opened at Jeffray's Newtown Hotel, Geelong, on the 21st of October, 1863. After the business of the lodge was completed, the brethren of the various lodges sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by P.G.M. Stone, of the Corio district, P.G. Peters occupying the vice-chair. The chairman in proposing "The Grand Master and Board of Victoria," said that he had great pleasure in opening this lodge, thereby adding to the number of this useful Order. Responded to in eloquent language by P. G. Stedman. Bumpers were called for to do honour to the new lodge, "The Loyal Pride of Devonshire," and the proposer of the toast trusted they would increase in numbers and be an honour to the Order. "Kindred Societies," responded to by Mr. Greenwood. "The Mayor and Corporation of Geelong, coupled with the Borough of Newtown and Chilwell." Alderman Upston and Town Clerk Sayers answered respectively to this toast. "The Parliament of Victoria," acknowledged by N. Foote, M.L.A.

WINCHESTER.—The members and friends of the Industry of Hants Lodge, to the number of 112, celebrated their nineteenth anniversary on Tuesday, August 25th, by a public dinner at the White Swan Hotel. The chair was taken by the worshipful the mayor of Winchester (Wm. Forder, Esq.), supported by W. W. Beach, Esq., M.P. for the northern division of the county, John Bonham Carter, Esq. M.P. for the city, the Rev. G. A. Seymour, Mr. Alderman Wright, Mr. Alderman Dowling, and several members of the Town Council, and many other influential inhabitants of the city. The vice-chair was efficiently filled by Mr. Town Councillor Budden. After the usual

loyal toasts had been acknowledged, Mr. Alderman Wright proposed the toast of the evening, "The Industry Lodge," which was ably responded to by the secretary, Mr. Polkinghorne, who, in the course of his remarks, stated that the lodge was never in a better or more prosperous condition, which he demonstrated by reference to the various details connected with the finances of the lodge.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The 26th anniversary of the Pride of Wolverhampton Lodge, was celebrated at the house of Mr. Mantle, the Mitre Inn, Worcester-street, on Tuesday November 3rd, when upwards of sixty members and friends partook of an excellent dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. Charles Manton, N.G. Mr. T. Collins, P. Prov. G.M. in acknowledging the toast, "The Unity and the Directors," called attention to a circular which had been recently issued by Mr. Tidd Pratt, the registrar of friendly societies, with reference to the "management funds" of the various friendly societies in the kingdom, and as to the expenditure thereout. Mr. Collins said he agreed with Mr. Pratt as to the desirability of societies being economical in their management, and that he had no doubt some of the registrar's suggestions, if acted on, would prove advantageous, but he contended that if the restriction which Mr. Pratt desired to impose on them in other respects (such as grants from their "management funds" for benevolent purposes), were to be enforced, it would prove detrimental to the best interests of their society, for it would have prevented, in a great degree, the realization of the handsome sums which had been raised throughout the Unity on several occasions. Mr. J. Jones, Prov. C.S., stated that the united capital of the lodges forming the district now amounted to nearly £9,000. The district was composed of 17 lodges, having about 1,400 members. Mr. J. Underwood, secretary to the lodge, stated that since their last anniversary the lodge had paid £71 19s. 8d. to their sick members, and £10 14s. 6d. in levies to the District Funeral Fund. Last year the capital of the lodge was £777 13s. 11d., and at the present time it amounted to £844 16s., being an increase of £67 2s. 1d. The lodge now comprised 129 members.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Harmonio Lodge, was celebrated on Nov. 23rd, at the Fox Inn, North Street, when upwards of sixty members and friends sat down to dinner. Mr. Charles Walker, P. Prov. G.M. presided, the duties of the vice-chair being discharged by Mr. Joseph Taylor, P.G.M. Mr. Thomas Collins, in responding to the "Manchester Unity and the Board of Directors," said, he trusted that the members of the various lodges would continue to observe the rules of the society and the laws of the land, and, if so, they might treat with indifference the various attacks that from time to time were made on the Unity. He congratulated them on the present satisfactory position of the Order, which was apparent from the continued increase in the funds and members of the various lodges, and trusted such prosperity would long continue. Mr. John Jones, Prov. C.S., took the opportunity of calling attention to the report of Mr. Tidd Pratt, recently published, contending that the members of friendly societies were the best adjudicators of any differences arising among themselves, by means of their arbitration rules, and he hoped that the public would not be misled by the extracts from letters contained in such report, and which had been published in the newspapers, inasmuch as they emanated from a few disappointed individuals. Mr. Joseph Taylor, the secretary, gave a statement of the position of the lodge. It appeared that it had paid in sick allowance to members during the past year £43 10s.; two members had died in the course of the year. Since the formation of the lodge, they had paid in sick allowance to members £761; funeral donations, in addition to the amount paid from the district funeral fund, £112; the members of the lodge had paid £96 18s. to the widow and orphan

fund; they had £675 invested on mortgage, at 5 per cent. interest—the interest arising therefrom now being nearly sufficient to pay the sick allowance to members; the surplus upon the past year amounted to £101; and the lodge had a capital of £705, and 126 members.

WORCESTER.—The twenty-third anniversary of the establishment of the Sir John Moore Lodge, was celebrated on the 19th Nov. last, when nearly 120 members of the lodge and their friends assembled to dinner at the lodge-room, Falcon Inn; and advantage was taken of the occasion to present a slight testimonial to a respected member of the Order—P. Prov. G.M. Neal. William Laslett, Esq., presided. Mr. Lovesay, who occupied the vice-chair, in proposing "The G.M. and Directors" said, this was the twenty-third anniversary of the lodge, and when he remembered that during the 23 years every claim had been met, and that the lodge had now £1,500 in hand for the relief of the sick, besides a large fund for the alleviation of the widow and the orphan, he could not but feel that the good the society effected was of advantage to all classes of the community. The chairman, who is a wealthy gentleman, much respected for his benevolence, in replying to the toast of his health, amongst other excellent remarks, said: to gain respect, a man should be familiar with his fellow men, and should mix and meet with them as often as possible, and in doing so he was but bearing out the directions of the Almighty that they should be brothers in all respects. It had been his rule throughout life to be familiar with all, and he could say that he had been able to learn something from the very lowest. It had been his wish to impress upon those in higher stations in life that fact, and he thought there was now a generation growing up who would act in accordance with that principle. (Applause.) Mr. Lovesay, in a highly complimentary speech, presented to Mr. Neal, in the name of 600 subscribers, a testimonial, consisting of a silver watch and gold guard, and two emblems, for his long and meritorious services. Mr. Neal responded in eloquent terms, in the course of which he said he could tell them that however much they might have been maligned by the *Times*, he was sure they would come out of the discussion which had been raised best, for the more the public knew of the working of the society, and its real advantages, the better it would be for the order; thus they would find that the cold sneers of the *Times* had benefited them. The present was not by any means the first occasion on which that journal had attempted to sneer down that which was good, but which it did not favour, but he was sure that the intention of the *Times* would fail here, and that the Order would pass through the ordeal safely, and with advantage. (Applause.)

YORK.—On Monday evening, October 12th, the members of the Loyal Odd-fellows' Pride Lodge sat down to an excellent supper, at the Punch Bowl Inn, Stonegate. After the usual loyal toasts, P. Prov. G.M. Precious proceeded to the chief feature of the evening, which was the presentation of a valuable silver watch and gold Albert guard to P. Prov. G.M. Storey, the permanent secretary of the lodge. Inside the watch the following inscription was engraved: "Presented to P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Storey by the members of the Odd-fellows' Pride Lodge, M.U., York district, for meritorious services, 1863." The worthy chairman in presenting the testimonial, highly complimented P. Prov. G.M. Storey for the valuable services he had rendered the lodge, which was acknowledged by the worthy secretary, in suitable terms, who at the same time congratulated the members on the prosperous condition of the lodge. The district officers, Messrs. Thistlewaite, Waller, and Neil, honoured the lodge with their presence, and the proceedings throughout the evening, were marked by the greatest cordiality and good will.

Obituary.

ASHBOURN.—This town, as well as oddfellowship, has sustained a severe loss by the demise of the late Mr. Francis Hood. Of the latter he was a most useful and hard-working member, joining the society at the opening of the Good Samaritan Lodge, October 15th, 1838. He filled with the greatest satisfaction, most of the offices connected with the society, having been an examining officer for the district 23 years, during 12 of which he performed the duties gratuitously. He was presented with a testimonial of respect by his fellow-members during the current year. He was corresponding secretary for 10 years; and in addition to the duties in his own lodge, he filled many offices at various times in the lodges of the surrounding neighbourhood, and was always ready with the advice and assistance which his extended experience so well fitted him to dispense. As a man he was pre-eminently a good citizen, and all who had the pleasure of knowing him will testify to his unvarying kindness and sterling integrity, all the more valuable because without ostentation. He died November 7th, in the 64th year of his age. His remains were conducted to their last resting-place by the D.G.M. and C.S., assisted by 30 of the past and present officers of the Good Samaritan and Prince Albert Lodge.

SHAW, NEAR MANCHESTER.—P. Prov. G.M. Adam Whitworth of the Farmers' Lodge, Royton, died on the 2nd October, 1863, in his 48th year. He joined the Order in 1834, and was G.M. of the district in 1845. He was instrumental in the formation of the Widow and Orphan Fund, and continued its treasurer until his failing health compelled his resignation. He was treasurer for many years of the Farmers' Lodge. He was a member of the Board of Guardians for six years, and for a long period on the Board of Surveyors for Royton. For his services in the former office he received a handsome testimonial from the inhabitants. He was much respected for his kind and charitable disposition. The Widow and Orphan Fund Committee passed a vote of condolence to his family. A large number of Odd-fellows followed the funeral cortege to the church, while hundreds of sympathising spectators assembled at different points to witness the procession. The members of the Farmers' Lodge, as a token of respect for his unbounded benevolence and inflexible integrity, have affixed a photographic portrait of Mr. Whitworth by the side of the lodge dispensation.

SCOTCH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—The Registrar's report for the past year gives a favourable account of the friendly societies in Scotland. From it we learn that the Registrar has had before him the papers of two friendly societies in the town of Borrowstounness, instituted so long ago as 1634 and 1659, both of which have prospered all along, and are in a very prosperous condition still. Their rules are said to have been originally framed from the model of rules of friendly societies which had existed in Scotland before their day. We suspect there is some error in this statement, and that the societies in question were not originally *bona fide* friendly societies in the modern sense of the term. If any of our brethren could furnish us with a copy of the rules we should feel greatly obliged. The oldest known friendly society in England dates its origin at the early portion of last century. There is in Scotland a large number of annual societies, dividing at the end of the year such funds as have not been required for sick allowances; but happily many of these are being changed into permanent societies. Co-operative societies are increasing, and appear to be prospering.



*Yours truly
John Freeman*

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1864.

John Crispin, C.S.

THE subject of the present notice first saw the light within the sound of Bow Bells, London, on the 29th March, 1817, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of his father, Mr. John Crispin, tailor and clothier, a native of North Devon. Mr. Crispin's immediate maternal ancestors resided in Northumberland. Mr. Crispin, senr., in consequence of ill health, removed from the metropolis to Ipswich, in the county of Suffolk, in the year 1827, where his son was educated. At sixteen years of age, he was removed to London, in order to perfect himself in his father's business. In 1840, he entered into an engagement to conduct the clothing business of a wealthy firm at Witham, in Essex. He subsequently returned to Ipswich, and was married in May, 1843, to Martha, fourth daughter of Mr. Thomas Setterfield, cabinet-maker and upholsterer of that town. About the time of his marriage, he commenced business as a grocer and tea-dealer; he still however, privately cultivated a tolerably successful trade in the clothing department. Some time afterwards an advantageous opportunity presented itself. He took a lease of larger premises, opposite the cattle market, relinquished the tea and grocery trade, and commenced business, as woollen draper, tailor, and hatter. This speculation proved satisfactory for some time, but the removal of the cattle market to the suburbs of the borough, so materially affected one portion of the trade, that Mr. Crispin determined to convert his stock into cash, and abandon the speculation.

In Feb. 1862, Mr. Crispin was elected governor of the Ipswich Union Workhouse, which appointment he still holds with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to all parties interested.

His career as an odd-fellow commenced in June, 1844, when he joined the Orwell Lodge, Ipswich, which at that time formed a part of the Bury St. Edmund's District. Although not anticipating pecuniary advantages himself, he was early impressed with a sense of the vast

importance of the society to the provident operative class, and he determined to put his shoulder to the wheel, and labour diligently in the cause he had espoused. He was elected Permanent Secretary to the Orwell Lodge in April, 1845, which office he held until his appointment of Governor of the Union Workhouse, before referred to, in 1862. He studied diligently the principles of life assurance. Availing himself of the tables compiled by Mr. Smith, of Birmingham, together with the lucid arguments by which they were accompanied, he induced the Orwell Lodge to adopt the No. 1. scale of payments, and to form a separate management fund. Mr. Crispin has compiled several very valuable reports in connection with his lodge, and he has now the proud satisfaction of knowing, that its financial position is most satisfactory; that it is scarcely exceeded in this important respect, by any lodge in connection with the Unity.

Whilst filling the office of Permanent Secretary to the Orwell Lodge, in 1846, Mr. Crispin, at the request of the members, accepted the office of secretary of the Briton's Pride Lodge, for one half-year. He afterwards served other inferior offices, and passed the N.G.'s and the P. G.'s chairs. In Oct. 1847, he represented the Briton's Pride Lodge at a meeting of the Bury St. Edmund's District, at Thetford. The special business of the meeting was the adoption of a scale of contribution for the district. The meeting adopted the lower scale, and persisted in compelling the Ipswich lodges to lower their rates. Mr. Crispin successfully opposed this, and induced the Orwell and three other lodges to make application for the formation of a new district, to be called the Ipswich District. This was granted at the Southampton A.M.C. The district was opened in August, 1848, on which occasion, Mr. Crispin was appointed Corresponding Secretary. He held this office, likewise, until his appointment of governor of the workhouse in 1862. Mr. Crispin has always laboured hard in the furtherance of all well digested financial improvements. He represented the Ipswich District at the Dublin A.M.C. in 1851, where he introduced four propositions for the more equitable adjustment of the law of clearance, voted for the enrolment of the general laws under the Friendly Societies Act, and other progressive measures. He was present and took part in the discussions at the A.M.Cs. held at London, Lincoln, Norwich, Swansea, Leicester, Shrewsbury, and Bolton. In 1857, he was appointed Auditor of the Order. At Bolton, he was chairman of the principal sub-committee, and afterwards obtained a seat on the Directory.

In 1846, such was his zeal for the cause of Oddfellowship, that he once a fortnight walked to Woodbridge, a distance of eight miles, in order that the Deben Lodge might have the benefit of his experience and service. This lodge contributed liberally towards the purchase of a handsome gold watch, and a gold chain weighing three ounces, which, suitably inscribed, were presented to him by the District, in 1856, for his successful defence of the Order, in reply to attacks made by Mr. Glyde, the talented agent of the Equitable Assurance Society, in 1853, and by the Earl of Albemarle, at a more recent period. The Deben Lodge, since his retirement from active service in the Order, presented him with a handsome clock, a silver plate on the pediment of which bears the following inscription: "Presented by the voluntary subscription of the

members of the Deben Lodge, M.U., to Past Prov. C.S. Crispin, as a token of respect. June 24th, 1863."

Mr. Crispin's otherwise happy married life has been blessed with only one son, and he unfortunately died in early youth. The frank and genial nature of the subject of this memoir, together with his warm attachment to the principles of the Order, have gained him many friends, whose good opinion and wishes we know he prizes highly and warmly reciprocates.

SHAKSPERE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

If Man *can* be immortal here,
 If Soul *can* stay when Life is done,
 If Dust *can* brave the levelling spear,
 THOU, Shakspeare, art that mighty one!

Born 'neath the flag that never yields,
 Sprung from a people proudly free,
 Whose Arms have won unnumbered fields,
 Whose Commerce spreads from Sea to Sea!

Son of the first and highest State,
 With noblest Rights that Earth can hold,
 Boasting the City of the Great,
 Whose million highways teem with gold!

Heir to the vast and mystic dower
 That cannot pass from sire to child,
 Possessor of magician power
 In scholar's lore and "wood-notes wild!"

Truth-teller! whose illumin'd page
 Has never yet been laid aside,
 Chief Prompter on Creation's stage,
 Our endless joy, our matchless pride!

At length rich England designs to give
Thy Genius a memorial shrine,
And let her Shakspeare's image live,
Recorded as the "Soul divine!"

How many a pulse will throb and glow
To see the marble pile uprear,
Which grants the Bard his late reward,
A "local habitation" here!

And 'mid the warmest, mine will be
To laud the workers of the deed,
Which honours him who shaped for me
My simple Muse and trusting creed.

For less of fire had marked my lyre,
And less of pleasing praise been mine;
Less earnest pains had marked *my* strains,
If I had never worship'd *thine*!

In early youth I prized the Word,
That gently leads with Gospel rule;
Then, charmed by thee, I thought I heard
A teacher in the self-same school.

And now when stricken Conscience calls
For contrite heart and bended knee,
My meek and chastened spirit falls
First to its God, and then to thee!

Kind Heaven has bounteously attuned
A few sweet strings within my breast,
And such blest things are those few strings,
Their echo softens all the rest.

My song is weak—*my* chords are few,
But faintest echoes only prove
That *all* bow down to hail and crown,
Our Post-Priest with changeless love!

Time's Curfew-bell will ne'er ring out
The Glory-fire of Shakspeare's name,
While day by day its spreading ray
Feeds Truth's eternal Altar-flame!

Office Clubs and Management Expenses.

IT has invariably been our practice when writing on matters pertaining to Friendly Society Finance, or Friendly Society Improvement, to abstain from condemnatory criticism or mere vulgar declamatory abuse of rival institutions. Indeed, we do not recognise, either in principle or practice, any societies as rivals, which simply have objects in view similar to our own. We hail them as friends, we extend to them the right hand of good-fellowship, we regard them as valuable allies in what we deem the great struggle of provident forethought and self-reliance, against the demoralizing influences of thoughtless self-indulgence, pauperism, or habitual dependence on eleemosynary aid. We possess too much of the practical wisdom, which is only gained by long actual contact with the living humanity we seek to elevate, not to respect every element, however relatively insignificant, which honestly, from internal or constitutional impulse, labours in the same direction. We are not so foolish as to imagine that because the action of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society has been productive of enormous increase in the moral and social, as well as the physical well-being of the masses of our operative population, that other institutions have not won equally honourable laurels in similar honourable warfare. Neither do we fancy that the Manchester Unity has the slightest pretensions to be considered as a universal panacea, in any sense, or as a specific for anything like a majority of the "ills" that the hard-working "flesh" of the providently disposed operative "is heir to." No: there is unfortunately too much room for any amount of labour in the great field of practical philanthropy. There is plenty of heath and morass, marsh and bog-land yet undrained and inviting culture. Therefore, pitiful must be the condition of the philanthropic impulse, which, instead of resolutely thrusting its spade into the waste soil, prefers to expend all its energies, in trying to gain possession of the partially cultivated plots of previous pioneers, because, forsooth, in its all-sufficient self-esteem, (as likely the product of partial ignorance as superior wisdom,) it fancies it could mend its predecessors' labour. It is sometimes lamentable to witness the imbecile wailing of evidently earnest men, because the simple facts of our present social condition seem obstinately determined not to adapt themselves to their preconceived speculative theories of moral and social regeneration. In these matters, we must, of necessity, if we wish to be of practical utility, in our own day and generation, in the struggle for progressive advancement, accept the tares as well as the wheat, as actualities with which we have to deal. No amount of laudation of the latter can compensate the evils resultant from the ignorance of the former. This, singularly enough, appears to be pretty generally acknowledged in the discussion of questions of statesmanship which do not deal with the condition of the masses. Utopian theories having reference to matters affecting the vested interests of the wealthy and the highly-educated are treated with contempt or ridicule. Yet there exists a small influential section of loud-tongued, but, by no means, well-mannered philanthropists, who are

eternally railing at the working-classes, because they do not renounce all, or nearly all, their long-cherished habits and prejudices at their simple bidding. The utter folly of this is apparent to a thoroughly practical mind, at a glance. If simple preaching, or didactic teaching, could produce such results, we should long ago have entered into that truly golden age, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and war with all its revolting horrors and wretched inconsistencies, shall become a despised and contemned thing of the past. All human philanthropy like all human philosophy, must succumb to the inexorable "logic of facts;" and learn to work and wait, and wait and work, and wait again, if it is to be elevated above the delusions of mere personal egotism or spiritual pride. Truly, "Man purposes but God disposes," in philanthropic matters as well as other things.

"The extravagant management" of self-governed friendly societies has, of late, been a favorite theme of a certain class of self-styled "friends of the people;" and they have rung the changes on it with anything but a truthful, to say nothing of a merciful hand. We have over and over again, in the pages of this magazine, shown, that, whatever might be the extravagances of individual branches, the management expenses of Odd-fellows' Lodges, as a rule would bear favourable comparison with those of any other society of a similar character. Nay, we have shown that in one lodge, with which the writer is personally connected, had for a considerable time, consumed only five per cent. of the contributions for this purpose. Of course, in this instance, the members, individually, paid for their own dinner tickets at the anniversary celebration, if disposed to partake thereof, and no subscribed money was consumed in liquor, intoxicating or otherwise. We then innocently enough assumed that "office clubs" gave, at least, five per cent. to their collectors or agents, and that their advertising expenses exhibited a most important item. In our last number we published a few facts with regard to these "model institutions," which, no doubt, surprised many of our readers. Instead of five per cent. it appears, in one instance, twenty-five did not suffice, for the collector had a fixed salary of six shillings per week, in addition. The balance sheets of two of these societies are published in Mr. Jno. Tidd Pratt's recent report. In one, the Royal Liver Society, having 80,000 members, in branches distributed over the kingdom, the sum of £77,315 0s. 7d. is stated to have been collected during the year, on the burial account, and the expense of such collection is put down at £19,339 11s. 3d. Other collections of £3,746 7s. 5d. for relief in sickness, and £1,001 0s. 5½d. for medical attendance, were subjected to a deduction of a similar character. But this is not all. Such items as the following still further reduce the capital collected:—

	£.	s.	d.
"Salaries to agents, treasurer, collectors, clerks, and committee of management	5590	9	3
"Salaries to sub-agents in country districts	1684	14	2
"Canvassers, agents, and collectors' remuneration for the transferring names of members to new books, etc.....	1482	18	10
"Travelling expenses of agents and others	998	8	4½
"Printing and advertising	2383	1	6"

Other items of a smaller class are still to be added before the list of management absorptions is complete. The total reserved capital of this society is under £40,000, or less than ten shillings per member. In all human probability the society is hopelessly insolvent. If it is not, it is desirable that the present value of its assets and liabilities should be obtained from a competent actuary, and published with its next annual report, not only for the satisfaction of the public, but of the members themselves.

Referring to this society and its report, Mr. Pratt says:—"The above account (although rendered more in detail than in former years) has considerable obscurity in some of its items; and it appears that out of £77,315, received for the *Burial Branch*, no less than £29,096 was paid for salaries, etc., to officers, in addition to £6,548 charged for other expenses, making the whole expenditure £35,659, or about £40 per cent."

The balance sheet of the Friend in Need Life Assurance and Sick Fund Friendly Society, held at 471, Oxford Street, London, exhibits similar heavy items of management expenditure. Mr. Pratt says this society "has issued 200,710 policies, up to 25th March, 1863, of which number 48,168 were issued during the year; and yet the reserve fund is but stated at £15,860 8s. 10d. An actuary's valuation of the assets and liabilities of this society ought to be published. Indeed, all institutions of this class, which are not self-governed clubs, like Odd-fellows' lodges and other friendly societies, but simply commercial speculations, ought to be compelled, by act of parliament, to submit their accounts periodically to this test, and if found wanting, to be dealt with accordingly, like any other case of commercial insolvency. Indeed, all societies, whether self-governed or not, should obtain a valuation of this character, at least, every five years, with a view to financial adjustment. But in these office clubs, where the management machinery is little, if at all, controlled, or its character even understood, by those who subscribe the money, and where so much depends upon the intelligence and personal integrity of a relatively unknown clique of speculators, who themselves give no security that the sums assured can and will eventually be all paid, such a procedure is an imperative necessity, not only for the protection of the public who are appealed to for support, but of the members at present enrolled. Where the management is intelligent, as well as honourable, this course should be voluntarily taken, with the view to save themselves from being confounded with the bubble schemers and swindling adventurers, whose doings have recently caused considerable excitement in our criminal courts.

There are many items of insurance business which these office clubs are calculated to transact with advantage to the working classes, when all the elements of security and economical management are attained; but we freely confess that relief in sickness is not one of the number. They can organize no system of supervision, unless of a most expensive character, at all equal to that often gratuitously provided in a well managed odd-fellows' lodge. Under the best management, their claims for sick relief will be heavier by ten or fifteen per cent. than in the affiliated bodies; and, from the very nature of their business transactions, a larger per centage must be deducted from the amount

subscribed for the expenses of management. It is idle to talk about the pint of beer consumed at the monthly meeting, and the dinner eaten at the anniversary demonstration, as part of the management cost to the member of an ordinary sick club. The veriest Chawbacon knows that he drinks the beer and eats the dinner himself, and not the secretary or other officer; and that, so long as the expenditure is optional, its wisdom or otherwise is a part of his own private business, and not of that of any friendly society agent, or philanthropic gentleman, desperately anxious about said Chawbacon's moral and social welfare. With the more intelligent members the assumption is simply treated with contempt or indifference. The rhodomontade indulged in by some of Mr. Pratt's occasional correspondents, merely defeats the object of its publication. Those to whom some sections of it might possibly be of service, scarcely even hear of it, while those who think themselves competent to manage their own business in such matters conceive a dislike for the persons, and a distrust of the principles of professedly benevolent men, who adopt so singular a manner of inspiring the objects of their compassion with confidence in the disinterestedness of their benevolence and in the prudence of their wisdom.

Office clubs, well conducted and properly secured, may do much good in certain directions; and we heartily wish them success. But we are equally confident that a large per centage of the contributions must, of necessity, be swamped in management expenses. It is the same with all similar business organisations. Recently, a great outcry was raised about the enormous expenses incurred by the managers of some of the provincial shilling Art Unions. The Manchester one disposed of 13,977 tickets for £698 17s., of which the management expenses absorbed about thirty-three per cent. It was stated that the sale of tickets at Liverpool realised £3,000, and that the working expenses consumed one half the amount. This certainly seems excessive, and is anything but satisfactory to the parties who invest their money in these speculations. But how is it to be helped? The tickets are sold by agents, (generally shopkeepers) as a matter of business, and a heavy per centage is necessary in order to insure their active co-operation. It is as easy to sell a ticket for a sovereign as a shilling. A small per centage will amply repay the labour necessary to the manipulation of the golden subscription; but it must be increased twenty-fold to *pay at the same rate* for similar labour expended in the negotiation of the silver substitute. Hence, under the best of management, the expenses of these and all other *business* organisations, which deal with small sums and a large number of customers, must, of necessity, involve an expenditure which is unquestionably heavy in proportion to the monetary value of the business transacted, but not necessarily so in proportion to the services rendered.

C. H.

Mr. Gladstone's Post Office Assurance Scheme.

SINCE the preceding article was in type, we have learned that the secretaries, and managers of certain office clubs and Insurance Companies are endeavouring to obtain the assistance of the members of Friendly Societies, in their opposition to this bill. Mr. Gladstone's object is thus summarised by the *Economist*:—

"Under the Savings Bank Acts any person can even now purchase of the Post-office a deferred annuity, but as the money must be paid in one sum, and the transaction offers no peculiar advantages, no one has availed himself of the permission. The present bill enables the government to change the mode of payment into one by instalments, which instalments, it is understood, may be made at very short intervals. A servant, or labourer, or artizan, or petty shopkeeper, may, by a payment of small sums at brief intervals, secure to himself an annuity which will enable him to rest from labour in his old age. The second clause introduces a different principle. The State, under various acts, has authority to grant a life insurance, not exceeding £100, to any person buying a deferred annuity—an effective precaution, which has saved the government even from attempted fraud, but which has prevented this act from having any effect whatever. Under the new bill the restrictive limitations are abolished, and the state may sell anybody a life policy to any amount not exceeding one hundred pounds.

"These two clauses involve somewhat different principles, and will require the aid of very different machinery, but they have a strong connecting link; and though one of them injures, or shall we say affronts, a very powerful interest, both will, we believe, when explained, be acceptable to the nation at large. It is quite clear that the machinery which now works the Post-office Savings Banks can also work the Deferred Annuity Offices, for the only additional business to be done is the reception of certain new deposits, and the repayment of those deposits after a longer or shorter interval, which is easy; and the examination of certificates as to age and identity, which, though more difficult, is neither very tedious nor oppressive. And if it can be done readily, it is clear that it ought to be done, if only to make the state action just as between rich and poor,—the former getting at present the whole advantage of the superior security offered by the national guarantee. In default of that security, the working classes have covered England with deferred annuity offices, which profess to grant them allowances in sickness, and when out of work, and in old age, but which are based upon no principle, bound often by no sound rules, expensive in management, and exposed to frauds of the most varied and most distressing kind.

"Mr. Gladstone does not interfere with the sick allowances, which would lead to great complexity; but he proposes, at least, to save the whole population from the greatest misery of old age. Any provident workman may walk to the post-office, deposit a few pennies, and, by keeping up the weekly payment, secure for himself, or himself and wife, sufficient to keep both of them off the parish in old age."

It is somewhat amusing to find parties who have employed much time

and labour, and incurred considerable expense, in endeavouring to subject ordinary Friendly Societies to the most unwise and, sometimes, even, impertinent governmental interference, suddenly contending that, "it is not within the province of government, to do for the people that which they can best do for themselves." But the fact is, these managers of office clubs are deadly opposed to the people doing anything for themselves, if the said managers think a commercial profit can be made out of any transaction in connection with such doings. In the present instance, their great anxiety is to preserve and extend the business of their respective establishments, and so increase their commissions and profits. They shrewdly enough foresee that a large section of the people will prefer the government to a commercial company's guarantee, and that the Post Office will successfully compete with them in the open market.

A properly managed self-governed Friendly Society knows no rivals. Its ambition is to extend the field of provident action, and not merely to magnify its own importance. So long as Mr. Gladstone only adds another to the existing institutions which afford facilities for provident investment, we cannot see why the members should do otherwise than rejoice. They can have no sympathy with the commercial sorrows of those who merely *trade*, however legitimately, in assurance matters.

If the friends of Mr. Gladstone's measure will only cultivate a good understanding with the self-governed sick and burial clubs, and especially with the affiliated bodies, they may rely upon hearty and efficient co-operation. These clubs are the true pioneers in the matter of provident forethought amongst the working-men. The better class of their members are just the individuals who wish to subscribe for a small annuity, or for an increased life-assurance, as their societies rarely undertake this class of business. The Manchester Unity has made more than one effort to establish a supplementary assurance society of this character; but all have proved abortive, because its machinery was not considered by its own members to be the best adapted for the purpose. The government action does not include insurance against sickness. This resolve is a wise one, as we are well assured its machinery could never satisfactorily overcome the difficulties incident to this branch of assurance, any more than that of the office clubs previously referred to. We have ever contended that, after age sixty-five or seventy, "sick pay" should cease, and a superannuation allowance take its place, because of the utter uncertainty of the liability during the latter years of life. Many members we know approve of such a course, and others are anxious to ensure for a larger sum than £10 at death. As large numbers use the Post Office establishment for the safe custody of their savings, they will naturally be brought into direct contact with the necessary machinery for the desired extension of their provident action, directly to their own and, indirectly, to the public advantage. It is evidently the interest of the provident operative that he should have ample room for choice when he selects an office for the investment of his money, and, therefore, Mr. Gladstone's "innovation" will not appear in the light of a very great political crime to his moral sense, whatever it may to that of those who appear to like "free trade" amazingly in all matters outside what they deem their "vested interest," but who ever regard a professional rival as an unpardonable public, as well as personal, enemy.

C. H.

How do you Spell Shakspere?

BY ONE WHO HAS FAITH IN HIM.

"How do *you* spell Shakspere, uncle?"

This apparently ordinary, school-boy sort of question, was addressed by a rather tall, flaxen-haired, studious lad, or "young gentleman," as my friend Miss Beaumonde would style him, to a corpulent, ruddy-complexioned, good-humoured old gentleman, who seemed, to an ordinary spectator, much more likely to be profoundly educated in the orthographical mysteries which characterise signatures on bank notes, bills of exchange, etc., or the branding marks of claret and port wine bottles, than those which pertain to the personal appellatives of poets, ancient or modern, christian or pagan. Yes, the said gentleman, notwithstanding the solidity of his general aspect and deportment, seemed slightly "put out" at the innocent query. He let fall the gold seals appended to his watch chain, with which his plump fingers had been affectionately toying, fixed a somewhat bewildered gaze on the pale, thoughtful blue eyes of his nephew, and muttered, in a tone, partly interrogative and partly soliloquitive, "How do *I* spell Shakspere?"

"Yes, how do *you* spell Shakspere?"

"Why, bless me, there surely is not any other than one way of spelling the name of a man, which has been everlastingly on the lips of most people during nearly three centuries; is there?"

"It appears so."

"Indeed! why I always thought that plain S-h-a-k-e, shake; s-p-e-a-r, spear, was Shakespear all the world over. But I suppose I am no authority in these matters."

The elderly gentleman hurriedly drank a glass of port wine as if he desired to fortify his resolution, or to stimulate that section of his mental faculty which presides over the orthographical department of literature. He duly smacked his lips, approvingly, adjusted the lower portion of his very ample buff waistcoat, and restored to his right hand the gold chain and seals that dangled beneath it. Then, looking his nephew full in the face, he boldly said, "Now, Fred, my boy, how do *you* spell Shakspere?"

"Oh! I have always spelled it S-h-a-k-a-s-p-e-r-e."

"The deuce you have!" ejaculated the elderly gentleman, somewhat nettled. "Then why did you ask me so superfluous a question?"

"Because cousin Deborah, who writes such beautiful poetry herself, and is so well read in all that concerns Shakspere, in a note she sent me a few days ago, when referring to the tercentenary committee and its divided councils, spells it S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e."

Fred's uncle on hearing this, stared in utter amazement. It was, however, some satisfaction for him to learn that he was not the only Englishman who did not seem to know how to spell Shakspere. In his eyes the lady referred to as cousin Deborah was a "genius," and therefore, a high authority in such matters. But his faith in cousin Deborah was speedily subjected to severe trial.

A lady of uncertain age, dressed in a rather eccentric fashion, was seated amongst the flowering shrubs which adorned a large bay window or glazed

recess, overlooking a trim suburban garden, in the neighbourhood of Britain's huge metropolis. She had been busily engaged in an occupation which ladies term "fancy work," but which, to vulgar eyes, is liable to be confounded with the good old-fashioned habit of stocking-knitting, which, I fear, most modern misses regard as anything but "fancy work." She was a kind old maiden relative in a distant degree, and was something of a "blue-stocking" in a small way, which she cared not to conceal. Consequently, on hearing Fred's question about Shakspeare, the activity of fingers and knitting-needles suddenly ceased, and the whole industrial machinery sought repose amongst the scanty folds of her black silk robe of antiquated dimensions; for she had stood her ground to the last, *manfully*, against the crinoline innovation. She made no pretensions to rival cousin Deborah, in original composition; but she had nursed her in infancy, taught her the alphabet and good manners in her days of girlhood, and though, she really gloried in the fame of her *protégée*, she could not refrain from acting the schoolmistress occasionally; for the good old lady thought it no small feat to set cousin Deborah right on any matter pertaining to literature. On hearing Fred's last observation, she threw aside her knitting-apparatus, and exclaimed: "Well, then, for once, cousin Deborah is mistaken. In my copy (Dr. Johnson's edition, mind,) the name is spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e." She marched with some dignity across the apartment; then, taking a volume from a small bookcase, she threw it upon the table, with a slightly sarcastic but not ill-natured smile of triumph on her countenance. Old Sam Johnson was the prince of lexicographers, in her estimation, and she knew Fred's uncle would not, for a moment, dispute his authority in matters orthographical.

"But," observed the boy, with a confident flash of triumph in his truth-seeking, but withal, modest eyes, "I find that in Knight's Cyclopædia, and in the edition edited by Barry Cornwall, and in the works of several other writers of repute, the name is spelled as I have previously said, viz., S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e. Again, cousin Deborah says, Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Dyce, and others, prefer the orthography which she has adopted. So you see, very competent critics do not bow to Dr. Johnson in this matter."

Dr. Johnson's worshipper was a little staggered, certainly; but she promptly rejoined, "Then all I have to say is, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for their want of respect for so great an authority in such matters."

The rubicund face of the corpulent, elderly uncle, had, during this discussion, gradually assumed a somewhat paler hue. He looked as though his digestive system was in deep tribulation. He had unbounded faith in two things: the British Constitution and Shakspeare. He believed the two were so intimately connected, in some mysterious way or other, that, as in the case of the Siamese twins, a separate existence was an impossibility. He was not very profoundly learned in anything, it is true. His knowledge of the British Constitution he had picked up chiefly, at the stock exchange, the hustings, and his club; and of Shakspeare, at the theatres. His moral, as well as his intellectual sense, was shocked to think that educated Englishmen could not unite as one man in defence of what he regarded an object of importance to the national honour and glory. A kind of patriotic horror oppressed him like a moral nightmare, when the thought crossed his mind that somebody or other had recently attempted to prove that no such man as Shakspeare ever lived in England, and that the so-called Shakspeare dramas were written by a foreigner: some frog-eating Frenchman, perhaps; or, worse still, some cantankerous, yellow-skinned, tobacco-chewing Yankee; a being which he especially abominated. He had patriotically attached his

name (properly spelt) to a cheque for one hundred pounds, and sent it to the committee who were to conduct the tercentenary celebration. He had heard how the said committee had got to "loggerheads," as he described it; and he was beginning to think that he had been hoaxed out of his money, and that either the British Constitution, or his own, between which, there existed a somewhat indefinite but hearty sympathy, was exposed to some serious danger. He swallowed, in rapid succession, two or three glasses of port wine, with the view, I suppose, of rallying the scattered remnants of his runaway faith in things in general and England's glory in particular, with no perceptible effect, when he was agreeably relieved by the announcement of the name of his old friend, Mr. Christopher Cuttemup, editor of the *Dramatic Censor*.

Now, Mr. Christopher, or as his friend preferred it, Mr. Kit Cuttemup, was a genius of the same class as "our Charley," in Edwin Waugh's Lancashire song, "Our Folks." "His head was full of ancients and Roman ha'pennies," and Dryasdust ware in general. He, too, was a thorough Englishman to his heart's core, and, therefore, just the man to do battle for his friend, Mr. Jno. Bull, city merchant, (or shopkeeper, if the Frenchmen like it better), in the matter which now sorely perplexed him. His first speech, however, had a directly opposite effect; and nearly sent the worthy alderman to the next world in a very apoplectic condition.

"What do you think, Bull, my old boy!" exclaimed Cuttemup indignantly. "The Shakspeare committee have had the audacity to overlook all our own actors, and request a foreigner to once more clothe the sublime sorrow of the immortal bard's chief creation: the hypochondriacal, philosophic genius, Hamlet, with the polite, easy, well bred but utterly soulless manners of an *habitué* of modern Parisian salons! Hamlet! an artistic echo of Shakspeare's own spiritual suffering, when his grand catholic soul was first brought into daily contact with the shams, hypocrisies, and other unveracities of conventional life! And this, too, in honour of the memory of our thoroughly English-hearted Shakspeare! Why, it has taken the French nearly two centuries to learn that, instead of being "an inspired barbarian," or "an intoxicated savage," he is a far greater poet and dramatist than either their Voltaire, Corneille, or Racine. Nay, it is only a few of their really clever men who fully appreciate him, even now. Confound it, they can't pronounce his language; they mis-spell his very name; they call him 'the Divine Williams,' and now—

"Stop, Kit, stop! fair play's a jewel," said Mr. Bull, with characteristic honesty. "There is no wonder a Frenchmen can't spell his name. Indeed I am rather glad to hear such is the case, for I have just been told, that we spell it *four* different ways, and that there is excellent authority in favour of each!"

This interruption somewhat deranged the flow of Mr. Cuttemup's patriotic eloquence. He however, hammered away a little longer, at what he termed M. Fechter's false *conception* of the character of Hamlet; and was not brought to an absolute stand, until Mr. Bull again interrupted him with the exclamation—"Kit, Kit; never mind the actors just now," (Mr. Bull, with all his insular prejudices, had rather a secret liking for foreign singers), "Answer me: was there ever such a man as Shakspeare?"

"Certainly!"

"Was he an Englishman?"

"Of course he was!"

"Is there four ways of spelling his name?"

"I can recollect seven, at least!"

"Seven!" roared out Bull with rising wrath. "Seven! do you mean to insinuate that he was something like a ticket-of-leave man, with six aliases?"

"Oh! no. Nothing of the kind. He really was a very respectable gentleman, and had, himself, nothing whatever to do with the six aliases you refer to. I have seen the name printed Shaxper, Shacksper, Shakyspere, Shakespear, (Bull smiled grimly,) Shakespeare, Shakespeare, (Dr. Johnson's admirer smiled radiantly,) and Shaksper; (Fred's eye twinkled learnedly,) and, of course, it can be varied half-a-dozen other ways at pleasure."

Mr. Bull was utterly astounded. Plain John Bull has always answered his honest purpose in life. He began to feel an anxious fear that a man with seven names must be as unworthy as a man with two faces, at the very least, and the latter was a variety of the *genus homo* which came in for a large share of his hearty detestation.

"Kit," he said, humbly, nay, entreatingly, "Kit; I hope there is nothing in this puzzling business that an Englishman need be ashamed of."

"No; not much. A little pedantry, perhaps; that's all."

"I am right glad to hear you say so. But now Kit, one more question. How do you spell Shaksper?"

"S-H-A-K-S-P-E-R-E," spelled out Mr. Cuttemup, distinctly and emphatically.

Fred's blue eyes fairly blazed with triumph. Dr. Johnson's admirer's grey ones looked unutterable defiance.

"Authority good, I presume," said Mr. Bull, calmly.

"Unexceptionable."

"Name him."

"William Shaksper!"

"William Shaksper!" exclaimed the trio, simultaneously.

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Bull, enquiringly.

The elderly lady's faith in Dr. Johnson was evidently shaken. "Pray, Mr. Cuttemup," said she, apologetically, be good enough to explain what you mean. Of course, if you can show that Shaksper himself has expressed an opinion on the matter, I shall certainly feel disposed to bow to his decision."

"What I mean," said Cuttemup, "is simply this: The register at Stratford records not only his own baptism and death, but the baptism of his children, and likewise the death of his son. In the whole of these entries the orthography, which I prefer is employed; and, what is even more to the purpose, all the poet's known genuine autographs are spelt in a similar manner."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Bull. "Then Shaksper was not the cause of this unseemly confusion."

"Not at all."

"I'm glad of it. I see he was English, thorough bred, after all," chuckled Mr. Bull, rubbing his hands together, the more emphatically to express his satisfaction.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Cuttemup," interposed the lady, now thoroughly convinced that even Dr. Johnson was not infallible in all things. "Can you explain to me the reason why so many able men, and able women likewise, still prefer different methods of spelling his name, when they are aware of the facts you mention?"

"Every man ought to spell his name like his father before him; ought he not, Kit?" said Mr. Bull with an air of authority.

"Perhaps so," responded Cuttemup; "but, if so, I fear our hero failed lamentably in that particular."

"How so?"

"A Stratford document, still extant, shows that the father signed his name, Ithon Shacksper."

Mr. Bull was abashed and appeared rather sorry that he had propounded the dogma. The lady reiterated her question.

"Oh, the reason is simple enough," responded our learned editor. "You must remember that the English language, like the British constitution, is not exactly the production of a single year or, indeed, of a single century. On the contrary, it has been gradually developed from many varied and conflicting elements. It has passed through its infancy, and may be said to be, at the present time, in a state of 'hobbletyhoyhood' or stalwart juvenility, but it has not, even yet, arrived at perfect manhood. This is strikingly the case with respect to orthography. It requires some experience, from this cause, to read Shakspeare, with ease, in the printed copies of his own time. For a long period, *learned* people spelled English words, and especially names, either of persons or places, much as they pleased, simply because no authoritative standard had been attained. Leland, King Henry VIII's antiquary, sometimes spells, in one paragraph, a single name four different ways. For instance; the river denominated the Ribble, in Lancashire, occurs in the following forms in the course of a few lines: Ribel, Ribyl, Rybill, and Ribil. Most other words, in his published works, exhibit a similar indifference to orthographic regularity; and he, as a writer, was by no means singular in this respect. A local historian (Seyer) has enumerated forty-seven variations in the orthography of the name now written Bristol. Thousands of similar instances could be given. The varied orthography, indeed, was the rule rather than the exception, previous to the eighteenth century. Our present relatively perfect system is the result of a gradual assimilation in practice by literary men, and the publication of dictionaries. In consequence of the laxity referred to, the earlier editions of the poet's works exhibit much discrepancy in matters orthographical as well as verbal. Each modern editor or commentator, therefore, patronises the form which commends itself most to his or her special fancy, judgment, or caprice, as the case may be. In the first folio edition, published about six years after his death, by his old associates of the theatre, his name is written Shakespeare. It is spelt in a similar way in the pirated quarto editions, printed during Shakspeare's lifetime. Ben Jonson and Milton appear likewise to have employed this form. Hence the partiality of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke and others. Most succeeding commentators, however, adopted the form Shakspeare, including, Rowe, Johnson, Davies, Waldron, etc. Malone spells it Shakspere, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, together with Downs, the prompter and author of "*Roscius Anglicanus*," Shakespear. I conceive, however, that Sir Frederic Madden has placed the most important fact beyond all doubt, viz., that the poet wrote his name as I have stated. It is desirable, for many reasons, that this orthographical conflict should terminate. Why should it not form a subject of friendly discussion at some of the meetings in connection with the tercentenary celebration, with the view to the adoption of some uniform method by modern writers. It would be a graceful compliment to the memory of Shakspeare, on such an occasion, to determine that, in future, none of his admiring countrymen, at least, should practically question his competency to spell his own name."

It suddenly occurred to Mr. Cuttemup, that if he did not instantly depart, he should be too late for the opening scene in Messrs. Blood and Thunder's new sensation drama, (first produced that evening,) in which it was announced that a man would be burnt alive on the stage! He shrewdly suspected that the said drama would necessitate a pretty liberal use of the *Dramatic Censor's* editorial flail. He, therefore, hastily apologised for his inability to further enlighten his friends on that occasion, put on his hat, and drove in a cab to the sensation theatre referred to, resolutely bent on critical castigation of the most ruthless description.

C. H.

Small Talk.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

It is written by some celebrated musician or physiologist, that the most perfectly constructed and versatile instrument for the production of sweet sounds, is the human voice—that combination of elastic tubes and chords, which can never be excelled, and only imitated, at less or greater distances, by the most ingenious of artificial contrivances. Those comparatively rare instances in which this organ has been duly cultivated and developed are sufficient evidences of the fact. We have, of course, all of us, heard some voices, mines of wealth to their possessors, which, in addition to a sweetness of tone, with which no other instrument can compete, impart to music a meaning, a feeling, an expression, which no other instrument can attempt, independently even of an exclusive power of articulating musical notes into spoken words; and this faculty might be more generally enjoyed than it is, if the truth were sufficiently recognised, that the voice, like all other physical endowments, is capable of wonderful improvement in power and flexibility, by exercise. There is, however, another far greater and practically more important influence which the human voice can, in some cases irresistibly, exert; in the magic of eloquence—that impassioned persuasion—that highly-decorated and logical expression of poetic and philosophic thought, which captivates the ear and the reason; can lead listening multitudes, spell-bound and passive, wherever a speaker so gifted may choose to guide them—ready to believe anything, to dare anything, that it may be his pleasure to suggest. Though the oratory of the present generation be more subdued, less elaborate, less impulsive, and ranging on a much lower line of flight, than that which used to burn and blaze out in other times, inflaming human passions, for evil or good—soothing and saddening, elevating and encouraging, terrifying and infuriating, and playing with a master's touch upon every most subtle chord of sympathy—though we have now no such speakers as Demosthenes, Gracchus, Cicero, Edmund Burke, John Knox, John P. Curran, or Henry Grattan; still the power which, even in these tamer days, eloquence wields over multitudes, rude and refined, is such as to render it an indispensable element in the intellectual business of society. These powers, however, of speech and voice, though unquestionably the higher phases of their manifestation, are beside the question under present consideration, which is that of the more homely and commonplace eloquence, which lends its more familiar charm to the conversation of some few of the favourites of society. A highly-cultivated power of conversation—as distinguished from mere talk on the one side and from lecturing on the other—though it may be less influential in the public and historical transactions of the world than the art of the orator properly so called, is not, in its own proper sphere, less useful or important. Above all other accomplishments, it is that one which makes the machinery of artificial society move along most equably and pleasantly. It is the fascination that acts upon every-day sentiments and sympathies through the ears—that one faculty, the want or mismanagement of

which inflicts most misery, in a small way, upon many who are far from deficient in correct taste, strong intellect, and the acute feeling which intensely aggravates such suffering. Who is there that has not, sometime or another, witnessed, in some gay and glittering assembly, the unpitied agonies of a young, timid, highly-gifted, and consequently awkward, student, bringing into that crowd of gaudy and happy butterflies a head full of classics and metaphysics and mathematics, none of which, in the utter helplessness of that nervous ordeal, affords him a syllable to exchange with any neighbour, or a moment's self-possession to draw upon his memory. If you observe him carefully, you may see him tremble and blush and turn pale, if addressed, especially if it be by any of those easy-mannered, hard-polished, impalpably satirical, ready-witted women, whom he dreads more than an uncaged menagerie of wild beasts: they can so easily and so mercilessly stupefy and wound him, until he feels as if his whole soul and body were only a pincushion, to be pierced and probed at their malicious pleasure. You can almost hear him wish—how earnestly!—that the floor would only yawn asunder and swallow him; and you can, of course, easily imagine how sincerely he envies all those empty-headed *habitués* of his own age, who can go on fluently, hour after hour, spinning out that graceful and unsubstantial nonsense, which is the only circulating medium small enough to be current; and how gladly he would, at that moment, exchange the unwieldy contents of his own rich memory for their light and handy little weapons: while the only miserable consolation, gleaming through the chaos of confusion that whirls round him, is the reflection that there are other places—examination halls, for instance—where he is at his ease, and they are confounded, where he can speak, and to some purpose, and they are struck dumb as so many kerb-stones. How, then, is the anomaly to be accounted for? Not certainly by any corresponding deficiency or excess of intellectual resources—except, perhaps, on the principle, that the more shallow the stream is, the more it babbles as it runs. The difference simply arises from the fact that the clear-headed and sensitive, but much bewildered, student has never given time and attention to the business of that place and hour, while the others have; not directly, perhaps, but in that unconscious and involuntary study which consists in practice. Let that same silent and envious wretch only be removed to the society of those companions with whom he is at home, or meet a congenial acquaintance whom he has not seen for years, and he shall talk on happily and agreeably through the longest night in December. The reason is, that, in the latter case, he knows what topics will interest his hearers, and feels himself equal to their discussion; and in the former, the absence of that knowledge, and the annihilating consciousness of his awkwardness, literally shut him up. Such a Pythagorean is miserable enough when standing or sitting alone in his burning envelope of silence; but has the reader ever chanced to witness the patient martyrdom of *all* the constituents of some oppressively, or depressively, quiet evening party, where the vague simper upon every face indicates a yearning desire to be agreeable, while every tongue is perfectly or nearly silent, as if the key of everybody's little store of ideas were lost, and some countercharm to break the spell of stillness is as vainly as it is anxiously sought? How eagerly does such an assembly fly asunder when the hour of separation comes at last, and when, breaking into twos and threes, they indemnify themselves by talking volubly, and lingering on the way home! Is it the sudden transition to liberty, of which all are more or less conscious in the open air, that restores the normal tone of the nerves and opens the flood-gates?

As an illustration of the other extreme, we can, all of us, most probably, remember to have witnessed, or, at least, to have been within hearing of, one

or more of those uproarious festivities, exclusively masculine, where, after a certain hour—i. e., when the alcohol begins to sink in the decanters and to rise elsewhere—all the company speak at the same time, and every man, impressed with the paramount importance of his own sentiments, endeavours to raise his voice clearly and audibly above all the rest together. And yet it may, with much probability, be taken for granted, that, if any of those vociferous gentlemen were taken, then and there, and set upon a platform, surrounded by a silent and expectant audience, he would become as voiceless as a fish. When we recollect how much of the actual happiness of life is involved in this and other small accomplishments, we are scarcely justified to ourselves in neglecting them, because they are not abstruse and laborious subjects of inquiry. A storehouse filled with substantial goods, in large and heavy packages, is unquestionably valuable; but, for general consumption, the bales must be eventually opened and subdivided; because, to the general mass of society, a fancy bazaar, with its glittering toys and small *bijouterie*, is more attractive than your ponderous merchandise. As in fencing, the precepts and movements are few, and dexterity attainable only by practice; so, in that polished and seemingly careless and unpremeditated interchange of thought, which is *par excellence* conversation, the theory of the art may be learned speedily enough, but exercise is indispensable to an easy and graceful execution. Let the student, with his treasury of unwieldy learning, only bestow a little care upon the use of his weapons, and make himself accustomed to society, and he will find it as easy as any other pastime to outshine the dunces. The study, in fact—such as it is—seems to consist principally in the cultivation of the association of ideas; the habit of quickly catching the thought naturally suggested by a passing remark, and giving it utterance in return; and repeating this process indefinitely; embellishing it with such decoration as fancy, more or less active, may supply. There are, of course, many accessories, some of which are natural gifts, but all either acquirable or improvable by exercise and care. Much of the charm of some persons' conversation results from the accompanying expression of countenance and tone of voice; and—*à propos* of voices—of all those witcheries that enslave the soul through the outer senses, no other is so subduing as that low, soft, murmuring, silvery, thrilling voice, that, to some women, more than compensates the absence of visible beauty and the deficiency of brains, and, when combined with these fascinations, amounts to a dangerous intoxication. The most agreeable companions, however, are not always those who can talk most, but those who can listen gracefully, and, at the same time, possess the skill and practise the self-denial of "drawing out" others, and inducing them to contribute their share to the *farrago*. Sometimes, too, we can converse intelligibly, to some extent, without actually speaking; for a glance of the eye, or a movement of hand or head, can sometimes convey more meaning than any words—and, in fact, express some subtle and delicate shades of thought and feeling which no language can interpret. Language, however, is the distinguishing characteristic—what logicians call "the essential difference"—of the human being. Man alone can speak—that is, with a meaning—because he alone, of all animals, can form in his mind complex, that is, classified ideas; and therefore it does seem somewhat unaccountable that so exclusive and precious a faculty should be so generally neglected—that there are so few, comparatively, who can exchange their ideas agreeably; or, whose spoken sentences, if accurately written, would stand the test of grammatical or logical analysis—so few who can with any stranger maintain a conversation, after an identity of opinion on the state of the weather is established. It has been often and everywhere remarked, that this morbid and almost unnatural taciturnity is a distemper peculiar to Englishmen; that any

Irishman or Frenchman, or, in fact, any other, except perhaps a German or a Turk, can at once establish some sort of acquaintance—no matter how fragile—some barter of impressions and experiences—with any fellow-creature whose language he can, even imperfectly, understand. The writer of this paper was once present at a long and animated conversation between a Frenchman who understood no English, and an Irishman who knew no more of French than he did of Chinese. Neither had ever met the other on any former occasion; but the two gentlemen *would* converse, and, being both university men, they hit upon Latin as a medium of communication, in which, notwithstanding the differences of their pronunciation, they got along together very pleasantly during a tedious journey; while two Englishmen, with all reasonable facilities, and what others would consider inducements, to friendly intercourse, have been known to pass each other in silence in front of the pyramid of Gizeh.

The dogmatism, the undisguised contempt for other persons' opinions, that renders the conversation of some great talkers a formidable ordeal to encounter, and the incessant and wearying glitter that flashes through the exhibitions of professional punsters, are alike destructive of the true enjoyment of social intercourse. To the former class belonged the great Dr. Johnson, who was seldom commonly civil to his acquaintances, and generally made his presence felt as something overwhelming, from which it was a relief to be set free. Such conversation as his, ponderous, pedantic, and autocratic, must have always conveyed the impression of a gratuitous expenditure of force, like playing marbles with a cricket bat; while that of Madame De Stael, for instance, who may be assigned to the other class, may be compared to an elaborate specimen of *marqueterie*, inlaid with quaint figures of rich material and brilliant colour. It is recorded of her, that a morning visitor, too inquisitively, perhaps, picked up in her boudoir, a scrap of paper on which were written some very nicely turned and semi-poetical sentences, which the same visitor heard Corinne herself ingeniously interweave in her conversation among a larger company in the evening. These are excesses which enlarge a pastime into a business, and interfere with the ease which is the essential charm of all pastime. But, after all, the small talk that constitutes conversation, properly so called, is not necessarily so frivolous as one may hastily suppose. We may not only learn much from it of psychology and metaphysics, but the skilful use of those slight and polished weapons can sometimes carve out information of personal interest and importance, otherwise unattainable. To come at the thoughts and feelings of others, if we are only sagacious in interpreting the circumstantial evidence of looks and tones, we need never be guilty of the obtrusive awkwardness of such *l'es* *convenance* as asking a direct question. It is a mistake to believe, with M. Talleyrand, that language was given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. It is true that *written* words may, in various ways, substitute falsehood for truth: *spoken* words never can; for truth has an intonation and emphasis of its own, which falsehood can never borrow; and even if it could, the eye, which can never deceive, would contradict it. It is true, also, that some persons, educated and practised, during their lives, in all the small diplomacy of fashionable and artificial society, can maintain a perfection of dissimulation, as impenetrable to the uninitiated as the veil of Isis; looking down and disarming and turning aside all scrutiny; but this defence lasts only until it is beaten down by the equal skill of some sharp-sighted antagonist, who sees—though he affects not to see—through the deception, and acts upon his discovery with guarded courtesy and unrelenting determination. It is said that we may always see and hear as much as we please, if we only pretend to be deaf and blind. It will sometimes happen, too, that such polished and hollow diplomacy is rudely unmasked by an unpractised

and unmerciful hand, reminding one of that haughty and contemptuous barbarian from the West, who dashed down and broke in pieces the artificial lions that growled and roared on either side of the jewelled throne of Alexius Comnenus.

The most skilful and fascinating talkers in the world, perhaps, are to be found in the higher strata of French society. Within that pale, whose language is above all others suited to conversation, one may meet the most accomplished fencing, the most easy and captivating courtesy, the most impalpable compliments, the most acute and polished sarcasm, the quickest and most epigrammatic repartee. With them, in fact, conversation takes rank as one of the Fine Arts: and next to them may be ranged the corresponding caste of the Irish. In all this there may be, of course, little or nothing of sincerity, or heart; but it serves to brighten some hours of life that might otherwise stumble on in irksomeness and gloom.

Notwithstanding the curious fact that the world has cared to rescue from oblivion so comparatively insignificant a fraction of all the words that have ever been spoken and written and printed—the fact that so little is generally known of those millions of leaves, each the result of hours of labour on the part of some one, who thought, felt, and mused on his predecessors, as we on ours—that so many human beings, recorded on those mouldering title-pages, were each in his own day, lured on by phantoms of imperishable glory to a grave long since forgotten; still, the great power of spoken words over the actions and emotions that make up our moral life is impressively attested by our individual experiences. Many of us can of course remember—or rather cannot forget—some words, angrily, maliciously, or even idly and heedlessly spoken to us, which have wounded more deeply and incurably than a steel blade, and have left, besides, a poison in the wound, that rankles within, though the scar has grown hard and callous outside; and again, other words of affection and consolation, that bring back the gentle and familiar voices of the dead and the lost, and ring sadly and fondly in our ears, like the dreamy murmur of the far-off sea within the “hollow-wreathed chambers” of a shell. It is true that, according to the old proverb, words will not break bones; but, they sometimes have the power to break hearts, and to save them from breaking. Sometimes, too, our own words, carelessly uttered, come back to us, after long years, like the laughter of a mocking fiend who has tempted us and returns to insult his victim; and, lastly, as the common and every-day happiness of life consists not so much in ambitious efforts and brilliant successes, as in small duties and charities and affections, it happens that words, more than any other ingredient, form either the *amari aliquid*—the bitter drop—that tinctures the fountain of human enjoyment, or, the balmy antidote that makes sorrows and vexations endurable. Man is the most gregarious, instinctively, of all animals; and, therefore, as Lord Bacon writes, “Whoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a God. But little do men perceive what solitude is; for a crowd is not company; and faces but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.”

MORAL VANITY AND INTOLERANCE.—The fact is Malvolio was intended by Shakspeare to represent a member of that class, the main features of whose character betrayed an ostentatious moral vanity. Not satisfied with having obtained the privilege to act according to the dictates of their own consciences, and of having confirmed, in their own behalf, the right of private judgment, they proceeded to wrench that power to the restraining of all dissentients within their own pinfold.—*Charles Cowden Clarke.*

Self Help :

OR, WORK, WAIT, AND WIN.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS,

Author of "Queen's Musketeers," etc., etc. Editor of Hogarth's Works (last edition), etc., etc.

PART IV. WINNING! WON!

CHAPTER I. "HOW TO GO IN AND WIN."

Two years soon seem over when we look back.

But to *wait* two years with an object in view, one sole absorbing purpose, how the vistas of time lengthen out then, and how the way a-head becomes corroded with fears, doubts, hesitations, filled with obstacles of every kind! Ah! it must be a brave heart that can face these, meet them fearlessly, and pass by one difficulty after another, and feel the hopeful soul grow the lighter as the goal is approached. Still what *may* interpose before the end is achieved!

Harry Fairlight plodded on, worked, waited, hoped, and never feared, for the final result; but like others who *waited*, he could not but now and then have a slight sense of uncertainty, which if he never imparted to his mother, or to his Lucy, he never kept as a secret from his old master, Roland Detroit.

"Bah! my lad," the other would encouragingly say, "you have nothing to fear, only a little longer to wait."

"Aha! yes, to wait," and Harry laughed. It was still pleasant, and still cheery to hear, was that laugh of his.

Was Harry growing tired of waiting?

"Two or three of my old pupils," thought Roland, "have grown so; but Harry—ah! he has reason for patience, she he loves is in the distance with beckoning hands, winning eyes, and a loving smile."

He stopped short. It was his habit in soliloquy. It is not a very sensible plan perhaps, but men who are alone much, and who are of a thoughtful nature cannot avoid the failing.

"But where is *she* I love? still, still in the distance, still waiting, still constant, still content to wait! Patience! patience! oh feeble heart, be stronger. I think I see light yet."

These were occasional recurrences of feeling, which, like a paroxysm, he was becoming used to, would visit him at times, and ever and anon thrust themselves fitfully upon him. There had broken upon him a dawn of promise, for while Harry Fairlight was advancing daily in the estimation of his employers, and occupying a post of great trust and responsibility in the modelling-room, the improvements both, in conjunction, were making in the machinery of the loom, and these so undeniably requisites which must command success, that every day brought them nearer to its threshold.

A variety of circumstances contributed to defer the practical utility of their invention, and delay induces procrastination, and procrastination sometimes even worse:—"Never, for ever—for ever, never." So, while Harry was otherwise busy, Roland Detroit began to lose heart again. He was not a man that readily surrendered, but such things as possibility and impossibility (a word you cannot expunge out of any lexicon) presented themselves to his consideration, and

when that occurs, a man of common sense, as our weaver was, has nothing else to do but to look the question in the face, to weigh the opposing chances as in opposite scales, and accept with the best grace he can, the unfavourable, if the "favourable" does not happen to side with him. Still the delay might be only temporary, but the temporary runs into time, and time too runs into eternity.

Roland Detroit felt this delay destructive. The great factory of Mesars. Nutt and Bolt thundered and clanged from morn till night, all day the yawning chimneys vomited smoke, all night they belched forth fire. They were busy so long with foreign machinery, that Detroit thought his and Harry's English machinery would be lost, forgotten before it was even made. But Harry was always sanguine, hopeful, ready to comfort, to console, to cheer up, and encourage, and on most evenings he would spend an hour with Roland in order to talk over their plan, and to suggest fresh matter.

"I have had the *patent* of the improvement: I call it invention, entered, Detroit;" he said on one occasion, "and have paid for the same in our joint names, so it's only wait a little longer."

Detroit was grateful, only he could not help a groan and a growl.

"But if somebody looks over the patents, my lad, what then?" he said.

"Eh!" cried Harry, "how can that be?"

"You mayn't steal away a man's brains, but you may steal away their use; aye, transform, transmute them; and a man's patent, his inventions, may be caught by cunning sharp fellows."

"No, no," laughed Harry, "don't you fear that, men don't think in the same groove, unless they think together as we have done, so be satisfied, when this press of work gets slack with us, we are all right."

"Well, as you say, I am content, seeing I can't do no other, and so—"

"And so come and take a cup of tea at mother's this evening, Alice will be there, and so will Lucy."

"Alice!" And Roland gasped at the name, grasped at the opportunity; and very happy *réunions* those tea parties at Mrs. Fairlight's were; for the mid-winter had set in, and the cheerful fireside, the candle light, Mrs. Fairlight in her easy chair by the "ingle," Alice Cleaver at times, Lucy Lovel, all forming a loving family, and the household a happy bond of union; and then Roland Detroit would unbend from his sombre fits, and his genial nature added sunshine to the sea-coal fire.

Then they would talk over their invention, that is, Roland and Harry, when they were not talking to somebody else, and still find something to add. The falling snow, the howling wind, the blasting sleet, the growling of the fierce March wind, adding as it were a deep diapason to the accompaniment of the soft subdued voices of the women, made home necessarily a comfort, and converted comfort into a luxury. A drawing room, carpet, pictures, piano, and all, could not be more suggestive than the little parlour thus occupied.

And the time went on, and all we know in this story, except some, of whom more presently, "worked" and "waited," and if one or two thought that when they could say the day had come and they had "*won*," they would find in this, the reward of perseverance, still they waited, worked, patiently and cheerily.

I am unable for want of space, to dilate much or do more than a bit of the dramatist's work, but some of my characters, (they may have grown *bad*) must be removed from the scenes.

* * * * *

So, first for Ike.

On the night when Mrs. Methusaleh was summarily dismissed from this world by a murderous hand, a gaunt, ghastly, blood-spotted creature stood

before Mrs. Bathsheba Sleak in her little housekeeper's room, at Mr. Nutt's house, and called her, "Mother."

"Mother!"

She would have shrieked, but her cry was closed by fear. She shrank back at his very look and sight, but he said in a curt hoarse voice,

"Hush, be quiet, I've—I've—left her—left her—"

"What has happened?" she gasped out.

"It isn't what has happened, it's what *may* happen," was his sullen answer.

"My son—"

"Stow that, I want money."

"Money!"

"To go away. I must, or I must—*hang!*"

She asked no more. Some dread instinct told her what "might," "could," "would," most likely have happened. She left the room, presently returned, brought in a little bag of gold and silver, her savings, and said faintly, as she sank into a chair—

"There like, that's all there—"

"Very well mother," and he put it into his pocket, and turned to the door.

"Where are you going?" she faintly asked.

"To Liverpool, to-morrow morning, by packet to New York—"

"And shall I never see you again?"

"Never in this world, at least."

The "mother," not the best woman in the world, perhaps, for there are exceptions, felt her heart chill, she heard death-bells clanging in her ears, she said hurriedly:—

"Kiss me, go, go, and oh God! have pity on us both."

He had gone. She had knelt. Let us pray too, that her half-choked utterances, like a wail of unutterable despair, may be listened to.

Ike got to Liverpool—got to New York—got to New Orleans; and one morning a man with a hideous gash in his breast, was picked up by the edge of the *banquette*, a raised foot-path, opposite one of the fifteen or fifty-story hotels they boast of.

He had been slain and robbed. And so an end of him. As for Mrs. Sleak, with the dim mother's instinct of seeing him again, she remained a specimen of the best of housekeepers extant. So Mr. Nutt always *said*, and what he said was law.

* * * * *

Bully Tuck comes next, he is so bulky, so big, that I am half inclined to ask the printer to put what follows in the "fattest" type he can find: only I know he won't, and must manage as I can. "Bully" had grown to be "five foot eleven," or thereabouts. He weighed about Christmas, fourteen "stun," but he had reduced himself by training and cold weather, to twelve and a half. "Bully Tuck" had an ambition to enter the ring, he had felled so many fat oxen in his time, that he began to think he could turn his talents to account, and although he was quiet by nature, he was yet pugnacious, and when he thought the course of lessons he had taken in sparring from a broken-nosed, dilapidated ex-puglist, was over, he began to look round for the "ring," into which he was to shy his castor, *Anglice*, his hat. He had not long to wait. His offer to tackle "Puggy Slogg" of Hardware Town, for £25 a-side, was accepted, money lodged with the landlord of the "Jolly Mawleys," and the affair came off with *éclat*.

I do not invoke the muse of battle, and leave the heroes of Homer to shout their challenges on the Trojan plains, till they are hoarse again. The thunder of Stentor's lungs does not reach me, for I have no victory, so far as *my* hero is concerned, to put on record.

Bully Tuck "went in to win." He came out a very different article. Few

of the fraternity can boast of having taken the licking Bully received with such equanimity. Puffy and battered, and punched, and slogged, and much cut about the nose and mouth, besides groaning occasionally from internal bruises, Bully smiled hideously at his defeat, and quitted the ring for ever.

I have to record therefore, eminent success of Mr. William (otherwise Bully) Tuck, of Silktown, as a master butcher. He subsided into a respectable tradesman, took to wedded life with much genial cordiality, and the bank-books of Silktown bear his name to this day.

The butcher had a manly nature of his own, and did not forget his old teacher in his well-earned success, and he would sometimes in his rounds, go out of his way to give him a call, while his invitations to Roland, to go and take a bit of Sunday dinner with him at home, were by no means unfrequent.

Roland had plenty of proper pride, but an invitation of this kind was legitimate, and he was glad to think that a sense of grateful feeling and thanks lay at the bottom of it. So that the weaver and some of his old pupils, yet got on in a very friendly manner. Harry was progressing more and more in his employers' esteem, but delay was pressing heavily on Roland.

CHAPTER II. A GREAT EVENT: TWO OR THREE EVENTS IN FACT.

MEANTIME, and time still went on, a great event came off at Silktown. It was an event, in all, consisting of several minor incidents converging to one end, and the individual most concerned in it was none other than Harry Fairlight. Incident one, was his "coming out of his time:" the term of his apprenticeship over, and his taking his place as a workman, at workman's full wages, still in the modelling-room, where he had by this time become, in fact, indispensable. On this occasion there was, metaphorically, a "fatted calf" killed, and a festival held at "home." Roland made one of the guests, Bully Tuck, who supplied the beef, another; Jack Huggett, who seemed to have taken very kindly to his liquor once more. There were plenty more, in fact, and it was a very happy party. Harry had "stood" a liberal *footing* to his "mates," a custom I hold to be the bane and curse of working communities, since it is only the old soakers who indulge at the expense of the young. But, custom is custom, and the free Englishman's workshop a den oftentimes of such unmanly tyranny as I cannot describe. Harry Fairlight obeyed the custom, and to preserve quietness and peace, perhaps he was right.

Incident number two was his soon being foreman in the modelling-room, and he was now earning three guineas a week. Another festival, *another* "footing;" who could hold back when fortune was thus smiling upon him. The young man took his office with a modesty that softened envious hearts, and even won him approbation. His ability was beyond question; all were cognizant of, and admitted his talent. All this while Harry was furthering certain inventions for Messrs, Nutt and Bolt, and poor Roland's loom was put off, but the time, as Harry confidently averred, could not be very far away. Another great factory was about being erected in Silktown, and all the new engineering appliances which invention and art could add were called in aid.

Incident number three, the crowning one, was Harry Fairlight's wedding-day! He had won, won a place among men, won a fair sweet girl's honest heart and hand, and who should grudge him the prize so toiled for, so fairly acquired: so fairly won! The proud flush of joy spreading itself over the brown handsome face of the young worker was radiant with his own ingenuous nature. The tender roseate hue of the young bride's face was one of pride too, but it bespoke a loving, retiring, heart. Alice Cleaver was at the wedding; so also was Roland Detroit, and there was something infinitely touching in their mute interchange of look, as again their eyes glanced on the happy radiant pair, just made one. The smile on Roland's mouth was bitter, but not that of puny discontent, of jealous envy. Alice had a sweet, pensive, half sad glance to

bestow on him too. They had waited so long—so long—they were content to go on waiting to the end. Ah, the fidelity of loving hearts, what a strength it has, what a tension it will bear !

Naturally, the festival on this occasion was still the grandest, and while, "Bully" (we beg his pardon) Mister William Tuck's round figure seemed to have grown in dimensions, the black silk gown Harry had presented to his mother, rustled with a sort of pride so indescribable that it might have encased and surrounded a dowager. On this occasion Talky Slop entered upon an oration, meant to be a prose Epithalamium, or marriage hymn, but somehow soon drifted into the subject of the "rights of man." Jack Huggett had clearly improved more and more by his visit to the palatial edifice Messrs. Gin and Bitters had erected not far from Hemp Lane and Liquor Alley, for the delectation of the "looser fishes," the "gay" young men of Silktown. And this saddened Roland to the heart, wringing his soul with a pang of genuine grief, for Jack was such a "good fellar," with all his indolence and short-comings, that he was greatly liked : no one's enemy but his own. His aunt having died left him a handsome legacy, and Jack having done nothing, did nothing, all the more, *now*. He did not know, in fact, what to do, and so he muddled away his evenings and nights at Messrs. Gin & Bitters' gas-glaring establishment, and when there were no "harmonic meetings," listened to Talky Slop's stump oratory about the "rights of man," a subject so little understood that it has ever been popular, and the *less* it is comprehended the more popular it will remain. All with whom the reader is already acquainted with were present, and toasts were proposed, and the cordial unanimity with which Harry's health was drank, showed how sincere was their friendly love for him.

"Ah !" sighed Mrs. Fairlight, with a forced humility, "I must move off now, if 'twas my daughter 'twould be different, but as 'tis my son, why he's master—and so—a-h."

Harry laughed : Lucy, I beg her pardon, Mrs. Lucy Fairlight now, coloured and said, "nonsense."

"Well, well, we shall see," said the elder lady, smoothing her apron, picking up its corner to steal another proud pleased look at her new dress, and then resting her fading eyes with fondness on the two young faces which to-day look so happy—so happy ! and she prays in her inmost heart, "God bless them."

CHAPTER III. A LITTLE FARTHER PROGRESS :—WHITHER ?

WHILE Harry Fairlight is working still, after having won ; while Roland Detroit is still working and has not yet won ; while Bully Tuck sends his man out now for orders, and is as we have said, prospering ; there are yet one or two more to be noticed.

In Silktown, as an eminently thriving place, and largely growing town—for population by multiplication increases, despite of subtraction—in Silktown there was a new establishment about this latter period, conducted by the eminent firm of Messrs. Gin and Bitters. Mr. Gin has been a silk worker, Mr. Bitters a chemist and druggist. The latter art was most serviceable to him in his new business. Both were pushing men, clever men, men of the world, who knew what the world wanted, and by dint of strenuous endeavours, found out at last the way "how to do it."

A vast palatial palace built of very inferior brick, its cracks hidden by stucco, reared itself all at once, and Hemp Lane, Liquor Alley, for splendour, music, vivacity, and variety rivalled all that went on in Palace Street, Battle Square ; in short, the amusing Tyburnia, which always grows among the dead, and whose foundations are planted in dead men's bones in the midst of ruin, and the very heart of hell. This hall was opened with great and gushing splendour, with the accompaniment of blind and bearded harpers, on the first of March, and,

by consequence, the sons of St. David attended the initiation, and the success was undeniable. Those who attended at the success and helped it, were very mopeish, all-overish the next day, but Mr. Gin tapped his pocket, looked at the till, and Mr. Bitters winked knowingly, oh, so knowingly, you can't think.

From the first of March to the seventeenth is not long to run, is it! well the seventeenth is St. Patriok's day, and did'n't the broths of boys enjoy themselves. The whiskey, the poker, the tongs, the knife, the bludgeon, the fine art of pistol firing from behind a hedge, or by a street corner as its equivalent, the murderous amusements of these cheering savages, were, in a word, perfection. Messrs. Gin and Bitters continued to madden their customers, to destroy the tone of the stomach, and to attack the brain by means of Mr. Bitter's admirable "tonics," rubbed their hands, looked at the till, winked, felt virtuous, and the next Sunday each put a guinea into the collector's plate at church. Then came St. Andrew's day, and St. George's day, and club days, and no end of days, and Messrs. Gin and Bitters looked at the till, winked and applauded themselves. They had a fine large room, they called it the "Hall of Discussion," and much of that matter went on. At the head of these discussionary meetings was Talky Slop, head of the oratory of Silktown, and as a general rule, seconded by Jack Hugget, who generally acted as *vice*.

Talky with his long hair flowing, and leaning back in the elevated chair, the company of the evening not being yet assembled, was holding forth on his undying topic the "rights of man." He had a few listeners, who were taking their glass and smoking their pipes; one among them was Roland Detroit, who took neither. A second was Harry Fairlight, who had met the weaver on his way to the latter's house; and on a matter of especial business, Harry took *both*. But Harry had never been there before, and never meant to go there again, and as his old class-fellow was there, both entered into the conversation.

"The rights of man," etc., etc., continued Talky.

"My lad, you talk nonsense, the 'rights of man' are a mere nullity. It is only the old story of the 'wolf and the lamb,' the 'strong against the weak,' of the 'hawk and the sparrow,' the 'fox and the crane,' bah! it is an insoluble problem, and to my thinking has no existence."

"What?" cries Talky, running his hand through his long lank hair, and getting up his colour in a sallow condition than ever, "man has no rights then?"

"To *what*, for what?" asked Detroit drily.

"To live a free denizen in a free soil."

"Well," said Roland, adding a dry laugh, "if he has those rights, heaven knows I don't deny them, let him use them, let him live, who hinders him? not I."

"Ah—well—but," hesitated Talky.

"My dear lad, why have we unions, paupers' charnels, clemmed folk, poor souls found dead on the door-step, and when examined, *nothing found in their stomachs*."

"But the rights of man would alter this."

"Who is to remedy it? you needn't stare, if the poor starved wretch had nothing in his stomach, whose *right was it* to fill it?"

"Why, everybody's!"

"Then why doesn't everybody do it?" asked Detroit.

"I—ah! Harry," turning to Harry Fairlight, and Harry shaking his head, was responded to by the same sort of shake.

"Do you think" continued Roland, warming with his topic, "that because the Creator, the great All-Father, as our German brothers call him; do you think, that while the all-fruitful, the mighty Mother Nature follows the functions no words *can* give name to; do you think that the rights of man are

involved in your theory, which is as incoherent as it is absurd; can you out of this chaos get at the 'rights of man?'"

"They should be got at!" replied Talky Slop, sulkily.

"They ought to be," added Billy Pritchett, with the readiness of a barrister-at-law and briefless.

"I'm d——d if they shan't be."

These last words were added by one who had just entered the room, reeling, lurching, drunk in fact, and Roland Detroit opened his eyes wide in his dismay. It was Jack Huggett, his figure wasted by profligacy, for the "sin of great cities" had caught him, and debauchery had set its seal upon him. His face was pallid, yet bloated, his eyes red and fiery, and flashed and glittered and glistened with an unearthly glare.

"Ah, Jack," said Roland, in a kindly, soothing way, "sit down, and listen to this talk, and then give us your opinion."

"I'll give no opinion," hiccupped Jack, "but I'll sta-stand anything you like," and he flung a sovereign on the table. "There," he said, "what'll you take! give it a name."

"Nothing thank you Jack," returned Roland.

"No! and you, Harry, do you (hic.) say nothing too?"

"Yes Jack, I say nothing to night."

"Curse you, you've grown proud have you?"

"Come Jack, come," interposed Roland, "don't lose your temper, but make for home and to bed."

"To bed! who are you," etc., etc.

The drunken man had passed the bounds of argument and reason. A few more words of remonstrance, a gentle attempt to lead him to the door, and to lead him off, touched that terrible chord in the man's head which brought on paroxysms of mad and foaming passion.

It happened that Roland was standing by the door, and holding it open, as Harry with suppressed strength was drawing to the entrance, and at the moment the crisis of his delirium was come, he made a rush at Roland, struck him, caught hold of him, and both rolled down the steps into the street together. Roland lay stunned and bleeding till Harry and the others picked him up. Jack Huggett had already leaped to his feet, and with a wild yell, and the awful utterance peculiar to *delirium tremens*, darted off, and was lost in the windings of the streets and the gathering darkness; lost, only to be found the next morning, drowned in the waters of the canal. Roland Detroit was borne away to the nearest hospital, where for some days, owing to concussion of the brain, his life was despaired of.

CHAPTER IV. WHO WIN.

ROLAND Detroit's life hung upon a very precarious thread for days and weeks after he had received his severe and almost fatal hurt. The unhappy man, who now lay in his grave, and who had so seriously injured his benefactor, would had he known what he was about, have cut his hand off before he would have lifted it, save in the weaver's defence. Of him we have, therefore, no more to say. He is before another tribunal, and man's judgment goes for much more—often—than it is worth.

At the hospital where Roland was carried, skilful men, with kind and courageous hearts, cool brains, steady hands—the latter indispensable to the healer of human injuries—attended him assiduously, and he improved daily under their care. Of this class of men, let us speak a word or two. The bravest of the brave, the kindest of the kind, the representative humanist of aggregate humanity, you will see the hospital doctor or surgeon, in the midst of pestilence and fever, threading his way through sordid streets,

noisome alleys, loathsome courts, on his mission of mercy, in the full pursuance of the solemn lessons the "Son of Man" has taught us, and his reward is very small. Time, money, health, time for study, money for the expenses of education and initiation, health to dare and brave that which big-built co-wards dread to face, fever-wards, and the nameless horrors of such places as "Bethnal Green;" all of these they give, they expend, they risk; and there is not a class of men living on the face of the earth, to whom humanity owes more.

This is a slight digression, however, and we now return to Roland Detroit, who was recovering, through the care bestowed on him. It may be, that owing to his well-known and deeply respected character, more than ordinary care was paid. We return to him and close the last act of our little domestic drama, over which the curtain will speedily fall.

* * * * *

The sick man, who had gone through long weakening fits of illness, one day opened his eyes, as he lay on his humble bed, and looked about him. By degrees, the absent gaze became more concentrated, as he turned his eyes about the old familiar room. There was his loom, then his small library, then an ancient chair, a large old-fashioned carved press, a poor picture or two, other familiar objects, which he began to recognize little by little; and having completed this look as far as he could see about him, he lay back on his bed and began to think.

What did it mean, where had he been, what was going on for ever so long a time, for a sense of time that had elapsed, had struck him. He turned his head from side to side sadly, and murmured to himself—

"What is this? what does it mean. I cannot understand it. I—stop—Jack, Frank, Billy Pritchett, I can't make it out—no—no I can't—I can't—"

"Do not try yet."

The voice was very gentle, but he did not see the speaker; yet it was a woman's voice which uttered the words.

"Who spoke then?" asked Roland almost quickly. "I think I ought to know it—no—no—I only dream't—dream't—fancied—thought—" and he once more lay back upon his pillow. Fancy after thought, thought after fancy, were again welling up in his heart.

"Oh Alice, Alice, in this dreary hour, where, oh where art thou? that still heart and steadfast soul, where—" His appeal was very piteous. It would have moved a very indurate heart to have heard it. Yet to his own conviction, he was only dreaming, dreaming though awake.

Sweet as softest music, like a "bit" out of the *Messiah*, like the "droppings of a rain in June," replied a voice.

"I am here."

"Alice!" and he almost leaped out of his bed.

"I am here, Roland," she softly answered, "and I will never leave your side more, unless you—unless you—bid me go."

"Alice!" gasped the man. Upon his face looked two tender eyes, above his face bent one like to those beauties which look forth upon you from the canvasses of Correggio, of Murillo, of Raphael, of the daintiest ideal that the reader chooses to remind himself of; with a gentle, loving, infinitely tender look, did the fair, worn, anxious face, gaze down upon him, and its *love*, as though it could *speak*, was infinite, unfathomable, unspeakable!

"Yes, Roland, it is I, Alice! and I will be by your side for ever, if you will, until death part us."

The man covered his face, and gave utterance to a low cry.

"Oh my love, my dove, my darling," sobbed the weaver, as he caught her hand and kissed it over and over again, and she sat now by his bedside.

"Have I then *won* at last," he whispered.

"Yes, Roland, if you think *me* worth winning, you have won."

"Thank the gracious Father to whom I have prayed so long."

"Look! here are friends, here is the parson of the district, Roland, he has the licence to marry us here, *here*: I will wed you now, that I may have the right, as your wife, never to leave you more."

"Thank God! thank God!" sighed Roland, but with a sigh such as those who are saved from terror and death alone can give utterance to. "But there more," he said faintly, and then rose on his pillow, and looked more closely around him.

"Yes, here is your kind friend, Doctor Golding, here are Harry and his wife, here is Harry's mother, here Mr. Moore, the minister: and I am here."

The man put his two hands together; over his tremulous lips came a prayer so deep, so heart-felt, that all felt the *sense* though none heard the holy words.

"I am your bridesman, Roland," said Harry.

"And I," said Mr. Tuck, coming into the room at the moment, with a big hamper in his great strong hand, "I will give the bride away."

And so—and so—the good parish clergyman read the service, and Roland and Alice were man and wife.

"I have *won* after all, Harry, I have won, but what have I won?" asked Roland faintly, yet looking fondly at the loving woman whose hand he had not yet let go.

"A woman who is worthy to be an angel, but I hope she will wait."

"Wait!" Roland Detroit faintly smiled.

"Wait to see your joy complete."

"Aye, my grateful, kindly lad, but see me here, helpless."

"I have news for you, about the loom."

"What! from Nutt and Bolt?"

"Yes, exactly, that's what I'm wishing to talk to you about."

"Well, *waiting* brings *winning*; but tell me—tell me all," he eagerly cried out.

"They will give you a "royalty" for your patent, and hold you in their employment, in order that you should yourself superintend the new machinery they have such a number of orders for."

"But—but, I am so ill;" and his head fell on the pillow.

"Oh," said Harry, "they are willing to wait while your first loom for the new factory is being made."

"And, dear *husband*, I will nurse you," whispered Alice, and the word "husband," fell on his ear like the voice of a consoling angel, whispering to him from the skies above. He pressed her hand.

"And I," said Doctor Golding, "I'll *cure* you, or the deuce is in it."

"And I," added Harry Fairlight, as he took his old patron's hand "congratulate you, you have won as I have: look!" Roland looked, saw the sweet smiling face of Harry's wife, and smiled.

"And I," said Bully Tuck, (begging his pardon) Mr. William Tuck, "I have brought a round of beef for the wedding-dinner, there now—"

"Ah! thanks, after all, it is good to *work*—"

"It is good to *wait*, and to *win*."

"And so say all of us," put in the doctor cheerily.

THE END.

GENIUS AND HAPPINESS.—The most brilliant faculties of the human mind are not always those which are most requisite to our happiness.—*Simond*.

A Peep at Snowdon.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

THE tourist who should visit North Wales without mounting Snowdon, would be something like a traveller who should go into Egypt and not see the Pyramids. There may be numerous difficulties in connection with properly seeing both, but whoever would shirk them had very much better have stayed at home and been content with the mild exertion of reading M. Alphonse Karr's "Tour Round my Garden." Dr. Johnson said of the Giant's Causeway, that it was "worth seeing, but not worth going to see." The saying is a smart one as applied to all remote or difficult objects and places, but conceals a fallacy which is only excusable by reason of the tediousness of travelling in the good doctor's days, and his own charming chimney-corner habits. A moment's genuine gratification will make us smile at difficulties and distances, and weary hours are immediately forgotten when we have reached the point at which we had aimed, and achieved the success for which we had undertaken the struggle. Were this not so, and did not memory, with a sublime alchemic curativeness, preserve for us most vividly our joys and pleasures, most of the efforts we make in life would not be worth the trouble we take over them, and a chronology of the feelings which should, perhaps truly in some instances, give three hundred dull or indifferent days, and only sixty-five happy and auspicious ones in each mortal year, would very soon make human existence so vain and miserable as to verify the mystic definition given of it by Novalis, the German aphorist, when he called it "a disease of the spirit; an activity excited by passion."

Of all men in the universe, the tourist, be he cockney or provincial, has need of, and commonly exercises, the most patient cheerfulness and stubborn hope; an incident, or an accident, that would make him miserable for a whole day at home, does not ruffle his spirit for more than a moment when he is abroad, and this unwitting self-discipline is one of the greatest benefits derived from travelling. Bad roads, bad inns, bad food, and above all, bad weather, are elements in his experience that help to bring out the real nature of a man, and, more frequently than not, afford him matter for much pleasant raillery and nimble wit. My own experience in travelling is a limited one, I confess, but I do not think it is any exception to the general rule, and I am sure it is as anti-Johnsonian as it well can be. I have brushed through autumn corn-fields wet with early dew to see the sunrise from some jutting crag, have tramped many long long miles to get a glimpse of ivied ruin or bosky dell, and cheerfully confronted the pelting heavens to make my pilgrimage to some hallowed historic shrine; and have always found that the trouble, the discomfort, the actual physical torture in some cases, was nothing to the full fresh feelings evoked, and the transfusion of one's own self and time into other selves and times, that I experienced, and that memory has always befriended me by relaxing her hold of the less pleasing aspects and emotions, and keeping the brighter ones fresh, and pure, and lovely, as April violets in their banks of decaying leaves.

My Snowdon experiences, trivial enough as they may be, are precisely of this character, although the notes I give were made almost immediately after-

wards, and are as little tinged by this Indian summer of recollection as is possible under the circumstances. I was determined not to be robbed of my determination. I had gone into North Wales mainly with a view to see its Mountain Monarch with my own eyes, and climb its sacred top, and was not to be made miserable under false pretences by any such things as dull days, cloudy skies, and chilly winds. And yet I was weak enough to want a fine day for my glimpse, and patient enough to wait for one. Morning after morning did I see the group of mountains around the Welsh Parnassus, muffled up in clouds, like gigantic warriors, or fabled Titans, with their flowing drapery around them, and now and then, dark rain-clouds clung about them, rushed upon them, and broke around the neighbouring landscape into laughing chattering showers. The evenings were dull, dim, and uninviting. At length we could no longer be restrained, so we fixed our day. The watchman in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, who, night by night, for nine long weary years, had watched, "fixed as a dog," on Agamemnon's roof, for the flame which should announce the fall of Troy, was at length blessed by beholding it. One night he is watching, and says :

"Blaze, thou bright flame,
Herald of joy, blaze thro' the gloomy shades.—
And it does blaze.—Hail, thou auspicious flame,
That streaming through the night denouncest joy,
Welcom'd with many a festal dance in Argus!"

But we were certainly neither so illustrious as this ancient watcher on the house top, nor yet so fortunate. We wanted sunshine, but could not see it, and waited for a clear blue heaven, without being blessed by it. And yet we were assured, when our choice was made, that it would be a fine day; it would clear up about two o'clock, when we should near the top of the mountain, and there would be a fine view. But I have learned to distrust rosy-cheeked coachmen, whistling stable boys, fussy waiters, and portly-bodied weather prophets generally, in romantic districts, one of their main duties seeming to be that of infusing hope and courage into sallow dyspeptic travellers; in doing which, they often very naturally shoot beyond the mark, although kind enough to indicate by a knowing wink to a wise traveller who is *en rapport* how far their prophecies must be trusted. I am not quite certain about the winks in this particular case, for I believe I was myself bamboozled, but I think I caught several sly telegraphic expressions of the eyelids of the aforesaid functionaries, which are easily readable to me now, as I look back upon so many mixed but agreeable recollections.

But these moralizings by the way must cease, and I must come to close quarters. We, that is, some friends and myself, made our ascent from Llanberris, a pretty straggling village on the edge of one of the lakes bearing the same name, shut in on either side by abrupt and broken hills, and plentifully provided with hotel and inn accommodation for man and horse. And here I must caution anyone who may be tempted by what is hereafter to be jotted down to go and see things for himself, not to eat a hearty lunch just before ascending, however tempting the viands may be, and not to take in too much of the Burton ale which most visitors' books assure him is "sublime,"—which is a statement I can verify,—for he will find out his mistake in the general over-heating of his body and an uncomfortable sleepiness long before he is half-way up the mountain. Some of my companions were unwise enough to do so, and we had to leave them behind when we had got up about half-way. The ascent from Llanberris is a very pretty one; and as we wind up from the village through the small coppice on to the back of the ridge along which we must mount for many a furlong, all manner of visions of forest and mountain scenery crowd upon us, and seem to beckon us onward. As yet we cannot see much, and the road over the loose stones is

by no means inviting. The path of the ascent is very much in the form of an elbow, made by a very long lower and short upper arm. We left Llanberis at noon, and after an ascent of two hours and a half reached the summit of the hill. I should say we had some ladies with us, and that they do not walk so fast as men, and that we stayed frequently to drink in the beauties of valley and hill, gloom and gladness, greenness and grandeur, around us, so that the time spent on the way must not be taken as indicating precisely either the length or difficulty of the ascent, although both surprised me. Once on the top we were in the clouds, and faint murmurs of the voices of other tourists, ascending and descending, floated about us in the mist. There were few visitors about, and had it been fine we should have had a splendid uninterrupted view. For a moment it seemed as though we were going to be highly favoured: the clouds parted, rolled away on either side, and dissolved; the view was clearing, and our hearts beat high with expectation. Right ahead of us was the sea, and far away into Ireland our puny vision was extended. Clinging around some hills many feet below us and many miles beyond us, was a joyous rolling lot of clouds, barring our vision in that direction, and evidently making towards us; so that we had to make the most of our few minutes here, some 3,568 feet above the level of the sea, and glanced anxiously about us, conscious that our time was precious. Around us were dim and dark ravines, hillsides green with grass, blue with slate, purple with furze, red with washen clay, dotted with tiny sheep, and now and then flashed and flickering with delicious flakes of sunshine. Here and there we caught a glimpse of some deep-green lake in the dark shadow of some bold overhanging hill; but not more than half a dozen of the fifty lakes observable from the summit, on a fine day, could we see. Behind us, a flattened mass of rolling undulations, and woods, and fields, and blue undistinguishableness, was the heart of England, with not a city or a spire to be seen in that delicious haze of distance.

But whilst our backs had been turned the clouds had come. They whisked about the hill in a moment; they wet our beards (those who had any), they damped our clothes, nipped our noses, chilled our hands, and closed us up in wild and lonesome embraces. Rapt, we could not see; exultant, we could not rejoice; expectant and anxious, we were content to be patient, and patient to be content. We went into one of the stove-warmed huts, fixed upon the summit and belonging to the chief Llanberis hotels, and procured some refreshment and some thin bitter ale at one shilling a pint, and amused ourselves by examining the cards stuck upon the walls. Here an inscription "Spent the night here!" "Saw a magnificent sunrise!" "Did it in an hour!" and there a *carte de visite* of some more ambitious youth, who had no doubt done wonderful feats by his bold Byronic look.

The clouds did not clear away, and it was teeth-chattering work outside of the stove-warmed huts. And so sadly and sorrowfully, clothed as though we were facing an iceberg, we mounted our ladies, lighted our cigars, wrapped up our hands beneath our overcoats, and began to descend. We were now conscious how near we had come in making the ascent to the edge of a shingly slope, trodden only by the agile feet of the mountain sheep, down which a few steps away from the path would have hurled us to certain destruction. I would ground upon this a caution to the effect that whenever there is any cloud upon the mountain the ascent should never be attempted without a guide, unless it has been made several times before, and a certain amount of familiarity has been gained with some of the abrupt turns and sudden breaks in the even surface of the ground. We were at least half an hour before we got out of the cloud, and experienced a momentary relief, immediately we did so; we were warmer, and felt less weary and disappointed. And now began the most interesting portion of the journey.

We caught sweet glimpses of all those loving hiddennesses, that nature delights in, and tenderly discloses to her impassioned admirers. Here it was a deep sea-green pool where white-handed silver-footed nymphs might have disported, when Snowdon was the Mount Ida of Wales, and poetic deities lived ambrosial lives amongst its snows and clouds; and anon it was some sparkling quartz, some tiny bed of brilliant moss, wet and sparkling with dew, or some bubbling burn that leaped out like a living thing with some new-birth joy all its own. And now and then the mountain sheep came near us, and looked at us with mild and loving eyes, or spread themselves with instinctive art amongst the mossy herbage and jutting crags.

We were still winding our way back again over the loose stones, which one might easily fancy to be the bones of generations of passionate pilgrims, over the little rills that crept across the path and then hid themselves in mossy rushen plots, and over clean solid pieces of pathway, fringed by as verdant herbage as ever grew in midland pasture. Down in the valley to our left, across a skipping, foaming burn, that danced away down from the mountains with a poetry of its own, men and women were getting in their hay-harvest—it was about the middle of August—and looked like a small hive of bees in a bed of the most enchanting green. Beyond them, white cottages clung lovingly to the feet of bold giant hills, and broke their wild savagery into homeliness and life, as their joyous wreaths of blue wood-smoke curled away up the dappled mountain side, and brought its red, and blue, and gold, into the most exquisite contrast. The scene was overpowering. All was silent as midnight; and now and then, in this stillness of nature in which you could hear your own heart beat, and the stones you trod upon clinked with a mellow softness, and the white burn hummed out its heart of unheard melody, reminding you of Keats's line, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," there would come the hoarse echo of a blast from adjacent stone quarries, and the thick rumble of descending stones, stirring the dreamy repose of deep dells, and breaking into numberless reports along the mountain ridges. And then we came to ferns, and trees, and houses, and once more caught the busy hum of men. We soon came to the shore of the splendid lake, and reached our hotel. After tea we rode back to Carnarvon, bewitched, bewildered, and dreaming, in a drizzling mist that suited well my half-glad, half-sorrowful, and solitary mood.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.—Every actress who gains celebrity is tolerably sure of being courted and *flattered*, inundated with poems, complimentary letters, flowers, rich gifts. These things seem to be the inevitable consequences—I might say the *conventional accessories*—of her public position. But if her sorrows have taught her to distinguish tinsel from gold, these hollow evidences of mere popularity can afford little real, little internal satisfaction. If she have tasted of the tree of *knowledge of the world*, and been gifted with dearly-bought insight into realities, she knows that those who lavish these gifts and bestow these favours are oftener actuated by self-love than by love of her. They bow to the rising star because its effulgence is reflected back upon its votaries. This is a bitter lesson for prosperity to teach; but like other bitters, it possesses restorative virtues. It is the wholesome tonic that re-invigorates the spirit which flatteries debilitate.—*Anna Cora Mowatt.*

Address

WRITTEN BY JAMES CURTIS, PROV. C.S., BRIGHTON DISTRICT,
FOR DELIVERY AT A BENEFIT IN AID OF THE
SHEFFIELD DISTRICT WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND,

March 23rd, 1864.

To-NIGHT, whilst pleasure holds her genial sway,
We've met, each one, his sep'rate part to play,
We banish petty spleen;
We seek, by holding Nature's mirror up,
To please our friends, to quaff from pleasure's cup,
In this our mimic scene.

But yet, as gaily rolleth pleasure's ball,
A willing ear we lend to duty's call,
Pure charity our guide.
Ours is a duty—aye a pleasure too,
Each one doth strive his very best to do,
For this, our Order's pride.

To-night, kind friends, Odd-fellows greet you here,
They ask of you to dry the Widow's tear,
And soothe the Orphan's grief;
To aid to-night in cheering those who weep,
The child make sing, the Widow's heart make leap,
Whilst thus you bring relief.

In *Faith* we've launched this glorious barque of ours,
In *Hope* you'll aid us with your friendly pow'rs,
In *Charity* we ask:
In *Friendship* you have met us here to-night,
In *Love* of mankind you'll with us unite,
In *Truth* you'll aid our task.

Our Order's mottoes then we will uphold,
Faith, Hope, and Charity—for these we're bold,
We'll do what good we can:
Combin'd with these in *Friendship, Love, and Truth*,
We'll strive, each one, in age as well as youth,
To aid our fellow man.

Kind friends, your patience I'll no longer task,
Your kindly sympathy—'tis this we ask,
You'll yield your kindly aid:
And, bless'd with this, our Fund must meet success,
Whilst Orphans' tears will our poor efforts bless,
And we shall feel repaid.

The Home of Shakspeare.

FROM "PLEASANT SPOTS AND FAMOUS PLACES,

BY JNO. ALFRED LANGFORD.

WE are now at Stratford, and are gazing, hat in hand, on the house which a board informs us was the birth-place of the "Immortal Bard." We suppose every one must experience different feelings and sensations on his first visit to this house, the house in which was born England's most wonderful son. Ours were solemn indeed, as we crossed the threshold, and sat in a chair in the lower room of the poet's early home. Here, in reverential silence, we endeavoured to realize the fact that he—the world's richest inheritance, the universal poet, the man of all times and of all ages—had lived in this house, had sat in this wide old-fashioned chimney corner, had trod on these now much broken floor-stones, had entered at this lowly door, had sat side by side with "sweet Anne Hathaway;" had lived here, his mother's pride, his father's hope; that, after a foolish act of deer-stalking, he had quitted his native town, and sought his fortune in the great metropolis; and there been play actor, play writer, and, in the course of time, theatre proprietor; and, finally returned to his beloved Stratford, to wander once again along the banks of his sweetly-flowing river, where in lover-time he had rambled with the bride of his youth. Here, a well-to-do man, he had lived, and written some of his finest dramas; and here, dying, had left the world such a legacy as no other man before him had been richly enough endowed to do. All this we sought to realise seated here, but it was only an indistinct and obscure picture, for the imagination was too much excited to make up a clear and connected whole.

The family of the Shaksperes! Has the visitor to this spirit-haunted shrine ever sought to fill it with the beings who once made it a home. A Frenchman has endeavoured to "reconstruct" the old dwelling, and fill it with its old inmates. The young and enthusiastic François Victor Hugo, in the introduction to his translation of the two *Hamlets* has thus re-animated the past: and drawn the picture of a family gathering at the Shakspeare house in Stratford-on-Avon. The loving translator is quite familiar with the whole family. The poet is called by the diminutive of his Christian name; he sits at the fire-side and has a chat with "Will," knows the father John, and Gilbert, and Richard, and Edmund, his brothers; and Jane his sister, and Anne his wife. The whole household and its habits are familiar to this young Frenchman: and this is how, according to him, the author of *Hamlet* first heard the history which, in the course of time, was destined to be the groundwork of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, work of genius. The "Colporteur" has been paying remote Stratford a visit, and "Will," always eagerly seeking knowledge, has purchased a book; and, but we must now translate literally the rest of this curious picture of the Shakspeare household:—"The appearance of a new book would be an event in the house of Shakspeare, in the midst of this monotonous provincial existence, where emotions are so rare. The reading was announced beforehand: it

would take place at night: the family present: for during the day every one was employed, and Will helped in the shop. At night, then, all the family are assembled in the same room, before the same log, by the light of the same candle, for it is necessary to economise. All the seats were put into requisition, and placed as near as possible to the hearth, for the winter was severe, and it was already cold. Do you see them here, all the members of this august family, ranged in a circle round the dreary fire. On the right of the chimney, that grey-haired man, who is seated in the high chair, is the father of William, Master John Shakspeare, butcher, currier, glover, and wool-merchant of his time, formerly elected by his fellow-citizens bailiff of the good town of Stratford. In front, by him, on the left of the chimney, in the only arm-chair in the house, that respectable matron who knits is the mother of William, Mistress Shakspeare, whose maiden name was Mary Arden, and descends from a valet of King Henry VIII., if it please you. By her side, upon a low chair, that young woman who suckles a child, is William's wife, Miss Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter, of Shottery, a humble village in the neighbourhood. Near to her, on that stool, that very young man with lofty forehead, with aquiline nose, with sparkling eyes, that is he!—he,—the still unknown author of *Othello* and of *Macbeth*! He, the future prince of poets, William Shakspeare! Finally, on that bench which touches the father's chair, that youth of seventeen years, is Gilbert, William's younger brother. And where are the rest? Will has also a little sister and two little brothers. Where is Jane? where is Richard? where is Edmund? where are these children hidden? Ah, well! look with attention; you will find them under the same chimney, squatted in the two niches cut to the right and left of the fire-place. Thus the re-union is complete, the door is well shut, the window well closed. There is nothing to delay the beginning of the reading. The reading should be done in a low voice, and Gilbert is to read; for Gilbert has a great taste for declamation, and a great desire to be a player. The little ones are cautioned to be good, and not to make a noise. Gilbert takes the book that Will has just bought, it is a collection of tragical histories, translated from the French. Among these histories, all written by the famous chronicler, Belleforest, Gilbert has only to choose, he opens the volume at hazard, and reads with a solemn accent

'THE FIFTH HISTORY,

'With what stratagem Amleth, who was formerly king of Denmark, avenged the death of his father Hoswendilla, murdered by Fengora, his brother, and other occurrences of his history.'

Having, with the aid of the facile Frenchman, peopled the house once more, we ascended the stairs leading to the room in which it is said the poet was born. We were at first somewhat annoyed at seeing the sides and the ceiling covered over with the names of visitors. Thousands upon thousands have thus left a record of their visit to this world-honoured house. The first feeling at seeing these records was one of indignation, to think every piece of vulgar obscurity must obtrude his or her name before men's eyes in such a place! So far had our heat found vent, when it was checked by the thought that all these names, however humble, obscure, and unknown their owners might be, were but the indications of the power which genius still holds over the heart of the world, and how thoroughly the great power of his spirit, whose body once here has glorified this house for ever, had fermented, possessed, and influenced, the hearts of men. Thus these otherwise miserable scribbings became, in some sort, a measure of the wondrous fame of him to whose memory they are a silent tribute of love, esteem, and veneration. Not one of these names—names, some of them dear to the

world, and known to fame; most of them utterly obscure—but testifies to the universality of hero worship, and to the fact, that men will venerate what is truly venerable. Here, at the shrine of poetry, the pilgrims from the east and the west, from the north and the south; across the waters of the Atlantic; from all parts and all places, the obscurest hamlet and the most renowned capital; come and offer, by their mere presence, the highest homage of which their natures are capable, to the memory of him whose works Mr. Carlyle declares to be of more value to us and to the world than is our Eastern Empire. Thus these rude pencil-marks, these signs of the *oocœthes scribendi*, usually so disgusting, and generally to be deprecated, became in this instance, and in this place, testimonies to the extraordinary power of him who could throw around such a charm, as to make the house in which he was born a shrine for evermore. It is now unnecessary to record your visit on the wall, for a book has been provided for that purpose, and when we inserted our names therein, we had on the same morning been preceded by two of our far-away brethren from America, who had been making their pilgrimage to England's Mecca.

There is something much more annoying than writing names on the walls. The room which is honoured as the room of his birth, is turned into a shop for the sale of books and pictures relating to Shakspeare, and the places associated with his name. This is too bad. Why should money-getting be introduced even here. Imagine any one sitting in the room, and endeavouring to picture the childhood of the poet, perpetually assailed with, "This is a picture of the interior of the room, this of the house, this of the church in which he was buried, this of the Shottery, where Anne Hathaway lived; there are seven to the set, and sold at fourpence each, or half-a-crown the set." Yet this was what we had to endure while we were endeavouring to recal passages from the poet's works, which might be deemed to throw some light upon his early life, and give a living interest to the consecrated place in which we were standing. With such accompaniments this was all but impossible, and with a scarcely suppressed anathema on this abominable custom we left the room.

On leaving Stratford, we took a boat and rowed up the Avon, Warwick-wards. Far over its clear waters the graceful willows bent, kissing the sparkling stream as it flowed along. Large beds of fine and richly-fragrant water lilies spread their yellow blossoms, and the blue forget-me-nots, "the flowers for happy lovers," edged the banks with their fine adornment. Islands covered with withies and thick beds of rushes frequently broke the stream into two currents, where gurgling waters made sweet responses to the waving of the trees, which the mildest of breezes wakened into the sweetest melodies. Long after we had left the town, and were labouring at the somewhat arduous rowing, the windings of the river brought the fine spire of the church full in view, and, resting on the oars, we took another and another look at the glorious symbol of aspiration, ever pointing sky-wards, and thought of him whose honoured bones repose under its sanctifying and hallowed roof; and wondered if he who had written such solemn and fearful descriptions of death, now beheld the pilgrimages of men to his honoured birth-place and tomb. Happy in our day's wanderings, and feeling the poet's *benedicite* upon us, we left the Avon, gained the Warwick turnpike-road, refreshed at the "Windmill," and turned our faces homeward; which we reached with a remembrance that will never fade, with a sense of peace and joy that will never pass away. May all who make a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon be so rewarded!

Over the Atlantic, from the Mersey to the Mississippi.

BY W. AITKEN, P. PROV. G.M.

THE year 1842, and some of its preceding years, will long be remembered in commercial circles, in consequence of the great depression then existing in nearly every branch of the manufacturing industry of this country. The causes which led to this depression have long since passed away, through the wisdom of parliament, and there is not a sane man in the empire who would now, if he could, reverse the legislation that unfettered commerce and has quadrupled our industrial relations with all parts of the habitable globe. Men of intelligence, enterprise, and spirit, accustomed to habits of industry and forethought, do not like to sit "idly in the dust," and see no prospects before them but lack of labour and its consequents—lack of wages, lack of the comforts of life, plus nearly all "the ills that human flesh is heir to." The mind rusts, the body becomes enfeebled, bitter thoughts against the arrangements of society are engendered, and disconsolation takes the seat of content and honest industry.

I may not, in these pages, tell the whole reasons that induced me, in company with two faithful friends, Messrs. Ratcliffe and Taylor, to visit the Western Hemisphere. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" we did agree to go and land in the crescent city of the distant and sunny south—New Orleans, now torn in pieces by intestine divisions and civil commotions. Parting with friends, with home, with country—"it may be for years, or it may be for ever"—are sadder things than those imagine who have never gone through the ordeal. His must be a callous heart who can leave the land of his birth, where generous friendships have arisen, never to be forgotten but in death, without heaving a bitter sigh. Cold and almost inanimate must be the frame that can think of leaving loved ones, dearer than life itself, graves where cherished hopes lie buried, scenes of triumph, pleasure, innocence, and revelry, and all the beautiful sensations of a noble mind, without shedding salt and scorching tears.

"If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel's raptures swell,
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
But doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

So sang the northern magician, Sir Walter Scott, and so will every patriotic soul sing, while generous sentiments sway the human heart and mind.

With this introduction, myself and two friends aforesaid find ourselves on board the good ship Ebenpreble, commanded by a Yankee captain and manned by a Yankee crew. Our good ship was 1,100 tons burthen, and was bound to the city of New Orleans, to bring home that which we in Lancashire now so very much need, viz., that wonderful and richest of

plants—cotton. Saturday, at noon, the 24th September, '42, as the calendar and my log tells us, was the day that all were ready to start on our voyage. We hauled out of dock, got into the river Mersey, took steam tug (or steam tug took us) and pilot, and away we went. The day was beautifully fine; not a cloud obscured the blue ether; and a favouring breeze helped us on our westward passage.

There were on board, the captain, two mates, fourteen men before the mast, cook, steward, and sixty-five steerage passengers, most of them Scotch—clean, tidy, intelligent people, and what are called the better kind of emigrants. I will not relate the particulars here of the tremendous conflagration that was raging in Liverpool when we left. It will be remembered by those who were interested as one of the greatest that ever took place in that town, both in the destruction of property and the lamentable loss of life. Our first incident on the voyage was of a young Scotchman, who had gone on shore, afraid of being arrested, because there was a bairn left behind him of which he was the putative father. He engaged a small boat to bring him to his friends on board our ship, and the oarsmen modestly charged three pounds for their labour. Remonstrance was vain; they would not let him leave the boat an inch till the money was paid. The old woman, his mother, paid the money. He came on board; and if they did not get a Scotch blessing it is a wonder, at which the two old salts laughed heartily, pocketed the three sovereigns, tapped their pockets when the cash was securely in, raised a regular hearty sailors' laugh, flung a well-chewed cud "slap" into rolling Mersey, and then rowed triumphantly back to shore, with the money as easily and as soon won as ever thimble rigger or card sharper cheated his dupes.

The docks of Liverpool and the Welsh coast are known to most of the readers of this magazine, and need no description here. Long before sunset we were out of sight of land, and a large number of the passengers were troubled with that which makes sea and ocean travelling so unpleasant—sea sickness; but my friend Ratcliffe and I ailed nothing save that sickness for home which has been faintly pourtrayed before. We therefore paced the deck, discussed the certain past, and boded over the dark and hidden future. As evening advanced, our watch being still "above deck," the moon rose slowly as it were out of the very verge of the deep, and peeped through a dark cloud, when suddenly the cloud disappeared, and Luna, empress of the night, rolled above us with a splendour worthy of her ancient name and solitary reign. The waves were nicely curled by the night breeze; our vessel danced lightly over the waves; the sails were fully expanded; and we were in what is known at sea as the night watch. It is a pleasant time for contemplative minds. With a boundless ocean beneath you, and a far greater expanse above, where "there are stars without number and space without bounds," here is scope for the human mind; and though you may be versed in Newton's Principia, and the more extended knowledge that we have in our day as compared with his, yet is the mind lost in the ever unfolding facts and visions of philosophy, and admits, when suspended 'twixt water and sky, the small amount of knowledge we possess compared with that we should know could we unravel the whole mysteries of nature and the illimitable microcosm of which we are comparatively but an insignificant atom. "But," as Burns says in his "Tam O Shanter,"

"Here my muse her wing must court,
Such flights are far beyond her power."

Night brings alike to seamen and to landmen the wish to repose; and however hard our fate on either element, it is always a blessing to have a bed whereon to lie. To our bed we went, and slept as soundly as we ever

did; and on awakening it was broad daylight, and our first Sabbath-day was spent at sea on the 25th September.

To the surprise of us all, another passenger turned up, a boy, about fourteen years of age, who had stowed himself away amongst the salt; and very sheepish and downcast he looked. He was taken to the captain, who was pacing the quarter-deck, to explain his reasons for doing what he had done. His statement was like that of many poor boys: his father had turned him out, and he resolved to go to sea. The captain took kindly to him; ordered him to be set to work, and he became one of the crew in about the same time it has taken me to write it.

There is a pleasant phenomenon out at sea on a dark night. Looking over the bulwarks as the vessel cleaves her way through the waves around her, on the top of the foam dashed from her prows, innumerable sparks of light glide past and hang in your lea high on the receding billows, like so many fairy lamps. The passengers and I were discussing the causes of these tiny sea lamps of Neptune and the fishes when the captain joined in the discussion, which ended in the commencement of a friendship between him and me which continued through the whole voyage. Whether the aforesaid lights be caused by electricity, or the phosphorescence of the ocean, I leave to the members of the British Association to solve when they meet in Bath next year, or for some reader of this paper to settle to the satisfaction of all enquiring minds.

Under favourable circumstances there is a great sameness in a voyage over the Atlantic, and days pass with the same dull routine. I shall not, therefore, give every day's proceedings in this log, but pourtray life at sea as it passed before us, without regard to dates. A flock of porpoises (if I may use such a term) coming rolling and gambolling through the ocean towards you, and cutting as many antics in front of the vessel as she dashes proudly on, is an interesting sight. This occurs often, and no acrobat can surpass them in the agility of their movements. The month of September is a time when we know that the swallow leaves our shores; and when we had been four days out, we saw many skimming their way with a strength of pinion and of instinct that was almost enviable. Well, indeed, might the poetic mind of Mrs. Hemans dwell on the migrations of birds; and well might she sing, in undying verse—

"Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
Ye come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile."

We cannot but admire that unerring instinct which leads them over oceans, seas, mountains, woods, rivers, hills, forests, and deserts, to a destination at which they aim as certain and as sure as he who is guided by sextant, chart, quadrant, and compass.

Our fellow-passengers had hitherto been rather distant, with sickness and their new mode of life, and my friends and I thought it was time to have a social gathering and scrape a nearer acquaintance with each other. The 29th September being the birthday of a passenger's child, called Wallace, we resolved to pledge his health in a bumper. When the ebon curtains of night were flung, by the absence of sun, moon, and stars, around us, not even a lone sentinel star peeped through the universal blackness, and the passengers were tired of pacing the deck, we invited all on our side the vessel to a concert and birthday rejoicing at sea. We lighted our candles, brought out our best Scotch whiekey and cognac, made it as palatable as it could have been done on land, handed it round, pledged the namesake of the hero of Scotland in a bumper, the teetotalers drinking to his long life and happiness in

a cup of cold water. Songs and recitations were numerous, both from male and female. Thus commenced a series of entertainments, which were regularly kept up (weather permitting) till we arrived at the mouth of the mighty Mississippi. A more merry night we all admitted we had never spent. Our cares for the while were forgotten; we knew each other better, and our acquaintanceship ripened into friendship; and those happy hours will be obliterated only when we have ceased to think: so truly did Keats say, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Each day sent us farther south, and when we had been out a week we were becalmed. It was, indeed, a great relief for those who had been seasick, as they crept out of their berths and paced the deck as lively as "jolly sailors" do, and enjoyed life again for a season. Draughts and cards were the principal amusements in the day time. Although I had plenty of books with me, strange as it may appear, I had no inclination for reading; and the same was felt by others who were fond of books. We had on board a Prussian and his wife, and they had with them two of what we call in Lancashire "chair backs," or those instruments out of which music is ground so unmercifully, and of which such sad complaints are made in the aristocratic parts of London. The passengers agreed to raise a subscription for the music so hated in the metropolis. The "hurdy gurdies" were brought out, and those who could joined in the dance, the captain leading off on his quarter-deck with a Scotch lass from Ayr—

"Than whom nae town surpasses"
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

Whether old father Neptune joined in the dance or enjoyed the music this deponent knoweth not; but one thing is certain, that all there seemed as happy and as well pleased as if they had been in a drawing-room. Here was another source of amusement for the passengers; to our concerts we added balls. And when weather permitted, what with concerts, balls, and other amusements, the time passed pleasantly and rapidly enough. The singing and reciting had fallen principally upon a few, and we had one wanderer from the Green Isle who promised to sing, after much pressing, but he could not muster courage to commence. Entreaty was used, but still he refused; when it was resolved if he would not sing he should be put to bed. He was accordingly seized by four of the fair sex, dragged off, and tumbled into his berth, amidst the universal merriment of the jovial crew of the Ebenpreble.

Calms are anything but agreeable to sailors, or indeed to passengers either—except the relief from sickness, which is a great one—because they are making no progress towards their journey's end. The captain walks about the quarter-deck quite uncomfortably—looks up at the sails now and then flapping idly against the masts—looks over the rail and whistles for a wind, which will not come till its own due season; but when it does come, he has an eye to the sails, to keep "all full," to fetch up lost time. Our time had thus far passed pleasantly enough; but when we had been three weeks out at sea, we got a fair taste of a storm. The wind roared amid the rigging. We dashed over the waves under double-reefed top-sails. The sea dashed over the vessel's bows and sides, and those who thought proper to step on deck paid the penalty of a drenching to the skin. The stormy petrel hovered round us, seeming to revel in the disturbance of the elements; and the sailors seemed far more in their element than in a calm. No set of men go to work more willingly than sailors. In a storm, whatever the captain orders is done willingly; and to see them high upon the yard, the vessel rocking tumultuously to and fro, while they reef all sail, is a sight in store for those who have never seen it. When this is done, and the ship is, as they call it,

"all snug," I have heard them, after turning their quids in their mouths, placing their hands on their hips, and looking upwards, exclaim, with an oath, "Blow away, you ——." After one of these storms, it is some time before old ocean settles down to anything like a decent quietness, and its long heavy roll is anything but agreeable.

In a week after this we had delightful weather; and, getting into the "trade winds," as the captain said, we sailed along gloriously. The ocean of a deep indigo colour, and the heavens above the same, with the sun hotter than we had felt it any time during the past summer, told us we were getting into more southern latitudes, and were fast approaching the sunny south. On the 23rd October we had a delightful set of visitors in the shape of a shoal of dolphins which hovered round us. The calm of the ocean gave us an excellent opportunity of seeing them. Far down in the deep and near the surface did these beautiful fish swim around us, amongst their various colours, green and gold predominating. The captain baited a hook with some pork, flung it out amongst them, and was successful in catching one, which weighed about eight pounds. They continued with us the greater part of the day, then took their departure to wherever instinct might lead them. The following day we were completely becalmed; not a breath of wind; the ocean was as still as a lake. The fierce rays of the sun beat down upon it, and it shone like an immense mirror. Three of the sailors dashed in to bathe, and, being fond of the watery element, I resolved also to have a swim in mid-ocean. Three ropes were placed along the vessel's sides to climb up by when we felt disposed to return on board. While we were enjoying ourselves, far out from the vessel, some of the passengers very foolishly raised a cry of "A shark! a shark!" which made us, if not take to our heels, at least to our swimming. I reached the vessel first, but could not climb its sides, while the sailors laid hold of the rope one after another, and were on deck in about the same time it has taken me to tell it. My friend Ratcliffe got a ladder, tied a rope to it, and thus dragged me out of the ocean. Had there been a shark he might have made a meal of me, for I could no more climb the vessel's side by that rope, than I could have dragged the vessel through the waves. Luckily for me there was none. After all it was a most foolish thing to bathe in those latitudes, as they are notoriously infested with the white shark, the largest and most dangerous of the genus. It was but a few hundred miles from the same spot, where Captain Sir Brook Watson was bathing, and when being helped into the boat by his sailors, had his leg bitten off by one of these hated monsters of the deep. There is a fine picture of this in Christ's Hospital, London. Whatever has been or may be my lot hereafter, I am glad it was not to be minced by a shark. The morning after this adventure we saw a rainbow, when the sailors exclaimed:—

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the sailors' warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the sailors' delight."

The former they say is a sure sign of rough weather, the latter of fine. However that may be, it is certain a squall arose soon afterwards. Far off on the verge of the ocean appears a dark cloud and mist, it comes gradually along over the surface of the deep, altering in its course the colour of the water from blue to dark green. A few drops of rain are felt at first, and then a shower. The experienced eye of the mariner can tell whether it is likely to be a severe one or not; if likely to be troublesome, as they come so suddenly, you will then see the alacrity with which sailors go to work, and your ears will be greeted with, "Haul in that sky-sail and top-royal-studding-sail; reef your main and fore-sail, etc. — Your eyes, what are you about? Your fingers

are all thumbs. Pull away at your haul yards, mind that clue line," etc., etc. They haul away; while one sings out with a tune to it "Pull away, there's fire down below," to which the others join chorus. The roaring of the wind, through the cordage, the pattering of rain, the dash and splash of the waves breaking against the vessel's side, the creaking timbers as she bends before the gale; imagine all these and you have an idea of an Atlantic squall. This, like all other things, except time, comes to an end, and calm succeeds the storm.

As we travel into more southern latitudes, the sun-sets are most gorgeous. No wonder that our landscape painters love visits to sunny Italy, for the purpose of placing upon canvas those rich, golden, and various tints which can never be seen in our latitudes. To watch the sun set off the West Indies, as we approached our destination, was certainly a sight worth seeing. And after the heat of a sultry day, to watch at night the lightning flash athwart the sky, in such vivid streaks as are never seen here, arouses the mind to a contemplation of the beautiful, sublime, the awful, and the grand. The mind is, doubtless, more impressed with the sublimity of thunder, lightning, and storms at sea than it can possibly be on land; everything around you in nature is immensity; and as you sweep on like a bird through the surrounding waters, the sublime apostrophe of one of our great poets, that wonderful and wayward child of nature, Byron, recurs to the mind:—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's rage save his own,
When for a moment like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

We were now threading our way through the West India Islands, and fast approaching the coast of Florida, after being at sea five weeks. We sailed nearly a whole day within sight of the coast of Florida, which was at this time the seat of war between the government at Washington and the native tribes of Indians. The government of the white man wanted the lands of the red man; and had stipulated with the chiefs of the latter, to find them other hunting grounds west of the Mississippi. The agreement not being carried out to the satisfaction of the Indians, a long and sanguinary war took place between the natives, which ended at last in the removal of the Indians; and Florida or the Flowery land, as its name imports, is now one of the States of the Southern Confederacy. A beautiful description of this unholy war, between the Indian tribes of Florida and the United States Government, has been written by Captain Mayne Reid, which appeared in successive numbers of Chambers's Journal, in the year 1858, and is well worthy the perusal of every enlightened mind.

On Sunday, the 30th Oct., being now in the great Gulf of Mexico, we were at length really overtaken by a shark. He followed in our lee for a considerable time, his dorsal fin just visible above the water, and all hands on board were anxious to catch this tiger of the ocean. Sailors, as well they may, have a terrible antipathy to the shark, and never miss an opportunity of catching him if possible. Our captain baited a large hook with about four pounds of salt pork, and at the end of a thick rope plunged it into the sea, first making it so secure, that Jack Shark should not sail away with pork, hook, and line. Every expedient was tried to invite him to dine, but he steadfastly refused, and after following us a long distance, he left us, as we supposed, in pursuit of nobler prey, or at least something more to his taste.

Again we had a calm ; which, with the strong current so well known to navigators, that always exists in the gulf stream, against us, sent us backwards instead of forwards. For thirty-two hours the ship lay like a huge log on the bosom of the ocean. Again was the wind whistled for, but in vain. Anxiously did we wish the winds unfettered to waft us onward. The only things that broke the monotony, were four huge grampusea, that rolled about in their watery element, making nearly as much noise as a locomotive engine when the steam is blown off. We enjoyed the rolling of these noisy visitors for some time, as they came close under and in front of our vessel's bows ; and had the harpoon been in readiness, no doubt, with a steady aim, one of them might have been brought on board the Ebenpreble. On the night of Wednesday, the 2nd Nov., we saw to perfection that beautiful phenomenon the phosphorescence of the ocean. The Gulf of Mexico, all around us at night, seemed beautifully lighted up with this phosphorescence, and fish, swimming just in front of the vessel and at the surface of the water, often showed a train of light of singular beauty. Mother nature is certainly a wonderful old dame. When we reflect on the causes of this phosphorescent light, and the mind wanders from the Atlantic to the thousand isles that stud the south and north western Pacific, made and built up from the lowest depths of the ocean to its surface, by untold and unaccountable myriads of coral insects, we again feel how small are all man's powers, compared with the mighty, the grand, and universal Omnipotence.

Our captain informed me that we were fast approaching the great father of rivers. The wind now blew strongly, and on Friday and the whole of the night we were wafted along at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour. The wind whistled among the cordage, the timbers creaked, the waves rolled magnificently high, and our noble vessel seemed a thing instinct with life. Strange as it may appear, when you have been at sea a length of time, rolling over the deep like this is far more pleasant and enjoyable than the dull monotony of a calm. After a sleepless night, in consequence of the tumult around us, about seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 5th of Nov., the welcome cry of land was raised, and we all went on deck to see the shore we had been six weeks journeying towards. D. Moore, the poet, has put into the mouth of Columbus, on his first discovering America, but it was impossible for us to feel as that great man felt, language I cannot help but quote:—

"God of my sires ! o'er ocean's brim,
Yon beauteous land appears at last.
Raise comrades ! raise your holiest hymn,
For now our toils are past.
See, o'er the bosom of the deep,
She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she long'd to leap
From dark oblivion's arms.

* * *
But I, 'mid empires prostrate huri'd,
'Mid all the glories time has rent,
Will raise no column but a world
To stand my monument."

A pilot on the look out for vessels, came gaily over the waves towards us, and after coming on board, took command of the vessel, and steered us towards the north-east passage of the great Mississippi. You have now, reader, crossed the Atlantic with me without sea-sickness, or any of the pleasures of the journey ; and if ever you encounter an ocean voyage, may it be as satisfactory as mine was from Liverpool to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Birkenhead.*

Few localities testify to the marvellous increase in the material prosperity of the "manufacturing districts" of the north-west of England, during the present century, more emphatically than Birkenhead, the newly-created borough, selected as the *locale* of the forthcoming Annual Moveable Committee of our Order. But a very few years ago, there existed scarcely fifty dwellings between Bidston Hill and the Mersey; at the present time it contains a population of nearly 50,000 souls. It appears, that little more than thirty years ago, the celebrated engineer, Telford, when surveying the district, remarked that, in his opinion, Liverpool was built on the wrong side of the Mersey. Other scientific men recognised the great natural advantages of the locality, and, as the rapidly-increasing trade in the Mersey demanded further accommodation, the Birkenhead docks and the great floats at Wallasey Pool were constructed. At the outset, such was the confidence in the future prosperity of the town, that streets of houses and shops covered the ground with extraordinary rapidity. Then came a period of depression from over-speculation, which, however, having passed away, has not prevented the gradual growth of the place on a more healthy and permanent foundation.

There yet may be seen considerable remains of the ancient religious house, denominated the Birkenhead Priory, although some portions appear to be rapidly decaying. The priory was founded in 1153, and was well endowed. Edward I. granted the first charter, by which the Benedictine Monks were permitted to erect houses for the accommodation of travellers crossing the Mersey. The exclusive right of toll of this now valuable ferry was vested in the prior.

Birkenhead is locally governed by a body termed "commissioners," consisting of twenty-one gentlemen, who are elected every three years. Under their auspices the town and port have gradually assumed their present proportions. It is well provided with churches, chapels, hospitals, schools, hotels, market accommodation, and public rooms; and it possesses a theatre, a free library, a suburban cemetery, and a public park. The latter, which was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, is considered to be one of the best laid out, of its class, in the kingdom. The streets are regular in form, well paved, and some of them exhibit more than the average architectural beauty of modern commercial towns.

The chief attraction to the visitor, however, is the docks. The act for the enclosure of Wallasey Pool was obtained in 1844. The works were not brought to their present condition without considerable opposition and difficulty. Some of the more sanguine inhabitants confidently express an opinion that Birkenhead is destined to eclipse, both in size and importance, its parent, Liverpool, of which place, indeed, it may be considered an extension. The total water area of the Liverpool docks is 235 acres and 4,274 yards; that of Birkenhead, 159 acres and 1,425 yards. The Liverpool quays cover 16 acres and 1,732 yards; those at Birkenhead, 7 acres and 1,530 yards. Mr. Hinton says:—"On the Birkenhead side, hundreds of acres of land could be adapted

* We are indebted for the chief facts in this notice, to a "Guide to Birkenhead," etc., by Richard Hinton.

for dock convenience, when in Liverpool there is not a single acre which could be appropriated without building them on the open sea shore."

The following places of interest are situated within short distances from Birkenhead:—Seacombe, Rock Ferry, Egremont, Liscard, New Brighton, Bidston, Leasowe, and Hoylake. Near the latter place and Meols, several antiquities, identifying the locality with a former seaport from the period of the Roman occupation till the rise of Liverpool, have recently been discovered. It is believed, on good authority, that an arm of the estuary of the Mersey originally passed through Wallasey Pool into the sea at Leasowe, at which time the present entrance was much shallower, and therefore, not adapted to the requirements of vessels of even moderate tonnage, according to modern ideas of shipping.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

SAVINGS BANK DEFAULTER.—James Woodward, the actuary of the Savings Bank at Neston, in Cheshire, was charged, on the 11th January, with fraudulently appropriating the funds of the bank to the extent of £3,000. Woodward has held the position of actuary to the bank since 1825, and his frauds have, it is said, been carried on for upwards of twenty years. He was committed to the Chester assizes for trial.

METROPOLITAN BENEFIT SOCIETIES ASYLUM.—The usual annual dinner was given to the inmates of this institution, Ballspond road, on Monday, January 4th. A pleasant meeting took place, many subscribers attended, and the committee provided liberally for the aged people. P.G.M. Stephens, of the Manchester Unity, occupied the chair; and D.S.C. R. Knowles, of the Foresters, the vice-chair. A course of ten lectures has been arranged for the winter quarter, to entertain the inmates and neighbouring residents. These will be given in the chapel of the asylum every Wednesday evening.

ILLEGAL ALTERATIONS OF RULES.—Considerable excitement has prevailed for some time in the Salopian Lodge, M.U., Shrewsbury, in consequence of an alleged informality in the transmission of laws for certification by Mr. Pratt. The final hearing of the case came off in January last, at the County Court. For plaintiff, it was stated that he was appointed, with others, to examine and sign the rules, if correct, as passed by the Revising Committee, which he did on the 16th February, 1863. They were then transmitted to Mr. T. Pratt, who returned them to defendant, requesting certain alterations, reducing the sick gift 1s. per week, which alterations should have had the sanction of the society before they were returned to the Registrar. The plaintiff objected to sign the altered copies, requesting the defendant to postpone sending them until confirmed by the lodge, pursuant to the 18th and 19th of Vict., cap. 63, sec. 27. On behalf of defendant, it was contended that the lodge did confirm them on the 23rd of March, 1863; and that plaintiff did not state any reason for not signing them, and that defendant then got another member's signature. Witnesses were called to prove, that the lodge did not give authority to defendant to alter rule 39, or to send the altered copies to Mr. Tidd Pratt. On those grounds the Registrar, Mr. Peele, recommended the court to set aside the rules certified by Mr. Tidd Pratt, on the 30th day of March, 1863. His Honour coincided.—Order made accordingly.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS AND INSTITUTES.—The Home Secretary has consented, in consequence of an application from the council of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, to authorise the enrolment of these useful associations under the provisions of the Friendly Societies Act, whereby they will acquire the privilege of appointing trustees without the expense of a trust-deed, and all those powers necessary to the protection of their property, of which, without such enrolment, they are destitute.

COMPANIES WINDING UP.—The *Economist* in January last, gives the following list of companies winding up in the Court of Chancery:—Agriculturist, Amazon, Athenæum Life, Birkbeck, British Exchequer, British Provident, Carton, Commercial and General, English and Irish Church, Era, General Commission, General Indemnity, General Live Stock, Herald, Home Counties, Hull and London Fire, Hull and London Life, Independent, Justice, Lancashire Guarantee, Life Assurance Treasury, Liverpool Marine, London and County Cattle, London and County Life, London and Mercantile Life, London and Westminster Mercantile Guarantee, Merchant Traders, Mitre, National Insurance, National Alliance, Nelson Sea Voyagers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne Marine, Oak, Observer, Parental, Port of London, Phoenix Life, Professional, Protestant, Public, Saxon Sea Fire and Life, Security, Solvency Mutual State Fire, Times Fire, Tontine, Universal Provident, Waterloo, York and London.

IMPORTANT TO TRADES SOCIETIES.—Recently a man named William Wood, late treasurer of the Bolton Branch of the United Operative Spindle and Fly Makers' Society, was brought before the magistrates of that borough, charged with being in possession of £70, the funds of the society, and which he had detained and appropriated to his own use. Mr. Hall, solicitor, who appeared for the defence, raised several legal objections. He relied mainly upon the 11th section of the act under which the information was laid, which enacts "that such complaint shall be made and such information shall be laid within six calendar months from the time when the matter of such complaint or information respectively arose. The magistrates having heard the whole of the arguments, reserved their decision, and on March 5th the bench announced that the objection taken by Mr. Hall under the 11th section of 11 and 12 Vict. c. 43, was fatal. They had obtained counsel's opinion on the point, and the case would therefore be dismissed. In July last the defendant was charged with detaining and withholding a cash book belonging to the society, and at that time an order was made for him to give up the book, and also pay a penalty of £2 and costs, and, in consequence of his non-compliance, he was committed to prison for three months.

SAVINGS BANKS ANNUITIES.—The annuities for which the savings banks of England had become responsible, November 20, 1862, had assumed the following aggregate proportions:—Bedfordshire, £873 0s. 6d.; Berkshire, £2,364 15s.; Buckinghamshire, £514 8s. 6d.; Cambridgeshire, *nil*; Cheshire, £1,012; Cornwall, £4,968 19s. 6d.; Cumberland, £4,340 0s. 6d.; Derbyshire, *nil*; Devonshire, £24,788 8s. 6d.; Dorsetshire, £1,127 4s. 6d.; Durham, £50; Essex, £2,088 16s. 6d.; Gloucestershire, £4,073 9s. 6d.; Herefordshire, £2,008 10s.; Hertfordshire, *nil*; Huntingdonshire, *nil*; Kent, £3,559 12s.; Lancashire, £13,349 14s.; Leicestershire, *nil*; Lincolnshire, £1,785 14s.; Middlesex, £86,060 14s. 6d.; Monmouthshire, £148; Norfolk, £313; Northamptonshire, £35; Northumberland, £177; Nottinghamshire, £693; Oxfordshire, £508; Shropshire, £587; Somersetshire, £9,243 4s. 6d.; Southampton, £2,490 16s. 6d.; Staffordshire, £633 12s.; Suffolk, £381; Surrey, £1,468 5s. 6d.; Sussex, £1,807 12s.; Warwickshire, £1,531 14s.; Westmorland, *nil*; Wiltshire, £1,711 12s.; Worcestershire, £317; the East Riding of Yorkshire, £886 1s.; the North Riding of Yorkshire, £140; and the West Riding of Yorkshire, £1,392 4s. It is curious to observe with how much greater

favour these annuities have been received in some parts of the country than in others.

SAVINGS BANKS RETURN.—The following return shows the amounts received from, and paid to, Savings Banks and Post Office Savings Banks, in the United Kingdom, by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, during the four weeks ending February 27, 1864 :—

	Total Amount received by the Commissioners.	Total Amount paid by the Commissioners.
SAVINGS BANKS.		
In money and interest credited	£ s. d. 67,600 11 5	£ s. d. 152,146 14 3
To transfer certificates from Post Office Savings Banks to Savings Banks	66 4 0
By transfer certificates from Savings Banks to Post Office Savings Banks	86,263 3 1
TOTAL	67,666 15 5	240,409 17 4
POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.		
In money and interest credited	171,550 0 0
To transfer certificates from Savings Banks to Post Office Savings Banks	88,263 3 1
By transfer certificates from Post Office Savings Banks to Savings Banks	66 4 0
Gross total	259,813 3 1	66 4 0

Total amounts on February 27, 1864, at the credit of :—

The fund for the Banks for Savings	£39,769,950 8 3
The Post Office Savings Banks fund	3,932,511 11 8

Total 43,702,461 19 11

Ditto—By last monthly account 43,615,458 2 9

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.—Lord Lyttelton, one of the vice-presidents of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, writes to advocate the extension of these institutions. He says :—Especially in towns, there are vast numbers of cases, both of young men and of married men, who have no means of enjoying lawful recreation and refreshment, and the society of their equals, but in public houses, which, originally intended for "licensed victualling," to supply the public with meals and refreshment, or to provide entertainment for travellers, have become, in many instances, mere tippling houses, and, in any case, ought not to be the working men's sole resource for meeting his comrades, whether for social intercourse and amusement, or for business purposes connected with friendly societies and the like. With regard to the extension of the system, it may be enough to say that the applications to the council for advice and aid in establishing clubs, from persons of every class in the country, average between 30 and 40 a week; that in little more than a twelve-month, during which the union has been in active operation, more than 40 clubs have been actually established under its auspices, and as many more are now in process of formation. The secretary has attended, by request, more than a hundred meetings in various places in the same time. It is undoubtedly difficult to add, for any purpose, a new society to the vast number already existing in this country. This union, however, could be made permanently efficient by the possession of an income, moderate when compared with many others, though far beyond what it has at present. We entirely

admit that, when once established, these clubs should be self-supporting as regards their current expenditure. But their expenditure is one thing—the outfit, so to speak—the cost of setting a club on foot is another. Current expenditure is made up of small sums which are within the reach of working men of provident habits; the first cost requires a block sum, which, though not large, is just what the working class cannot command. To aid them in doing so, and to supplement the local aid which may be given towards that end (when such local aid is forthcoming, which in the poorer parts of the country is not always found to be the case), seems to be an unexceptionable object for a central association. Further, it may seem that the principle of absolute self-support, even in a pecuniary sense, should be limited to the ordinary expenditure. Occasional aids towards procuring more expensive books, diagrams, lectures, apparatus, and the like, may surely be given without interference with the independence and self-respect of the members. The case seems even more clear with respect to the operations of the union, apart from its giving pecuniary assistance. Whatever progress in enlightenment the labouring class may make, it can never be the case that in any given place they will be able to organise for themselves, without assistance, such institutions as clubs as well as they could with the advice and help of a central body. These clubs are of various degrees of goodness, and have met with very various measures of success. They depend to a great extent on general principles, modified according to local circumstances; and a society which can collect from, and diffuse through, the whole country the results of the experience of so many different bodies, in addition to those of the ability and judgment of competent persons, whose services it can secure for itself, must be of considerable use to the cause.

LECTURES ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—At Birmingham on Monday and Tuesday evenings the 22nd and 23rd Feb., Mr. C. Hardwick, P.G.M. etc., lectured on Friendly Societies, to numerous and most enthusiastic audiences. G. Dawson, Esq., M.A., occupied the chair on the Monday evening. In conveying the usual vote of thanks to the lecturer, Mr. Dawson recommended the study of the financial laws necessary to the security of friendly societies to the members and others. He especially commended the diagram by means of which the lecturer had so clearly elucidated the principles he advocated, and he complimented Mr. Hardwick on the solid character of his material and on the absence of "claptrap" or "bunkam," as the Americans say, in his manner of treating his subject. On the second evening, Mr. Henry Buck, P.G.M. occupied the chair, and at the conclusion delivered an excellent practical address, on the necessity of financial improvement.

BRADFORD AMALGAMATED FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—On the first of March last, the third social conference of this organisation was held at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Thornton Road. Mr. Councillor John Schofield, Past Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U., was appointed chairman, Mr. Edward Jagger, Grand Master of the Bradford District of the same society, being vice-chairman. A very practical and able paper, upon the general principles of friendly societies, registration, efficient and economical management, proper investment and protection of funds, &c., was delivered by the chairman. A very interesting discussion upon it ensued, Mr. Mallinson, the High Chief Ranger, and Mr. Samuel Shawcross, permanent secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters, defending Mr. John Tidd Pratt's determination to cause the Friendly Society's Act to be more strictly adhered to. The latter gentleman, from his practical knowledge of the working of the large society with which he is connected, could bear conclusive evidence of the necessity of a stricter supervision over courts and lodges, as some of them still conducted their business in a very loose manner.—Mr. John T. Illingworth, C.S. of the

Bradford District of the Manchester Unity, also corroborated Mr. Shawcross, and said that within the previous week he had received the balance sheets of some of the lodges forming the district, which were evidently not in accordance with the rules of the Order or the act of parliament. Mr. Squire Auty took an opposite course, and contended that the registrarship of friendly societies was unnecessary and a covert interference in their own self-government. He drew attention to a letter which appeared in *The Standard* of Feb. 30th, signed "Friendly Society," respecting a bill now being hurried along by the government called Government Annuities Bill, and which, if passed, would effect most important changes, not only to the life assurance companies, but ultimately to the friendly societies themselves. He was opposed to any such government centralisation.—Mr. J. A. Riley, the C.S. of the Halifax District of Odd-fellows, M.U., also stated that Mr. John Tidd Pratt in his report had held out to view all the failures and shortcomings of friendly societies but had studiously avoided to mention any benefits they had realised, or were capable of effecting.—Mr. Jonas Hey, Mr. Thomas Kingdom, and Mr. J. S. Edmondson each severally suggested valuable topics for future consideration. It was also admitted by other speakers that great improvements had been made during the last few years in placing these societies upon a surer basis, and also that such meetings as the present diffused information and tended to break down that feeling of exclusiveness and rivalry which has hitherto existed amongst institutions of this nature, and so strangely opposite to their true objects. Regret was expressed that a few societies, Druids, Free Gardeners, and one or two others, still kept aloof from co-operating with those societies which had established the organisation, which cannot but improve and strengthen each other by diffusing information of special interest to provident institutions. The proceedings altogether were of a very cheerful and animating nature, and at the conclusion it was decided the next meeting should be held early in June, under the auspices of the Grand United Order of Odd-fellows. A wish was also expressed that the chairman's address should be printed, and which suggestion it is intended shall be carried out.—*Bradford Paper*.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE NEW COMPANIES IN 1868.—During the last year no less than 263 new companies were started. Their capital amounts to one hundred millions sterling! They are thus classified: 27 banks, £31,900,000; 15 money (discount, &c.), £19,000,000; 65 manufactures and trades, £14,455,000; 14 insurance, £10,800,000; 17 railways, £9,496,000; 47 hotels, £4,320,000; 6 shipping, £4,168,000; 49 mining, £3,019,000; 17 miscellaneous, £2,655,000; 6 gas, £670,000. Fortunately these figures are not so formidable as they appear. The hundred millions sterling thus seeming to be absorbed must be subjected to vast deductions. At least one third of the list will never proceed further than registration. Another third will be wound up within two years. The remaining third will go and prosper, but will probably never call up one half of their capitals, and the actual calls will be spread over 12 or 18 months, so these are not likely to cause any serious embarrassment.—*Law Times*.

DISSOLUTION OF AN OFFICE CLUB.—On the 22nd of March last, a meeting was held at Worcester, for the purpose of dissolving the Worcestershire Friendly Society, No. 2. No. 1 had been founded in 1826, and failed two or three years ago, when No. 2 was started. The chairman, the Rev. Jno. Pearson, said the tables of No. 2 were approved of by the most eminent actuaries, yet, instead of six days' sick pay, per member, they had experienced nine days. The office expenses had been, proportionately, very heavy. The society only numbered 58 members!

TO MY HEART.

FROM "POEMS AND SONGS BY DAVID WINGATE,
A WORKING COLLIER.

THE sweet flower-time is coming, heart,
With longer and brighter day;
The bees will soon be humming, heart,
A bass to the blackbird's lay.
Blue-bells will bloom in the dells of broom,
And gowans on every lea;
When nature is giddy with joy, my heart,
She'll look for a note from thee.

Where yonder briars are clinging, heart,
Soon roses will gaily wave;
While infant oaks are springing, heart,
O'er the acorn's sylvan grave.
When the buoyant lark, on its viewless bark,
Will sail o'er the ryegrass sea—
When woodlands are ringing with joy, my heart,
Why should there be grief for thee?

Soon 'mong the leafless bushes, heart,
The birds will their homes prepare;
And yon stream that darkly rushes, heart,
Its happiest looks will wear.
When the bare black heath, in the summer's breath,
In purple and green shall glow,
When the stranger bird is heard, my heart,
Thy welcome in song must flow.

Away with this gloom, unholy heart,
Hope's halo must round thee shine;
Despair is the child of folly, heart,
And must not be friend of thine.
Yon snowy cloud is cold Winter's shroud,
Soon tombed in the north he'll be;
The Spring is the season of hope, my heart,
And so let it be for thee.

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. M. A. COMPTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

THOU art not here—yet still the air,
Seems perfumed with thy breath;
The gathered flow'rs seem yet more fair,
For thy hand doomed their death.
The mossy bank, thy form has pressed,
With verdure seems more bright;
All things are gay and joyous,
In my heart, alone, is night.

Thou art not here—my heart so lone,
Sinks with its weight of pain,
The sighing breeze bears but the moan,
We may not meet again!
I am content—the word "Farewell!"
Lingering, must come at last;
Henceforth, my dream alone will be
The image of the Past.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—On the 30th day of December last, the members of the Loyal Improving Ashtonian Lodge, held their lodge lecture at the Star Inn, Ashton-under-Lyne. Mr. James Whitehead, P. Prov. G.M., presided, and Mr. John Cook, Prov. D.G.M., occupied the vice-chair. After the lecture the chairman, on behalf of the members of the lodge, presented a beautifully coloured emblem of the Order, in an elegant gilt frame, to Mr. William Taylor, Prov. C.S., for his valuable services while serving as Secretary to the lodge. In the course of an excellent speech he spoke in very high terms of the character of Mr. Taylor. He had always found him to be a good odd-fellow and a worthy officer. He hoped Mr. Taylor might be long spared to labour amongst them. (Cheers.) Mr. Taylor, in responding, said that when he volunteered to act as their secretary, he was not influenced by the hope of any payment for his services. On one occasion, in his capacity of district officer, he found them without secretary, books in quite a deranged state, and the members being chiefly aged none of them would accept of the office. Under these circumstances, although he (Mr. Taylor) was secretary to his own lodge in addition to being the C.S. of the district, he consented to act as their secretary until another could be found. After thanking them for their kindness he concluded by urging upon the members to strive together to promote the welfare of the lodge. The emblem, in addition to stating the time and lodge in which Mr. Taylor was admitted into the Order, bore the following inscription:—"Presented to William Taylor, Prov. C.S. by the members of the Loyal Improving Ash-

tonian Lodge, for his valuable services while acting as secretary to the lodge. Dated this 30th day of December, 1863."

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Duke of Norfolk Lodge celebrated their anniversary by dining together at their Lodge House, the Burrell Arms Inn, New Shoreham, on Jan. 11th. Upwards of 100 were present, the chair was occupied by Mr. Fuller, the Lodge Surgeon, Mr. Mechen, sen., filling the post of vice-chairman. The Lodge, as stated by Mr. Walter Brooker, its secretary, is in a flourishing condition, it now numbers 212 members, of whom 211 are "good on the books." Last year it initiated 10 members, and lost 8. Including £84 7s., the value of the incidental fund, the Lodge was now worth £1,398 19s. 4½d. From an extra fund, raised by fêtes at the Swiss Gardens, the sum of £15 10s. was at Christmas last given amongst the surviving widows and orphans of deceased members.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Waterloo Lodge celebrated their anniversary by dining together at the Odd-fellows' Hall, on Jan. 29th. Henry Moor, Esq., (since elected M.P.) a member of the lodge, presided, supported by Mr. Alderman Wilson, Mr. Alderman Smithers, Captain Cockburn, and Ensign Smith (1st Sussex Rifles), Lieut. Grantham (1st Sussex Artillery), etc. Mr. William Curtis, P. Prov. G.M. officiated as vice-chairman, supported by Mr. Councillor G. Hill, Mr. Councillor Woollett, etc. The chairman in giving "The Manchester Unity, its Officers and Directors," commented on the objects of the society, its constitution, and social importance, tracing it up from early times to its present position, eulogising its self-governing principles, and enlarging on the fact of its perfectly spontaneous development from the provident instincts of the people themselves. Mr. James Curtis, as a member of the Board of Directors of the Unity, responded. The vice-chairman, in an eloquently address, proposed the health of the chairman, which was received with much enthusiasm. Amongst other eulogistic observations, the speaker stated that Mr. Moor, not content with expressing his delight at the ceremony attending his initiation, had sought and acquired, by means of reports, statistics, and innumerable papers, such a knowledge of our society, its usefulness and working, as he thought, would put to the blush many older members. Mr. Moor acknowledged the toast in an admirable speech. When in Australia, he knew the advantages of these societies, for, as Chief Magistrate, it was often his pleasant lot to receive an invitation to their anniversaries.

BRISTOL.—Under the presidency of the Grand Master of the District, Mr. Thomas Brown, the annual dinner in connection with the Widow and Orphan Fund, took place on the 16th Feb., at the Full Moon tavern, Broad Street, when upwards of 100 members and friends assembled. The usual toasts were duly given and responded to. The president of the fund, Prov. D.G.M. Thomas Matthews, stated, that during the past six years, the sum of £2,161 3s. had been received as contributions and interest on stock; the expenditure being £1,262 2s. 7d., showing a balance in favour of the society of £889 0s. 6d. They had had 77 deaths, an average of nearly 13 per year. The number of subscribing members at present was 1,037, being 102 more than last year. Their present capital amounted to £2,579 2s. 9d. The management expenses during the six years had been £65 12s. 7d., or about three per cent. on the gross receipts. He drew special attention to this fact, and contrasted it with the extravagant and reckless management of many of the sick insurance societies, or office clubs, who enjoy the patronage and high favor of those persons who denounce the Unity. During the past year, they had received £398 11s. 6½d., and disbursed £217 6s. 7d., leaving a profit of £181 4s. 11½d.

CARDIFF.—Recently a deputation consisting of 14 officers and members of the Cardiff district, waited upon Mr. Heard, and presented him with a mas-

sive silver goblet, handsomely chased, bearing the following inscription :—
 “Presented to Henry Heard, Esq., by the Cardiff District of Odd-fellows, M.U., as a token of regard and esteem for valuable services rendered to the District. Cardiff, November 16th, 1863.” The presentation was accompanied with an address, in which it was stated that the committee of the Widow and Orphan Fund wished the testimonial to be considered as a “a memento of the satisfactory manner in which” Mr. Heard had “recovered several large sums of money,” when their affairs “were in a very precarious condition.” Mr. Heard replied in appropriate terms, and invited the deputation to supper.

CHELTEMHAM.—The members of the Harmonic Lodge held a special summoned meeting, on Wednesday, February 24th, for the purpose of electing a surgeon to the lodge, and receiving the report of Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, who had made a valuation of the lodge's assets and liabilities. By the report it appears, that at the end of the past year, the lodge consisted of 174 members, with a capital of £1,611 17s. 0d. and £26 owing on the books. The present value of the assets is £5,275 5s. 6d. The liabilities contracted are of the value of £4,863 6s. 7d., showing a surplus of assets over liabilities of £422 4s. 10d. The report was received with vehement cheers. The members thought the present meeting a fitting opportunity of presenting a testimonial to Br. Samuel Artus, corresponding secretary of the district, who has held the office of permanent secretary to the lodge for above twenty years. The testimonial, which had recently been subscribed for, consisted of a large bust portrait of Mr. Artus, photographed, and afterwards elaborately finished in oil colours, enclosed in a massive gold frame. The presentation was made on behalf of the Members, by P. Prov. D.G.M. George White, in an appropriate address. Br. C.S. Artus, feelingly acknowledged, in a brief manner, the compliment that had been paid him, and assured the members, the same course he had always carried out for their benefit, should for the future be strictly adhered to.

CHESTERFIELD.—The usual annual supper of the Terra Firma Lodge, was given on the 4th of January, at the close of the Lodge business, and about 100 members were present. The chair was taken by Prov. G.M. G. S. Hunt, and the vice-chair by P. Prov. G.M. John Hacklett. The lodge is in a most prosperous state, being worth nearly £2,000, and having about 230 members. During the transaction of the lodge business, Mr. Councillor A. Dutton, was made an honorary member, and at the close of the ceremony, he was presented with a copy of the General District Laws, and Widow and Orphan Fund Laws, beautifully bound in morocco and gold, and bearing a suitable inscription.

DUBLIN.—A large number of the friends of P.Prov.G.M. Ralph, assembled on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at the Lodge-room, Odd-fellows' Buildings, Upper Abbey-street, Dublin, to present him with an address, accompanied with a valuable gold watch and chain of native manufacture, as a mark of esteem for the valuable services he has rendered during his term of office. After the assemblage had partaken of an excellent dinner, provided by a committee, several appropriate toasts were given and responded to.

GLASGOW.—The Trades' Hall was crowded in every part, on March 3rd, on the occasion of the first annual district *soiree* of the Glasgow branch of the Manchester Unity. Mr. Councillor Burt occupied the chair, and was supported by G.M. Lachlan McLean, D.G.M., etc. After tea, the chairman said, that among the more prominent unions in this country, he believed the Manchester Unity held the chief place in respect of its strength, its length of existence, and the ultimate success of its efforts. Mr. Cameron subsequently addressed the meeting on the Glasgow District of Odd-fellows. He said that during the last five years, they had paid for sick and funeral money, the large

sum of £2,054 6s. 11d. The district consists of four lodges, the joint strength of which amounted at the end of last year to 445 members, with a united fund or capital lying to their credit, of £2,478 9s. 7½d., an amount daily accumulating. Considering the prevalence of sickness, and the high rate of mortality in Glasgow, he thought they had every reason to congratulate themselves upon the very satisfactory state of the finances. In England, the society of Odd-fellows comprised a very large and influential body, simply because its principles were there better understood, and therefore more appreciated. He concluded with an eloquent appeal in favour of the great objects of the institution. A concert and ball concluded the proceedings, which passed off in the most satisfactory manner.

HULL.—On the evening of Feb. 4th, seventy of the past and present officers of the lodges in Hull, assembled at Host Wood's, Whittington Inn, and partook of supper. Prov. G.M. Thomas Harrison occupied the chair. Prov. C.S. Wells responded to the toast of "The Officers of the Order and Board of Directors," eulogising the conduct and ability of several who are, and others *who were* on the directory, and speaking in complimentary terms of the newly revised General Laws for consideration at the next A.M.C. He also referred in complimentary terms to recent speeches of Mr. Daynes, and the article on "The Registrar's Annual Report," which appeared in the January number of this magazine. Previous to resuming his seat, Mr. Wells elicited roars of laughter by his quaint way of reading from, and commenting upon, the printed rules of a local Burial Club, which had not been registered, and in which it was set forth, "That the Secretary shall receive from each member one shilling and a quart of ale, for *keeping the books and his supper free at the feast*;" and another, "That George Batty shall be Treasurer *as long as the Club doth last*; he having given bond for £50 to see the funds *properly applied*." The chairman then proposed the health of P. Prov. G.M. John Smith, at the same time presenting that gentleman, in the name and on behalf of the district, with a magnificent purple sash and white satin and purple apron, manufactured expressly by Mrs. Kilner, of Patricroft. In making the presentation, the chairman spoke to the assiduity and zeal Mr. Smith had manifested for the cause of Oddfellowship, and of his thorough John Bull-like principles and conduct. Mr. Smith responded at some length, and, alluding to the chairman's familiarly calling him "*John, my boy*," said it did not inaptly apply in his case, for he was not only in this district, but perhaps in many other old established districts of the M.U., the youngest man who had ever been honored by the distinguishing title of Past Provincial Grand Master. P. Prov. G.M. Henry Gould, responded for the Widows and Orphans, and stated that the fund was never in so prosperous a condition as now, during the many years he had been its treasurer, having at the present £100 more in the savings bank than they had on the memorable bank failure in 1867. Mr. Loft, the G.M. of the Beverley District, made an excellent speech on the principles and progress of the Manchester Unity, and Mr. Hemingway the D.G.M. of the Hull District, in responding for himself and colleagues, said it had been resolved at their last district meeting, that the district should become annual subscribers of £5 to the National Life Boat Institution.

KING'S LYNN.—A social gathering of members of the Lynn Lodges, took place in the Music Hall, Athenæum, on Thursday evening Nov. 5th. Several leading gentleman of the town, honorary members, were present. After dinner, speeches were made, which, plentifully interspersed with vocal music, occupied a considerable portion of the evening. The gathering was altogether a very pleasant and successful one. Bro. Alderman Walter Moyse presided, supported by Councillors T. M. Wilkin, G. Holditch, and J. D. Shaw, Bro. Henry Edwards (honorary solicitor to the district), etc. Prov.

G.M. Rains occupied the vice-chair. Bro. Henry Edwards, in proposing the Lynn District, urged the members to consider the desirability of having their assets and liabilities valued. D. Prov. G.M. Sparks, in responding, said the district was very prosperous, having eighteen Lodges numbering 1632 members, besides a large number of honorary members. The capital of lodges, by returns last December, amounted to £10,528 8s. 1d., and the worth of the district, including the money in the Widow and Orphan Fund, amounted to £11,600. The fund for management expenses amounted to £200, and as the strictest economy was carried out, the charges so freely laid against friendly societies by articles in the *Times* Newspaper, and the Registrar's Reports, could not be made to apply to their district. Upwards of 340 members and their families were benefited by its operations last year to the amount of £1,186 10s. 4d., for sickness and deaths only; and £684 0s. 9½d., was added to the funds of lodges. The six lodges in the town of Lynn, which numbered about half the members in the district, possessed a capital of £6000. He dwelt at some length on the principles and advantages of the Order, and the good effected in Lynn and its neighbourhood, both by its social as well as financial operations.

LANCASTER.—On Shrove Tuesday, the members of the Loyal Fisherman's Friend Lodge celebrated their anniversary by dining together at the Ship Inn, Morecambe. The members, to the number of about 120, perambulated the principal streets of this favourite summer resort. They also visited the neighbouring villages of Bare and Torrisholme, and afterwards returned to Morecambe and attended divine service at the Parish Church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. M. Bell, Curate of Heysham. Afterwards about 150 members sat down to dinner. The Prov. Dep. Grand Master, Mr. John Atkinson (in the unavoidable absence of the Prov. Grand Master, through indisposition), occupied the chair, the duties of the vice-chair being discharged by Mr. William Atkinson, the Corresponding Secretary.—The usual routine toasts having been drunk, the Chairman proposed "Success to the Fisherman's Friend Lodge," and in so doing commented upon the benefits a society like the Odd-fellows conferred upon the industrial classes. He maintained that if the examination was made in a fair and impartial manner, the Manchester Unity would bear favourable comparison with any other society, both as regarded the number of its members, the benefits conferred, the amount of funds, and the ability and vigour with which it was managed. The vice-chairman in responding to the toast of "The Manchester Unity," congratulated the members on the present satisfactory position of the Order, which was apparent from the continued increase in the members and funds of the various lodges.

LIVERPOOL.—The members of the Loyal Strangers' Refuge Lodge recently celebrated their thirty-fourth anniversary, by a dinner at Brother Griffiths's, Great Homer Street. A large number of the members were present. The chair was occupied by P.G. John Jones, and the vice-chair by P.G. David Davies. Dr. Lodge, the surgeon, and the District Officers were present. After the usual toasts P.G. Morris, on behalf of the lodge, presented to the secretary a handsome chronometer watch and gold chain, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the officers and brothers of the Loyal Strangers' Refuge Lodge, No. 492, I.O.O.F., M.U., to Prov. D.G.M. Caleb J. Wroe, for fourteen years faithful services to the above lodge, 1863."—Mr. Wroe, in response, most heartily thanked the lodge for the very handsome manner in which his services had been recognised. It would be the dearest wish of his life to do honour to the office which he held. During the whole of the period he had been connected with the lodge, he could say with becoming pride, he had not missed attending any meeting of his lodge except when engaged on district business. It was a source of pleasure to him to

know he had assisted in regenerating one of the oldest lodges in the Order, and bring it into the very prosperous position it now occupied. His present position in the district was due to the lodge having so highly appreciated his services, and it should be an incentive to all young members to attend to the interests of the order. Presentations of past officers' emblems, neatly framed, were afterwards made to P.G. Peter C. Brown and R. S. Hubbard, for their services, after which the toast of "The Medical Officer" was given, and responded to by Dr. R. T. Lodge.

LONDON NORTH.—At the anniversary of the Rose of Kilburn Lodge, recently, a beautiful cream jug was presented to Br. Butler, one of the founders of the lodge, who has introduced about twenty members. Mr. Butler was absent through ill-health, but he forwarded a written document, in which he, in suitable terms, expressed his gratitude for the kind compliment which his brethren had been pleased to pay him.

LONDON SOUTH.—**DINNER TO THE GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER.**—The members of the metropolitan districts dined together on Jan. 22nd., to the number of 300, at the Bridge House Hotel, to celebrate the election of Mr. V. R. Burgess, as Grand Master of the Unity. The chair was taken by A. H. Layard, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Southwark, who was supported by his colleague, John Locke, Esq., M.P., and many metropolitan past officers. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman gave "The health of Mr. Vincent Robert Burgess." There was nothing more grateful to the feelings of Englishmen, than to see a man, by his own individual exertions and sterling honesty, attain the very summit of his ambition. Mr. Burgess, had been for twenty-two years the secretary of his lodge, one of the most prosperous connected with the unity. That prosperity, he believed, had been mainly due to Mr. Burgess's admirable administration, and to his important suggestions. He it was who had suggested an extension of the sick fund and the establishment of libraries in connection with the lodges. From the first he had bravely and manfully sustained right principles. (Cheers.) He, (the chairman) looked upon the Order as an assurance office on a gigantic scale; more complicated, in fact, than an insurance office, but requiring the same politico-economic principles as an insurance office. (Hear.) Unless full knowledge was obtained of what those principles were, it was impossible to succeed. Mr. Burgess's claim to their consideration arose from his having investigated the principles on which those societies should be conducted, and having laboured to inculcate these right principles on those who acted with him. He had now lived to see the principles he had advocated triumphant, not only in his own lodge, but in all those lodges which were carried on on right principles. They had found an opponent in Mr. Tidd Pratt, in whose report there had been a little unfairness to this order. Mr. Pratt appeared to think that these societies were carried on on the same principles as they had been twenty or thirty years ago, but he was wrong. He had not given credit to men who, like Mr. Burgess, had worked in a right direction to bring them into a proper scientific form. One of the charges against these societies was, that they spent too much in processions and dinners. If the processions were paid for out of the funds of the order, which ought to be devoted to other purposes, then he (the chairman) would go with Mr. Tidd Pratt in his condemnation; but to the best of his knowledge that was not the case. It was done by extraordinary funds, by extraordinary supplies given by members of the order. (Hear, hear.) This being the case, he saw no objection to their little jubiliations. (Cheers.) On the contrary, he thought they tended very much to promote the objects of those societies, by bringing people together, and furnishing a common bond of union. As fostering the principles of self-dependence, self-administration, and local self-government, he thought these very admirable institutions, and that it would be a great

mistake to do anything to weaken their influence. In conclusion, he proposed the health of Mr. Burgess, congratulating him on his accession to office, and wishing him a successful year in his administration of the important and responsible office of Grand Master. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Burgess, who was loudly cheered, returned thanks for the very handsome manner in which his health had been received. He complained of the unjust attacks that had been made upon the Order, and defended it from the aspersions that had been cast upon it. He entered minutely into the operations of the Order for the last twenty-five years, and claimed in the name of justice, that if any imputation were to be cast upon them, a public government inquiry should be made into their operations and position, and they did not fear the result. (Cheers.) In answer to the charge made, that the average existence of these societies was not more than 12 or 14 years, he instanced the fact, that of the first 100 lodges established, some of them 50 years ago, 88 were still in existence. (Hear, hear.) Three years ago, the government required a return of their experience of sickness and mortality, extending over the past five years, to be made by all enrolled societies. These returns were furnished; the Manchester Unity required, at the same time, that duplicate copies should be furnished to the executive; and, twelve months afterwards, there had been compiled from these returns, and the result of that compilation published, the most valuable work on vital statistics that had ever been issued. But what had the government done with the returns they obtained? For aught he knew, they were locked up in some dark recess; at any rate, the information they furnished had never been communicated to the people. (Hear, hear.) He instanced this as a proof of the determination of the society to move with the spirit of the times. He would not contend that minor wrongs did not, in isolated existences, exist, but they were rapidly disappearing before the progress of a more advanced spirit of legislation. The reform in this society had of late years been great, it was still open to receive advice for its better government, but it did contend for its own independence, claiming to manage its own affairs in its own legitimate manner. The speaker resumed his seat amidst hearty applause. "The Manchester Unity, its Officers and Board of Directors," was proposed by Mr. John Locke, M.P., in a humorous speech. Mr. James Curtis, of Brighton, a member of the Directory, responded, and bore testimony to the worth of Mr. Burgess as an officer of the society. He was pleased to find that in the metropolitan districts, a judicious economy was exercised in the management of all their affairs. Let them continue thus to act, and they need not fear the interference of Mr. Tidd Pratt or any government official, for, should he thus unnecessarily interfere, the Board of Directors were determined to uphold the independence of the institution by taking up the cudgels and fighting Mr. Tidd Pratt with his own weapons. (Loud cheers.) The toast of "The Metropolitan Districts" was responded to in a very able speech by Mr. Mitchell, P.P.G.M., of the North London District.

LONDON NORTH DISTRICT.—The twentieth Anniversary of the Loyal Bloomsbury Lodge was celebrated by a dinner at the "Spread Eagle," Charles-Street, Middlesex Hospital, on Tuesday, 1st March. Br. J. J. Bussell occupied the chair, the vice-chair being filled by Br. T. W. Goom. The chairman, on behalf of the Lodge, presented the secretary, P. G. Baxter, with a testimonial, beautifully framed and glazed, with an inscription recording the presentation of a gold watch, subscribed for by the members, as an acknowledgment of his services during the period of 19 years. P. G. Baxter feelingly responded, and assured them he should ever appreciate the honour conferred on him, and, hoped to continue his services as long as they were required of him. Prov. G. M. Stephens responded to the toast of the Manchester Unity, and alluded to the Government Annuity Bill as objectionable

to the members of Friendly Societies, he considering they were quite able to carry out these matters themselves, without State interference, the Bloomsbury Lodge having established an auxiliary fund for the very purpose of granting deferred annuities. This Branch of the Manchester Unity has a surplus capital of £952 7s. 0½d. During the past year £50 18s. has been dispensed to 19 members, being 509 days' sick pay £38 3s. 6d. has also been paid to the widows of deceased members, and several minor amounts in cases of distress.

LONDON NORTH.—A numerous meeting of the members and friends took place recently in the large hall of the Whittington Club, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. J. Diprose, P. Prov. G.M. a testimonial for the great services which he had rendered to the society during his year of office as Provincial Grand Master. A concert of a popular character was given, the chief contributors to which were amateurs, members of the society. A meeting was held between the parts of the concert, over which Mr. Mitchell, Grand Master of the North London District, presided in a very effective manner. In an excellent address he reviewed the progress of the order generally and the North London District especially, the reserved capital of which he said amounted to upwards of £66,000. During the last year the North London District was presided over by his friend Mr. Diprose, in a manner that gave entire satisfaction to his colleagues and the members generally. It was therefore determined by them to testify to Mr. Diprose their high appreciation of the value of his services to the body by presenting him with a testimonial, to consist of a pianoforte, of the value of 40l., and an emblem of the society, which he might hang upon the wall of his drawing-room. The latter part of the testimonial consisted of the emblem wrought in silver, surrounded by a silver-gilt wreath laid on crimson velvet. The following inscription was engraved on the frame:—"This Emblem of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, M.U., together with a Pianoforte, is presented by the North London District to P. Prov. G.M. Diprose, for his indefatigable services as Prov. Grand Master for the Year 1862." In presenting the testimonial the Grand Master paid a just tribute to his worth and character as a man and as a member of the Society. Mr. Diprose, in response said, he could assure them that it would be a source of great consolation to him to the latest moment of his life to think that his efforts to promote the welfare of the Society had been deemed worthy of the honour of having such a testimonial bestowed upon him.—(Hear, hear.) He had been a member of the North London District since 1841, had done his best to advance the interests of the society, but he never expected that his efforts in this respect would have been rewarded in the way that they had been. Mr. Diprose then spoke of the value and usefulness of the Society, and concluded by again expressing his grateful acknowledgments.

MANCHESTER.—Owing to some slight informality, an application to the relief committee of the last annual meeting, on behalf of P.G.M. Ormond, could not be heard. A private subscription, however, was set on foot, amongst the deputies, which realised about £8, and which was afterwards slightly increased in amount. The Manchester District, appreciating the services of an old and worthy officer, have voted the sum of £5, towards the funds for his relief. The lodges have taken the matter up warmly, and subscriptions are being collected fortnightly. Mr. Ormond, as C.S. of the district, receives the sum of £20 per annum for his services. His friends have hitherto been enabled to supplement this by an additional grant of eight shillings per week. They are anxious to continue this assistance. Mr. Ormond was initiated into the No. 1 Lodge of the Unity (the Wellington), in 1826. He served on the old board of directors for seven years. He was Grand Master of the Order, in 1835. He

is in his seventy-third year; his health is not good, and he has a wife and daughter dependent to a great extent upon him for support.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The members of the "Mother Lodge," the Temple of Peace, recently celebrated the anniversary of its opening, at the lodge-room, Old Bush Inn. Mr. H. Sheppard occupied the chair, supported by the surgeon of the lodge, Mr. O. A. Jennings, and Mr. Blake. The duties of vice were discharged by Mr. W. Evans, permanent secretary. After the usual loyal toasts etc., had been duly honoured, P.G.M. Witts stated that there were thirteen lodges in the Newport district, comprising 1876 members. There had been an increase of 97 members during the past year. The district possessed £12,000, and the whole of the money had been safely invested in various local concerns. The surgeon suggested that a subscription should be made for the widow and orphans of P.C. Rodaway, who recently met with an untimely death. The sum of £1 4s. 8½d. was collected, many present having previously subscribed. The vice president said, when he had the honour of taking the position of permanent secretary of the Temple of Peace Lodge, the members numbered 140, whereas they now numbered 280; then the value of the stock was £700, now he was proud to say the lodge possessed in cash, £2,970, the profits during the past year having been £233 18s. The interest arising from monies invested in the Monmouthshire Company amounted to over £100 a-year. During the last year the total income had been £556; the expenditure, £336; so that as he had said, the net profits were in round numbers, £233. (Cheers.)

NORWICH.—The anniversary dinner of the Loyal Prince of Wales Lodge was held at the Market Tavern, Yarmouth, on Jan. 21st. Mr. J. C. Smith, surgeon to the lodge, presided, supported by Sir E. Lacon, M.P., Mr. C. Diver, solicitor, Mr. Daynes, &c. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. C. Hunter, P.G. Mr. Edwards intimated that the sick pay of the lodge from the 1st January, 1862, to the 1st January, 1863, was £38 16s. 4d.; and for the year ending 1st January, 1864, £40 14s. 4d., showing an increase of £1 18s. They had at present £1,200 out at mortgage, bringing them an interest of £58 a year. On the 1st January, 1863, their capital was £1,160 11s. 8½d., and on the same date in the following year, £1,275 6s. 5d., giving them a net income to add to their surplus, of £114 14s. 8½d. (Cheers.) Mr. Hunter made an elaborate statement as to the financial condition of the lodge. The total value of their assets was £3,671; their liabilities,—present value of sick pay, £2,411 11s. 4d.; life insurance of members, £515 19s. 7d.; wives' insurance, supposing all the members were married, £160, making a total of £3,087 0s. 11d.; so that they had a balance of assets above liabilities of £433. (Cheers.) Sir Edward Lacon responded to the toast of his health in suitable terms. He was delighted to hear so favourable a balance sheet read. Mr. Daynes in a long and able address, eloquently vindicated the society from the animadversions of Mr. Tidd Pratt, and exposed the blunders into which he had fallen, in endeavouring to deal with this and similar institutions. Mr. Daynes was repeatedly cheered throughout his address, in which he thoroughly enlisted the sympathies of his audience.

PRESTON.—A numerous and respectable gathering of the members of the Preston District took place on March 17th, at the house of Prov. D.G.M. William Hall, the Talbot Inn, for the purpose of showing their estimation of the services of their late Prov. G.M. Edward Pearson Day, on the completion of his term of office. The chair was occupied by Prov. C.S. John Dobson, supported in the vice-chair by G.M. Edward Pearson. After the usual introduction, toasts, etc., P.G. Joseph Smirk briefly enumerated Mr. Day's past services, concluding by presenting to that gentleman, in the name of the subscribers, a chaste and elegant skeleton clock, in glass case, of the value of sixteen guineas. On a plate at the foot was engraved the following:—"Presented to

P.Prov.G.M. Edward Pearson Day, by a number of his friends in the Preston District, as a token of respect for his efficient services as Grand Master and Deputy-Grand Master during the years 1862 and 1863. Preston, March 17, 1864." Mr. Day appropriately acknowledged the compliment which had been paid to him in the handsome testimonial he had received. He assured the members that he should ever feel an unabated desire for the prosperity of the Preston district, though not now immediately connected with it. Mr. Day's business engagement is now at Liverpool. He was until recently, accountant in the office of the Local Board of Health, Preston.

RUGBY.—The Rugby District annual committee was held at the Red Lion Inn, Kilsby, on the 6th day of January. From the auditors' report, which was received and adopted, it appeared the number of members in the district was 1356 and the accumulated funds upwards of £8,800, being an increase of 25 members and £600 in the funds.

SHAW, NEAR MANCHESTER.—At a meeting of the Carders' Lodge held on the 31st Jan. last, at the Spread Eagle, Royton, G. M. Simms, on behalf of the members, presented to P. Prov. G.M. Joseph Milne, a certificate of good conduct, in a gilt frame, as an acknowledgment of his services as an officer of the lodge and district, and especially to mark their appreciation of the very creditable manner in which he has discharged the duties of lodge secretary for several years. Mr. Simms acknowledged the compliment in an appropriate manner.

SILSDEN.—On January 30th, the Members of the Earl of Thanet Lodge met in their Hall for the purpose of presenting their Secretary, Mr. Thomas Bradley, C.S., with a watch and guard, with his name engraved thereon, for the very valuable services which he has rendered to the society, gratis, for upwards of 20 years. Mr. William Fletcher presented the testimonial, and in doing so he said for well-organized societies it was essentially necessary to have an efficient secretary to manage the business, and he believed they had in their secretary a valuable, trustworthy, untiring, and diligent brother. The watch and guard was then presented to him amidst cheers and applause. Mr. Bradley, in response said he did not think he should be a better Odd-fellow, but he could not help but feel himself a little prouder. He should, as he has already done, study the best interest of the society to the best of his knowledge.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The quarterly meeting was held on Jan. 4th, at the Raymond Lodge-room, Cliff Hotel, Woolston. Provincial Grand Master Short presided. The corresponding secretary (Mr. Glasse, of Horndean) read the district accounts, which showed that £80 had been paid for funerals, and a balance left in hand of £123 12s. 2d. The accounts having been passed, district officers for the ensuing year were elected. The Widows and Orphans Fund accounts were then gone into. £261 18s. 9d. had been paid to widows and orphans during the quarter, and the balance of the fund in hand was £2,935 0s. 6d. After dinner a pleasant social hour was passed by the officers and delegates. The Deputy Grand Master gave the health of "The Prov. C.S., Mr. Glasse," whom he characterised as a man who had never made an enemy or lost a friend. His attention to the duties of his office and the manner of keeping his accounts were justly characterised as being not only worthy of the highest eulogium, but would be as equally creditable to the Bank of England as to the Southampton district, the members of which were consequently proud of his connection with them.—Mr. Glasse returned thanks for the cordial reception that had been given to the toast, and the kind manner in which his services had been recognised. A great deal of the success, however, was due to the energetic treasurer of the district, Mr. Edwin Moon, of Southampton, and in conclusion he proposed "The health of Mr. Moon," which was duly honoured and suitably acknowledged.—Mr. Henning proposed "The

health of the late Grand Master of the District, Mr. E. Short," and complimented him on the manner his duties had been discharged, the toast being received with all the honours of the Order.—Mr. Short expressed his acknowledgments for the compliment which had been paid him upon his retirement from office, and stated that he had attended over 100 lodge, committee, and sub-committee meetings during his term of office, and of the committee and sub-committee meetings he had not missed a single one. Other toasts of a complimentary and personal character were afterwards given.

STOCKPORT.—On Wednesday the 20th January, the members and friends of the Combermere Lodge celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Mr. Fred. Richmond, Deputy Grand Master of the Order, occupied the chair. In opening the proceedings, the chairman, amongst other observations, said, from nine, the number of members of the Combermere Lodge had multiplied into 240, while the other lodges that had emanated from it contained no fewer than 3,000 members. Another gratifying circumstance in connection with the district was, that the members appeared to have undergone a sort of rejuvenating process, the average age of the members being less than it was 50 years ago. Several excellent addresses were delivered in the course of the evening. Lieutenant Howard responded, in eloquent terms, on behalf of the Volunteers. Mr. Hickton, Past Grand Master, proposed "The Manchester Unity," to which Mr. Charles Hardwick, Past Grand Master, responded in a lengthy address, but our limited space prevents us giving more than the following:—The Combermere Lodge was one of the pioneers of the Manchester Unity. At the present day, it had not only extended its branches over every portion of the world, but in this country its patrons were peers of the realm, members of the House of Commons, clergymen and ministers of all denominations, and the municipal officers of almost every borough in the kingdom. But, better than this, it was largely patronised by the working men of this country. When the Combermere Lodge was brought into existence the Order probably did not number more than 2,000 members, whereas now it had upwards of 350,000. From that small beginning the Manchester Unity had grown and gone on increasing in power and influence for good, inculcating a noble spirit of self-reliance, and promoting provident and careful habits amongst the great mass of the working people. In the early days of the Unity, because the lodges held their meetings at public-houses, their opponents charged them with making the people intemperate. The history of their Order proved the contrary, and one of the strongest proofs of this lay in the fact that, whilst, at one time, landlords were glad to have lodges at their houses, now they would not have them unless they paid rent for their club rooms. What did this prove? Why, that Oddfellowship had increased instead of diminishing habits of temperance, and had elevated and not depressed the people in the scale of society. (Applause.) After the chairman had responded to the G.M. and Board of Directors, Mr. Blackett stated the reserve fund of the Stockport District amounted to about £15,000, or nearly £7 10s. per member. Mr. W. Ashton, in a very excellent and humorous speech, traced the progress of the lodge from its infancy, and sketched its early troubles and difficulties in a very graphic manner. He congratulated the lodge on its present prosperity, and was glad to see some of the "original nine," of its founders present. Mr. Clarkson gave an elaborate statement of the lodge's progress in financial matters. The reserved capital at present amounted to nearly £2,000. Mr. Ashton, after warmly eulogising Mr. Clarkson for the many excellencies of his private character, and speaking in high terms of his indefatigable efforts to promote the welfare of the lodge, presented that gentleman, on behalf of the members, with a testimonial of their approbation. The testimonial consisted of a handsome double inkstand, electro-plated, with silver mounted

porcupine penholders, and a neatly-framed past officer's certificate. Mr. Clarkson, in acknowledging the presentation, remarked that his motto had always been to leave the society better than he found it, and he could assure them that would still be his earnest endeavour. For the undeserved testimonial they had presented to him he earnestly thanked them. It would be one of his most valued treasures, and he should ever endeavour to be worthy of the kind feeling that prompted the gift. (Loud applause.)

STUDLEY.—On February 29th, the members of the Loyal Widows' Protection Lodge, Alvechurch, held a special meeting at the Red Lion Inn, for the purposes of presenting a testimonial to Mr. R. Partridge, Barnet Green, Bromsgrove. The testimonial consisted of a coloured engraving of the emblem of the Order, handsomely framed and glazed, with the following inscription at the foot thereof: "Presented by the members of the Loyal Widows' Protection Lodge, Alvechurch, to P.P.G.M. Reuben Partridge, for his valuable services rendered during the last 20 years, February, 1864." P.G. John Cottrell made the presentation in a neat and very feeling address, in which he alluded to the many services rendered to the society during the time Mr. Partridge has been connected with it. Mr. Partridge returned thanks for the compliment paid him.

SUNDEBLAND AND SEAHAM.—The members of the Loyal Sir H. Havelock Lodge, Seaham Harbour, together with several friends, dined together on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17th, 1864, at Mr. Peat's, Vane Arms. D. G. Thomas Gibbon, Esq., occupied the chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been given, Mr. J. Bunell, N.G. of the lodge, presented a silver inkstand, on behalf of the lodge, to Mr. Wade, Prov. C.S. He congratulated Mr. Wade on the position he held in the district. It was one of universal respect. He was esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and throughout the district no one worked harder to promote its prosperity. The inkstand bore the following inscription:—"Presented to S. J. Wade, Seaham Harbour, for services rendered, Feb. 17th, 1864." Mr. Wade replied C.S., by the officers and Brethren of the Sir H. Havelock Lodge of I.O.F.M.U., in a very feeling and effective manner, thanking them kindly for this token of their esteem, and recognition of his services. Addresses were afterwards delivered by the chairman, H. Wilkinson, Esq., R. Macintyre, Esq., and several past and present district officers.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—On Thursday evening, the 28th Jan., the members of the Waltham Abbey district, gave a *soiree* in the large room in the Royal Engineers' yard. The proceeds were devoted to the widow and orphan fund. Both concert and ball passed off with *eclat*. In the course of the evening, Mr. Phipps stated, that since the establishment of the fund in 1848, the sum of £2,265 6s. 10d. had been raised, £1,932 9s. 7d. of which had been subscribed by the members. During the same period £328 5s. 4d. had been distributed to widows and orphans. The present reserved capital amounted to £1,337 15s.

Obituary.

ABERDARE.—On the 19th Feb., at Ynyslyd House, Aberdare, in the 51st year of his age, P. Prov. G.M. Jenkin Davies, Esq. He was a member of the Rose of Glamorgan Lodge, No. 4450. He signalised himself by a long career of energetic and practical usefulness. In appreciation of his many deeds of charity and benevolence, his fellow-members presented to him a very valuable gold and silver medal attached to a richly embossed collar. Mr. Davies per-

formed the duties of district officer with great zeal and ardour, which gained him the unqualified regard of his brethren. He was at the period of his decease, one of the district trustees. He attended, as delegate, the Brighton and Leamington A.M.C.s. His remains were deposited in the family vault in the parish church. The funeral *cortege* consisted of nearly all the respectable portion of the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, together with an immense assemblage of the members of the Order, and those of other societies, to whose funds, with his characteristic benevolence, he was a subscriber. An obvious proof of the esteem in which he was held by the public was given by the closing of the whole of the shops and all other places of business, in the streets through which the mournful procession passed. The funeral rites being over, the usual "Address" was read by his neighbour and coadjutor as trustee, P. Prov. G.M. the Rev. Dr. Price, one of the Board of Directors, in a solemn and impressive manner.

NORWICH.—A most unfortunate and lamentable accident occurred at the *Mercury* office on Friday night, Feb. 7, about half-past eight o'clock, to Charles Thompson, who had had the superintendence of the machines since 1846. He had been ill some time, and wore a coat with loose sleeves while at work. Part of the sleeve coming into contact with a small cogged wheel inside, the arm was dragged partially between the small and one of the large wheels. The feeding boy threw the machine out of gear instantly, but not before the inner portion of the arm between the wrist and the elbow was dreadfully lacerated, although the bone was not broken. He was taken to the hospital, where he died on Sunday morning. He was highly respected by his employer and all the establishment, and by many friends; his painful and lamentable end is deplored by all. Deceased was well known among odd-fellows as the secretary of the Amicable Lodge, which post he had occupied with credit to himself and the lodge, by every member of which he was greatly esteemed. His books were the very patterns of order. Last year a valuable gold watch and chain were presented to him; and on Tuesday evening a touching address was delivered at the lodge by Mr. B. Allen. He was borne to the grave on Friday by the brethren, a large number also being in attendance. A widow and seven children mourn the loss of a devoted husband and an affectionate parent, and we trust a substantial sum will be raised for them.—*Norwich Mercury*.

ROCHDALE.—On the 25th of January, Mr. Alderman Thomas Livesey, aged 48 years. Mr. Livesey was well known and much respected for his public spirit and frank and manly nature. He was especially regarded as the friend of the poor and weak. His remains were honoured with a public funeral, on which occasion a demonstration of a character never previously seen in Rochdale took place. All parties joined in paying tribute to the memory of an honourable and useful public servant. Mr. Livesey was a warm Odd-fellow, and past officer of his district. He represented Rochdale at two annual committees of the Order, Oxford and Southampton, and took an active part in the proceedings. The Rochdale brethren, who mustered in large numbers on the occasion of his funeral, were permitted, as a mark of special favour, to precede the hearse and head the procession.

WIGTON.—On the 14th of Jan. last, Mr. Jno. Gibson, P. Prov. G.M. His remains were followed to the grave by a large number of friends, and the respect he was held in by his brother Odd-fellows was shown by members of every lodge of the district joining in the procession. Mr. Gibson was one of the parties selected by the Leamington A.M.C., whose portraits and memoirs should be published in the Odd-fellows' Magazine. A photograph recently taken is now in the hands of the engraver. The portrait, together with a full account of his career as an Odd-fellow, will appear in our October number.



Mr. Thompson Prov. C.I.
Leeds District

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1864.

William Thompson, Prov. C.S.

THE subject of this memoir was born at Holbeck, Leeds, on the 31st May, 1822. His parents belonged to the working class, and, by honest industry, succeeded in bringing up in a respectable manner, a family of six sons and one daughter, of which Mr. William Thompson is the youngest but one. The father having felt the loss attending the want of early education, determined that his sons should not labour under similar disadvantage. He contrived, by hard struggling, to keep them at good schools, till they arrived at the age of fourteen. On leaving school, Mr. Thompson was apprenticed to the trade of a millwright, at which he continued to work until April, 1857, when he was appointed manager of a loan society, established under the 3rd and 4th Vic., cap. 110.

Mr. Thompson, sen., early impressed upon the minds of his sons, the value of forethought and provident habits, shrewdly remarking: "Lads, provide something for yourselves when in good health, and you will not take much harm when sickness comes." Following this advice, Mr. Thompson and four brothers were initiated as Odd-fellows, on their respectively attaining the age of eighteen years. His brother James, who was initiated in the Mechanics' Lodge, Leeds, sailed on the 19th of May, 1845, as engineer, on board H. M. S. Terror, which formed part of the ill-fated Franklin expedition. His youngest brother George, a member of the Branch of Hope Lodge, Leeds, was equally unfortunate; he died from injuries received from a crush between a railway engine and tender at Doncaster, while in the execution of his duty. The subject of this memoir was initiated as member of the Hope Lodge, Leeds, on the 20th July, 1840. The lodge, which numbered nearly 400 members, soon afterwards divided, and Mr. Thompson was amongst the number who formed the Branch of Hope Lodge. He was elected secretary of the lodge, in June, 1844, and satisfactorily fulfilled its duties, although

business engagements necessitated his residence near the Low Moor ironworks. He punctually attended each lodge and lecture night, notwithstanding the distance, which, in those days, had generally to be accomplished on foot. Notwithstanding the urgent solicitations of many friends, he declined, at the time, to accept the superior offices of the lodge, as he would not be able to fulfil, conscientiously, the duties of sick visitor, on account of his non-residence. For some time afterwards, Mr. Thompson resided at Ashton-under-Lyne. He, however, again returned to Leeds, and in December, 1848, was elected V.G. of his lodge. He subsequently occupied the N.G.'s chair, his youngest brother officiating as V.G. During their term of office, the town of Leeds suffered severely from cholera. Mr. Thompson, being a single man, magnanimously undertook the visitation of the whole of the sick, frankly stating as his reason, that, as his brother had a family dependent upon him for support, his life was more valuable than his own. About this time he was appointed on the Widow and Orphan Fund committee, on which he continued to sit till December, 1851. In June, 1857, he was elected one of the trustees of his lodge, and in December, in the same year, he was appointed a trustee for the district. Mr. Thompson afterwards prepared an elaborate tabulated statement of the condition of the lodges of the district, from the returns furnished to the executive and the registrar. This voluntary labour gave great satisfaction, and led to his election to the office of District Grand Master, in December, 1858. In this office his assiduity was most conspicuous. In conjunction with the D.G.M., Mr. Fox, he visited and spent a separate evening with each lodge in the district, a feat never previously or since performed by any of the Leeds district officers, in consequence of its numbers, and the distance of several lodges from the town. At that time Leeds numbered 60 lodges, comprising 5,616 members. When the Rev. Dr. Hook, then vicar of Leeds, and an honorary member of the Order, was appointed Dean of Chichester, his brethren determined to present him with a suitable testimonial. This was done at the Town Hall, at the same time that the worthy doctor received other similar marks of the regard of his fellow-townsmen. On this committee Mr. Thompson was an indefatigable worker. On his retirement from the office of Prov. G.M., he was re-elected a trustee for the district, which office he retained until his appointment of Corresponding Secretary, in December, 1862, which office he now holds. The auditors in their report, after deeply deploring the death of his worthy predecessor, the late Mr. Alexander, and bearing testimony to the correctness of his accounts, add, "We also express our gratitude to P. Prov. G.M. Thompson, for the assistance rendered on behalf of our late C.S., in preparing the accounts, which greatly facilitated the audit." He has represented his district at the following A.M.C.'s:—Leicester, Shrewsbury, Bolton, Brighton, Leamington, and Birkenhead. He was appointed vice-chairman of the New Districts Committee at the Bolton A.M.C., and was elected on the Estimates Committee at both Brighton, Leamington and Birkenhead. Mr. Thompson's indefatigable exertions in the cause of Oddfellowship is best evidenced by the fact that he has served the office of N.G. in his own lodge four times. He is still in harness, and a most willing and efficient worker in the cause.

Mr. Thompson is a bachelor, and resides with a brother similarly circumstanced. His mother, however, though in her 77th year, still most efficiently superintends the domestic arrangements of the household, and renders the phrase "single blessedness," in this instance at least, a reality, and not a fiction, as a certain class of fortunate Benedicts are sometimes in the habit of insinuating.

GERMS OF GREATNESS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

How many a mighty mind is shut
Within a fameless germ :
The huge oak lies in the acorn cup,
And the richest regal robes are cut
From the web of a dusky worm.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
On its full and swelling tide,
But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips,
That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.

A thoughtless word from a jesting breath
May fall on a listening ear,
And draw the soul from its rusty sheath,
To work and win the rarest wreath
That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
Gay Flora's fairest gem :
Let the sunlight stay and the showers go past,
And the small green bud shall blaze at last,
The pride of her diadem.

The sower casts, in the early year,
The grains of barley-corn,
And barns and barrels of goodly cheer—
Of winter's bread and nut-brown beer,
From the infant seed are born.

The Poet-chaunt may be a thing
 Of lightsome tone and word,
 But a living sound may dwell in the string,
 That shall waken and warm, as its echoes fling,
 Till untold hearts are stirred.

Look well; look close; look deep; look long,
 On the changes ruling earth,
 And ye'll find God's highest, holiest, throng
 Of mortal giants—strange and strong—
 Arise from noteless birth.

Fate drives a poor and slender peg,
 But a crown may hang thereby;
 We may kill an eagle when crushing an egg;
 And the shilling a starving boy may beg,
 May be stamped with Fortune's die.

'Tis well to train our searching eyes
 To wonder—not to mock—
 For the nameless steed may win the prize,
 The wee-child grow to giant size,
 And the atom found a rock.

ONE DAY'S SUN.

[ORIGINAL]

Ere yet the solemn hand of time
 Lays care upon the brow,
 In youth's fresh morn rise friendly mists,
 Zests to day's early glow.
 As slow they roll, some gilded peak
 Bursts on the vision'd sense!
 Enshrouded beauties, loosed from folds,
 Proclaim a throng immense!
 Bright'ning, glitt'ring, joy intense!
 Mingling, mingling, crowded, heap'd;
 A gorgeous dazzling mass!
 Now countless numbers pain the eye,
 Delights droop as they pass.
 Eye! calm eye! thy long shadows fling;
 Rest, weary one, while night-birds sing.

J. WRIGHT.

The New Financial Law.

SATURDAY, May 21, 1864, will be a red letter day in the history of the Manchester Unity, and the progress of provident habits amongst the industrial population of this country. On that day the Grand Annual Committee of the Order endorsed a proposition, emanating from both Bristol and Birmingham, which has been under consideration by the members of the Unity for some time past, and which had for its object the modification and extension of the general financial law in accordance with the teachings of the past experience of the society itself. The foundation stone of this pillar of financial reform was laid at Glasgow, in 1845, the shaft was erected at Preston, in 1853, but it remained for the Annual Committee at Birkenhead to complete the structure, by crowning it with an appropriate capital, during its recent sitting in Whitsun-week, 1864. The result is one which must afford unmingled satisfaction to those friends of the Unity who have devoted so much of their time and labour to the elucidation of the somewhat dry problems of vital statistical science, and in the promulgation of its principles in a popular form amongst the members and the general public. By this act of legislation a great reproach has been wiped from off the reputation of the Manchester Unity, and the fair fame of the provident section of the working men of Great Britain, for intelligent self-government, placed in the clearest and most satisfactory light.

We have ever contended that the errors inherited from our predecessors, with respect to the financial value of promised insurances in connection with friendly societies, were errors of judgment, caused by the absence of truthful information, and not the result of deliberate ill-doing, as has been over and over again asserted, both by self-styled friends and ill-concealed enemies. The motives of the founders, we have maintained, were amongst the most honourable and praiseworthy that ever swayed the hearts or influenced the actions of large bodies of men associated for mutual assistance; and we have ever regarded the wholesale denunciation with which they have been occasionally favoured by some influential and conventionally respectable parties, as the result of gross ignorance of many important elements, which must, of necessity, command respectful consideration at the hands of all honest, well-informed, and clear-headed seekers after the truth.

In matters pertaining to popular government, education ought ever to precede legislation; otherwise the parties who are sought to be benefited may be the means of obstructing the administration of the very laws enacted especially for the advantage, present and prospective, of them and theirs. Since the Glasgow annual meeting, this has formed a marked feature in the practice of the financial reformers in connection with the Manchester Unity; and it is not saying more than the truth, when we assert, that more gratuitous labour,—labour the practical value

of which may be tested by its fruit,—has been brought to bear on this question, by the Manchester Unity and its immediate friends, than by all the merely professional actuaries that ever existed, governmental or otherwise.

If the Manchester Unity had effected no more good than that which is implied by the education of the mass of its members to the pitch of the financial legislation of last Whitsun-week, we contend that it deserves well at the hands of all true social reformers and friends of civilisation and human progress.

Much, however, remains yet to be accomplished. That which is gained, must now be conserved and turned to practical account. It, therefore, becomes the duty of all who understand the merits of this great financial improvement, to use their best educational influence in those districts where the light of Truth has yet but imperfectly penetrated, in order that the law may be not only promptly introduced and honestly carried out, but that its vast importance to the future well-being of the members and those who come after them, may be recognised to the fullest extent.

The principle of the law itself is simple enough. It merely asserts that there is a CORRESPONDING VALUE between the *amount paid in*, as a periodical subscription, and the *amount insured*, whether it be a certain sum during incapacity to labour owing to sickness or accident, or a given amount at the death of a member or his wife; and that this corresponding value can only be ascertained by consulting the record of our past experience, which record is to be found in the figures tabulated for use, in the work compiled by our secretary, Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, and published by the directors. The old law, previously to 1845, admitted members at all the ages from 18 to 35, for a similar monthly payment, and an initiation fee of one guinea. Past experience, however, had so far taught the leaders of the Unity in 1845, that the age of a member on entering a society, materially affected the true value of his periodical contribution, if it were to become a just equivalent to the risk he imported into it. A graduated scale of *initiation* fees was therefore introduced, commencing with twelve shillings for members joining at age eighteen, and, step by step, increasing, until age thirty-six, when four pounds ten shillings were demanded as compensation for the risk attendant upon increased years. After the publication of Mr. Ratcliffe's analysis of the first collected returns, however, it was found that this rate was insufficient; and, accordingly, the Preston A.M.C. so far amended the law, as to introduce a less rate of initiation fee and add an extra annual contribution, to compensate for the absence of the saved money of those who entered early in life. This was a great step in advance, as it introduced something like a definite principle; but it was practically very defective and incomplete. In the first place, it made no provision for out-payments. It merely stated the amount of extra annual contribution which should be demanded at the various ages. This had been calculated by a member, and not by Mr. Ratcliffe (whose approval in all figure matters of this class, should always be obtained before legislation), and it was carried as an amendment, or rather accepted as an improvement, by the mover of a still more imperfect resolution.

This calculation was supposed to meet a universal sick allowance of ten shillings per week. As some lodges in country places only pay seven shillings, and others in large cities, twelve shillings it must be obvious that one rate of in-payment to meet these charges could not equitably apply to all. This and some other irregularities of a similar character, are obviated by the new financial law. Its practical adoption is much simplified by the rate of extra contribution being included in one monthly payment, which does away with the complication arising from the collection of the extra money annually, half-yearly, or quarterly.

Each lodge can resolve itself, without external interference, what amount of benefit it will undertake to insure; but when this is once determined upon, both the law and common sense equally demand that the in-payments shall be regulated in accordance with the best known scientific facts, and not by mere benevolent impulse or "rule of thumb" calculation. The addendum to the original resolution, authorizing Mr. Ratcliffe to prepare additional tables, adjusting the rates of in-payment to meet the cases where lodges only grant full sick pay for six months, and extending them, so as to provide for others which desire to subscribe for larger amounts during sickness, and for heavier funeral allowances, will render the new law capable of being easily adapted to the requirements of all the lodges in the Unity. It provides likewise for a condition which has long been felt, in certain neighbourhoods, as most desirable. In several lodges some of the members are unable to afford a subscription for more than, say seven or eight shillings per week, sick-allowance, whilst others, engaged in more remunerative employment, are able and anxious to subscribe for ten or even twelve shillings per week. The present law, therefore, not only gives to lodges the option of adopting which scale may best suit their requirements, but it enables them (*if so disposed, not otherwise*), to introduce two, or even more, of the scales, so as to accommodate the pecuniary circumstances of all their members.

In commending this last important financial action of the Annual Moveable Committee to the care and consideration of the members of the Unity, and in inviting their active co-operation in the dissemination of a knowledge of its great practical value, we must likewise recall their attention to the fact that the greatest, the most powerful argument advanced by the enemies of self-governed societies, has been the presumed incapacity of the members to grapple effectually with this momentous financial difficulty. Let them show the world, by an intelligent appreciation of the labours of those to whom they have intrusted the arduous duty of thoroughly investigating this question and adapting it to practical action, that they are *able*, as well as determined, to manage the affairs of their provident societies themselves: that, while they cheerfully recognise and extend the right hand of good-fellowship to all who sympathise with their efforts for self-reliance, they neither beg for favours, the acceptance of which would lessen their self-respect, nor will they relinquish the right they legally possess, to conduct the institutions which have been originated and developed so far by their own efforts, in such a manner as may best accord with their own convictions and experience.

C. H.

THE

Annual Movable Committee Meeting at Birkenhead.

THE deputies assembled to the number of upwards of 200 on Whit-Monday morning, at the Philharmonic Hall, Birkenhead, the Grand Master, Mr. Vincent R. Burgess, Old Kent Road, London, in the chair, assisted by the deputy Grand Master, Mr. Frederick Richmond, of Manchester.

The Grand Master, in opening the meeting, said it afforded him much pleasure to announce that the unity was never in a more flourishing condition during any portion of its history. (Cheers.) It was not only more prosperous numerically, but he believed financially likewise. He was fully aware that they had not yet arrived at perfection in the latter particular, but when he reflected upon the progress which had been made during the last few years, he felt confident that they would continue their efforts until they had accomplished all that was desirable to ensure their financial prosperity. (Hear, hear.) Some important propositions would be submitted for their consideration, during the present meeting, on this most important subject; and he hoped they would bring the results of their recent past experience to bear upon the discussion of the proposed improvements. They had been often told, when important changes had been introduced, that such changes would give too much trouble to secretaries, and would prevent the progress of the society numerically, because other institutions of a similar character initiated members without additional annual contributions according to age. Such, however, had not proved the fact. Experience had proved that the introduction of this principle had materially benefited the society. (Hear.) Within the last eight years they had initiated 220,459 members, which demonstrated that the introduction of the graduated rates of in-payment had not driven from them the more intelligent section of the provident working men. He regarded it as one of the greatest improvements ever introduced into the society. He had no desire to force even improvements upon a society like theirs. He thought they ought to be introduced gradually, and sufficient time given for their careful consideration by the members of the various districts; and that legislation on such subjects should spontaneously emanate from the bulk of the members rather than be forced upon them by any authority whatever. There was ever a difficulty in enforcing laws upon such bodies when their value was but imperfectly understood by those most interested. (Hear.) The number of initiations during the past eight years had averaged 25,307; and during the past year the number amounted to 26,900. The total increase on the year, after deducting the loss by death, secession, lapsed policies, &c., was 15,603. The entire unity, on the 1st of January last, numbered 358,556 members. This state of things he regarded as most satisfactory, especially when they remembered the severe privations to which many of their brethren had been subjected in Lancashire and its neighbourhood. The Unity had paid, during the year, on the mortality account, about £55,000. He regretted that all lodges had not furnished complete returns of their expenditure on the sickness account. Many of the large districts published them for the information of their brethren and the public, and it would be a source of great satisfaction to the directors if they were enabled to publish to the world the exact figures, and not content

themselves with an approximate estimate on this matter. He commended the subject to the consideration of the deputies, and urged them to increased exertion with respect to it.—The last annual meeting ordered the re-arrangement of the general laws of the Unity. The directors entrusted the task, in the first place, to Mr. Buck, of Birmingham, and, afterwards, at a special meeting, they were discussed in detail by the directors; and in their amended form they would be submitted to the meeting for confirmation or otherwise. Mr. Buck and himself had called upon Mr. J. Tidd Pratt, with the view to ascertain his opinion upon the matter. That gentleman courteously entered into the question, and expressed his entire approval of the course taken; but he could not give a certificate until after they had received the sanction of the present meeting. If, however, the new code contained neither more nor less in spirit than the old laws and amendments, they would be perfectly safe in a court of law. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Pratt recommended the unity to obtain a charter of incorporation, as some other societies had done, which did not wish to be enrolled under the Friendly Societies Act. He saw no reason why the trustees of lodges and districts should not retain their offices under such charter, and he (Mr. Pratt) should be happy to render them any assistance in his power. (Cheers.) Mr. Burgess concluded by requesting the deputies to take the matter into their serious consideration, and that, during the week, such resolutions would be adopted as would enable the executive to take action in the matter. (Continued cheering.)

Mr. Briscoe, of Bolton, senior auditor, read the report, which was received, and ordered to be considered in detail at a later period of the week.

The election of the various sub-committees occupied the remainder of the day's proceedings.

The deputies assembled at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, but the various sub-committees not having completed their labours, the general public business was not immediately proceeded with. In the course of the day, the new districts committee presented their report. Some discussion arose in one case, in which a lodge had applied for permission to leave the district to which it belonged, and form the nucleus of a new one, on the ground that the other lodges declined to register their rules under the Friendly Societies Act. It was, however, ultimately resolved that the recommendation of the sub-committee should be endorsed, on the ground that it was inexpedient to encourage the formation of new districts, unless more than one lodge joined in the application. The relief committee afterwards presented their report. One case caused considerable discussion. The committee had agreed to grant the sum of £10 in aid of a fund which is being raised in Manchester, for the assistance of P.G.M. Ormond, its district secretary, who has been long a member, and whose age and infirmities, and general public service, it was contended, demanded some recognition under the circumstances from the Unity at large. A proposition was made, that a petition on his behalf should be circulated throughout the Order; but it was ultimately resolved, that the sub-committee's recommendation should be endorsed, as many other districts possessed members equally worthy, and the adoption of a petition in Mr. Ormond's case, might be construed into a precedent, which would lead to numerous applications of a similar nature, which would embarrass the action of future annual committees. The estimates committee report was afterwards presented, and adopted after some discussion in reference to the non-delivery of the lists of lodges according to the terms of the contract.

In the evening, the grand banquet was held in the Rifle Drill Shed. J. Laird, Esq., M.P. for Birkenhead, occupied the chair. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. William Hind, chairman of the Birkenhead commissioners. Amongst other gentlemen present, were William Jackson, Esq., M.P. for

Newcastle-under-Lyne; the Rev. T. F. Redhead, incumbent of St. Peter's, Rock Ferry; Mr. J. R. Shaw, high sheriff of the county of Chester; Dr. J. M. Craig, surgeon of the principal Odd-fellows' lodges belonging to the Birkenhead district; Major Hornblower; Mr. Brattan, architect, and G.M. of the district; the officers of the Order and most of the directors. Several excellent practical addresses were delivered. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the Unity, observed that it was not a political club, and it was not a trades union. (Hear, hear.) It was a society which all parties can join and do their neighbours and fellow-countrymen good, and it was one which embraces the good quality of self-government. (Cheers.) It was, he believed, established for the relief of the sick, for rendering assistance when a family is deprived of the father or mother, or on the death of children, and generally for charitable purposes. It was not merely a society for the purpose of getting charity from neighbours and others, but a sort of bank to which parties can contribute when they are well, and from which they have a right to draw certain amounts when they are ill, or when they lose their relatives by death. (Applause.) All these societies prosper or fall away according as they are well or ill managed. (Applause.) You hear of companies of various kinds being established, and in a few years, through bad management, being wound up. The shareholders' money all goes, and the consequences are very general ruin, and very general distress. But, if he might judge from the papers he had read about this Manchester Unity, and from the inquiries he had made, it must be particularly well managed.—Mr. Daynes replied in his usual clear and telling manner. The meeting was addressed by the officers of the Order, several past officers, brethren, and other gentlemen, including Mr. Alderman Schofield, Mr. Charles Hardwick, Mr. J. Woodcock, Mr. John Gale, Mr. Curtis, Rev. Dr. Price, Mr. Jack, Mr. Geves, Mr. W. Sykes, secretary of the district, the vice-chairman, Mr. Brattan, Mr. Jackson, M.P., Mr. Aspinall, the Rev. T. F. Redhead, Major Hornblower, etc.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Aitken, chairman of the sub-committee appointed to examine the proceedings of the Grand Master and Board of Directors, read the report, the clauses of which were afterwards considered seriatim. The first and second clauses were assented to. The latter congratulated the meeting on the beneficial action of the law, which enabled lodges to obtain a valuation of their assets and liabilities, with the view to the appropriation of any surplus to increased benefit of the members. The clause further states, that some lodges which "have not been equally successful, have gained such information as will no doubt induce them to take steps which will ultimately tend to their permanent benefit."—The fifth clause had reference to Mr. Gladstone's Post Office Assurance Bill, which was adopted after some discussion, in the course of which some of the Chancellor's indiscriminate strictures on friendly societies were severely commented upon. The clause read as follows:—

The directors, at their meeting held in April last, having considered the above proposed bill, adopted the following resolution, viz.:—The attention of the board having been called to Mr. Gladstone's Annuity Bill, after some discussion, resolved, that it is the opinion of the board, there is no necessity for taking further action." Your committee concur in the above resolution, being of opinion that such bill, if adopted, will not, in any material point, affect the interests of the members of the Unity.

The ninth clause commended the action of the Grand Master and Mr. Buck, with reference to their interview with Mr. Jno. Tidd Pratt, on the registration of the re-arranged general laws. In the tenth clause, the committee referred to the suggestion of Mr. Tidd Pratt, that a charter of incorporation should be obtained for the Unity, and the committee recommended that the Directors should be authorised to take the necessary measures for procuring all the information possible as to the desirability,

or otherwise, of obtaining a charter, and to circulate such information in the quarterly reports, as would enable the next A.M.C. to take this important subject into consideration.—The clause was unanimously adopted. In the course of the discussion, Mr. Chas. Hardwick expressed his conviction that the Friendly Societies Act was passed in good faith, and was sufficient for the legal recognition of the Unity, if properly administered. The only substantial difficulty in the matter arose from the impolitic, and, as he contended, illegal conduct of Mr. Pratt, who seemed determined to make instead of administering the law.—The eleventh clause referred to the recommendation that further assistance should be given to brethren suffering from distress in the manufacturing districts. Twenty-six districts had given and lent to distressed brethren the large sum of £4,055 15s. 1d. The committee recommended the matter to the favourable consideration of the meeting. The clause was unanimously adopted, with an addition to the effect that a petition be circulated throughout the Unity, and that the money subscribed be distributed by the Directors as on the previous occasion.—The twelfth clause referred to an intricate law case from Halifax, which caused much discussion. The sum of £30 was ultimately granted to the Halifax district towards the expenses incurred.—The thirteenth clause referred to the judicial decisions of the Board of Directors. After a long discussion, it was unanimously resolved that the law was clear, that the decisions of the board in cases of dispute were final and conclusive; and that the duties of the sub-committee were confined to the investigation of the Directors' acts in their executive capacity only.—The fourteenth clause, complimenting the Directors on the manner in which the business had been conducted during the past year, was carried with acclamation, after some discussion of an irrelevant character. The auditors' report was afterwards considered, and adopted without alteration. The remainder of the day was occupied by the reception of nominations of candidates for the various offices, etc.

The first business entered upon on Thursday was the election of officers, &c. Mr. Frederick Richmond, estate agent, Manchester, the Deputy Grand Master, was unanimously elected Grand Master of the Order for the ensuing year. For the Deputy Grand Master there were eight candidates. The following is the result of the voting:—Mr. James Curtis, Brighton, 24; Mr. Diprose, London, 7; Mr. Geves, Leeds, 45; Mr. Harris, London, 2; Mr. Houghton, Warrington, 8; Mr. Jack, Durham, 10; the Rev. Thos. Price, Ph.D., Aberdare, 83; Mr. WalDRAM, Leicester, 4. Dr. Price not receiving a majority of the votes tendered, necessitated a second poll with Mr. Geves; but, as the latter gentleman retired, Dr. Price was declared Deputy Grand Master for the ensuing year. Forty-one candidates for seats on the Directory were nominated. Each elected member must receive a clear majority of the votes. In the first round of polling, the following gentlemen secured a majority: Messrs. Samuel Daynes, F.G.M., of Norwich, 111; and Mr. Henry Buck, Birmingham, 96. The day was consumed by the extremely unsatisfactory manner of taking the votes, in order to ensure clear majorities. This will hereafter be avoided, as much valuable time was lost. At four o'clock the following gentlemen had obtained the requisite number of votes:—Messrs. Alderman Schofield, Bradford; Curtis, Brighton; and Aitken, Ashton-under-Lyne. After a somewhat irregular discussion it was resolved not to adjourn until the entire number of directors had been appointed. The following gentlemen will constitute the executive government and final appeal committee, or board of arbitrators, for the ensuing year:—Grand Master, Mr. Frederick Richmond, Manchester; Deputy Grand Master, the Rev. T. Price, Ph.D., Aberdare; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. H. Ratcliffe, Manchester; Directors, Messrs. Burgess, London; Daynes, Norwich; Buck,

Birmingham; Alderman Schofield, Bradford; Curtis, Brighton; Woodcock, Glossop; Aitken, Ashton-under-Lyne; Gale, Liverpool; Geves, Leeds; and Glass, Burslem.

On Wednesday evening, a large number of the deputies enjoyed a delightful excursion on the river, two steamers being chartered for the purpose. The chief objects of attraction were the celebrated steam rams, the *Alexandra* gunboat, the *Great Eastern* steamship, and the docks.

In the evening a concert and ball were held in the drill shed.

On Friday morning the trustees were re-appointed, with the exception of Mr. Street, who retired. Mr. Buck was appointed to fill the vacancy. It was unanimously resolved that the salary of Mr. Ratcliffe, the corresponding secretary, be raised from £200 to £260 per annum, in consideration of his past services, and the increase of the business of his office.

Twenty towns or cities were nominated for the place of meeting of the Annual Moveable Committee of 1865. The contest eventually lay between Burton-on-Trent, Worcester, and Cheltenham. At the final poll, Worcester received 94 and Burton 88 votes, consequently the next Annual Committee will be held in the city of Worcester.

Twenty-five districts were nominated for the privilege of appointing an auditor of the accounts of the Unity, in the room of the senior, who retires at the completion of three years' service, according to law. At the first poll, Birkenhead received 100 votes, which decided the contest in its favour.

Twenty gentlemen were nominated for the honour of having their portraits, with accompanying memoirs, inserted in the *Quarterly Magazine*, published by the Directors. Only three were required, one, in compliment to the members in the colony of New Zealand, having been previously selected. The choice fell upon Mr. Briscoe, senior auditor, Bolton; Mr. Slater, Oldham; and Mr. Sykes, Dukinfield.

The usual complimentary gift of £10 to the Grand Master, in consideration of expenses incurred during his two years gratuitous services was carried with acclamation. The usual vote of £20 to the local charities of the town in which the A.M.C. is held, was then taken. The sum of £15 was granted to the Borough Hospital, and £5 to the Lying-in-Hospital.

The committee then entered upon the consideration of the various propositions for alteration of the general laws. The first proposition related to the revised code. The following resolution was adopted:—

That the classification of the laws by the Directors be received and adopted by this meeting; that Mr. Ratcliffe be requested to revise the printer's errors; and that this meeting then discuss the proposition for alteration of rules sent in, and that those passed be registered and amalgamated with these rules.

A proposition recommending that a special reporter be engaged to report at length the proceedings of the annual meeting, in order to its publication in a pamphlet form, occasioned a long discussion, in which Messrs. Hardwick, Curtis, Daynes, Buck, etc., contended that the kind of report referred to, was impracticable and undesirable, and preferred the free unfettered action of the public press as most conducive to the best interests of the institution.

Mr. Waldram amended his proposition so as to read a "condensed" report. The amended proposition, however, was lost, only 10 voting for it and 123 against it. A proposition from Bristol, providing for the certification of lodge and district by-laws, as in conformity with the general law, by the corresponding secretary, was unanimously adopted. One from West London, charging a portion of the expenses of deputies on the Unity Funds, was negatived by a large majority. A proposition to the following effect caused considerable discussion:—

Three of the senior directors to retire annually, and not to be eligible for re-election until the expiration of one year. The voting to take place on the last day of the sitting of the A.M.C.

It was argued that the present plan, by which all the directors retire and are individually placed on a level with other deputies, was both more open and free than any proposed for the restriction of the action of the succeeding A.M.Cs. After a very long discussion, in which a large number of the principal deputies took part, it was resolved that the present law remain unaltered. A proposition that the elections should in future, take place at the conclusion of all the other business of the meeting was carried. Another proposition, amending the mode of taking the votes at the elections complained of on the previous day, was carried unanimously. A proposition for re-electing five of the retiring directors, and four from the annual committee was lost.

The deputies, by special invitation of Mr. Luff, a P.G.M. of the Order, attended a social demonstration, or entertainment, at the Liverpool Zoological Gardens.

The deputies assembled at nine o'clock on Saturday, and at once proceeded to the discussion of the remaining propositions for the amendment of the general laws. The following are the most important resolutions adopted:—A proposition from Worcester, "That on no account whatever shall lodges or districts have power to make by-laws, compelling members to attend anniversaries, *fêtes*, or funerals, or to subscribe money for refreshments during lodge hours; neither shall the funds of lodges be appropriated to defray such expenses," caused considerable discussion. It was contended that, as the law at present prevented the appropriation of any portion of the funds subscribed for insurance purposes to any other object, the legitimate limit of unity interference had been reached, and that the members of each branch both would and ought to exercise an independent judgment on such matters. On the other hand, it was contended that at the present time a very great majority of the branches had by-laws in the spirit of the proposition from Worcester, and that for the credit of the unity it was imperative that the practice should be made universal. A strong feeling was expressed against the expenditure of any subscribed money in liquor refreshments at lodge meetings; but it was equally strongly contended that it would be impertinent to attempt to dictate to branches as to the manner in which they chose to celebrate the anniversary of their foundation, or get up demonstrations to make known the principles of the order. Seventy votes were tendered in favour of the law as it stood, and 58 in favour of the Worcester proposition.

A proposition was made authorising district officers, or auditors appointed by the districts, to demand and take from the lodge room any books of accounts for the purpose of seeing that they have been properly kept and audited, and giving power to inflict the penalty of suspension on any lodge refusing compliance. It was ultimately resolved that the law passed last year was sufficiently stringent for the purpose.

Mr. Glass, of Burslem, commented strongly on the neglect as well as improper interference of Mr. Tidd Pratt, but postponed discussing a proposition emanating from the Pottery and Newcastle District, in consequence of the resolution relating to the application for a charter of incorporation.

The proposition from Bristol and Birmingham relative to the improvement of the financial law, in accordance with the past experience of the unity, recently published, was next discussed. The question was argued by several gentlemen who have for many years laboured to impress upon the minds of the members, in various parts of the country, the necessity of making the published results of past experience the foundation of their financial law. Mr. Adams, of Bristol; Mr. Buck, of Birmingham; and Mr. Charles Hardwick strongly advocated the measure, and recommended the deputies to use their best endeavours to convince the members and the public in their res-

pective localities, that the adoption of true financial principles was essential to the ultimate safety of their own as well as all other friendly societies. After several amendments had been disposed of, the original proposition from Bristol and Birmingham, with instruction to Mr. Ratcliffe to continue the tables up to one pound per week sick pay, and to introduce others providing for only six months full sick allowance, was carried by a large majority, seventy-five votes being recorded for it, and only seven against it. This large success was unanticipated even by the most sanguine financial reformers, and the announcement of the numbers was received with loud applause.

A proposition was carried unanimously to the effect that application be made to parliament that Mr. Ratcliffe, the corresponding secretary and compiler of the statistical tables published by the directors, should be acknowledged as an actuary for the purpose of certifying the rates of contribution and benefits of lodges and districts, and the general scales adopted by the annual committee.

The following important resolution was carried by a large majority.

That one competent person for a district of or less than 1,000 members, and two (or more, if necessary) for every district above 1,000 members, be elected at each annual district meeting, to be examiners of the books of lodges in the district for the succeeding year, the examiners to act under the direction of the district officers.

Several other resolutions were passed with a view to improve the general system of bookkeeping in lodges and districts.

A general subscription throughout the order was recommended in aid of the funds of the National Lifeboat Association. Several sums have already been contributed with this object.

The usual votes of thanks were carried, including one to the press, which was more largely represented than on any former occasion.

Many of the deputies subsequently visited the large shipbuilding establishment of Messrs. Laird, by the invitation of Mr. J. Laird, M.P.

HEALTH INSURANCE.—A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about 50 years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, and enquired, "Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?—The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."—"Vell, I want my health inshured; vot you charge?"—"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year. Pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."—"Vell," said Mynheer, "I vonte ten dollar vort." The agent inquired the state of his health. "Vell, I ish sick all the time. I see shust out de bed, too, tree hours a tay, and de doctor says, he can't do nothing more good for me."—"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."—At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger. "You must tink I see a pig fool; vot, you tink I come to pay you ten dollar for inshure my helt *oen I vos vell?*"

VULGARITY AND FASHION.—Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness learned from others, contrary to, or without, an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the common place affectation of what is elegant and refined, without any feeling of the essence of it.—*Haslitt.*

FANCY.—The creative power of fancy is a blessed gift in itself; but he substantiates that gift who converts it into the ordinary occurrences of daily life, drawing from them the honey bag of sweet and joyous thought; and I am one who, having had my sorrows, can still believe that there is a sunny side to almost all the events of our life, if we will but turn to it with a sincere and trusting heart.—*Charles Cowden Clarke.*

The Lancashire Labour Club :

A TALE.

BY ELIZA METEYARD. (SILVERPEN).

"If we were to seek what would be the perfection of organization in human affairs, we must turn to nature, and see how she organizes, noticing how the cell contains in itself potentially, all the forms of development towards perfection; and so to a certain extent, might the beginnings of human undertakings be fashioned. In fact, that amount of skill and thought, should be brought to bear upon them, which would ensure in future, the opportunity for full development The field for organization is very wide indeed, as it embraces most human affairs And what we mean by good organization, is some construction in which the several parts are so deftly disposed, that with the least expense of moral and material force, and in the shortest time, a given result is obtained Of the different branches of organization, no one is more important than the organization of labour All good organization tends to simplicity; and when a wise method is proposed, people are ready to say, how self-evident it is. But without the few men who perceive these self-evident things, the business of the world would go on even worse than it does."—*Organization in Daily Life: an Essay.*

CHAPTER I. THE GERMS.

It was a lovely April morning. The sun lay brightly on the surrounding heath-clad moors, the little becks glistened as they ran, and the great scattered village was astir, though the hour was yet early. More astir through the long day it was not likely to be, for the last of its five great cotton mills had closed during the week; so that Waterdean, a half rural, half manufacturing village, in the extreme north-east of Lancashire, was as comparatively inactive as Manchester itself.

As the morning wore on, the rural postman with a letter-bag swung across his shoulders, struck into an exquisitely picturesque lane about a mile from the village, and which, approaching the fells, lay yet partly in their shadows. The neighbourhood was richly wooded; but here and there, as he passed on, were to be caught distant glimpses of a cotton-mill on a vast scale. It was the furthest of the mills, and had been probably built at this distance from the village for the purpose of utilizing a portion of the profuse water-shed of the surrounding moors.

In a secluded spot, where the sunlight was unchequered by deeper shadows than those of leaf and bough, stood a small, old-fashioned, half-timbered cottage, around which was a large garden environed by pleasant fields. The latter was daintily kept, and as the postman strode up the pathway towards the porch, the scent of the violet, the hyacinth, and the primrose, was to be detected in mingled and matchless fragrance. The door stood wide, and showed a houseplace, or kitchen, well-furnished and daintily clean, in which a homely looking middle-aged woman was employed in some domestic duty. Hurrying forward, she, with a civil "good morning John," took some half-dozen letters from the postman's hand, and went away with them at once upon an adjacent staircase. Soon returning, she followed the postman up the sunny garden walk.

"John," said she, "master wishes to know, how the minister is this morning."

"Better—his man said so—but sorely troubled about Rodham's mill folks."

He was in hopes the short-time would have lasted out another month or two. But what will thy master do? he's amongst the rest on 'em."

"Ay! John, but then his roof covers nayther missus nor little ones; and when a man has only himself to think on, it's very different. He's been saving and careful; and though I know nought of his business, he's forards wi' th' world if any man is."

"It's said he is. And well he may be, for he's been the Rodhams' manager these six years at a good salary. But what will he do, Martha? Dick Blackett's not a chap to sit wi' his hands 'afore him."

"That's true. He's doing something for Rodhams' mill-folks already, if I'm not mistaken. He spoke to them the night the mill was closed, and he's been away at the Fell-house, more nor once to see the masters. Yesterday he went up to the Rectory to speak to Mr. Sneyd; and he bid me tell thee, John, to be good enough to call at th' minister's on thy way home, and say he'd step up this evening at the usual hour, if Mr. Colston war better."

"I'll call, Martha, but it's my 'pinion, that if anything be done, Dick 'll be the man. The Rodhams 'll give their money, and the parsons their advice, but depend on it, it's Dick Blackett's head 'll do the rest. It was this that made the Rodhams' mill what it was, the pattern hereabouts. But tell me (and here the loquacious postman sank his voice to a low whisper) do you think it's true, that he's any care for Emma, at Anderson's shop?"

"Not he," replied the housekeeper with jealous warmth, "the lass is well enough, but she's too untidy, and Anderson's is not the place to learn better. Why there ain't a bigger slut anywhere nor oud Peggy, though she and th' oud chap ha' made a lot by their shop, and their sickly son a parson i' th' bargain. No! Emma would never do for master, for I've heard him say, that if he abominates anything in this world, it's an untidy, thriftless, woman."

"The lass is not thriftless," replied the postman, quickly, "oud Sandy had never such a shopwoman afore, for I've heard him say so, and there's a proof on it, by oud Peggy sending off all his folks, but her and a lad, now bis'ness is nigh gone wi' th' shutting o' the mills. What's more, her friends by Preston way, be well off, and respectable; and surely a lass that's willing, can learn tidiness and cleanliness, as well as t'other things. I know'd of her learning 'rithmetic, for Tom Johnson, the schoolmaster, told me so, and this for reason, that Blackett, who sometimes looks over oud Sandy's books, had complained o' th' bad counting-up, and way o' putting things."

"Well, she won't do for master! he wants a woman as can mend his stockings, and cook his dinner, and be pleasant company too. Not that he says much to me, for as good a master as he is, our house be as silent as a churchyard; 'Good night;' 'Good morning;' 'Do this please;' 'Do that please;' be all our talk, weeks together. But he must be gotten married, for I've a lad in Staffordshire, as has lost his wife, and 'ud like me to be keeping house for him instead o' master. I'll say good morning to thee now, John, for it's time to be putting the pie i' the oven and th' potatoes on, for I'd never need be a minnit behind the clock, come what may." With this exordium on her master's punctual habits and love of order, the housekeeper hurried back to the cottage. The postman, however, paused a moment and looked after her.

"Thou'st an oud widow, Martha, and forgotten thy courting days." Then smiling to himself, he started off at a quick pace, and was soon out of sight.

At one o'clock precisely, when dinner was fairly set upon a table, at which it was evident one only would dine, the housekeeper ascended the staircase, and crossing a wide landing at the top, knocked at the door, and opening it, said briefly—as though from long habit, she had caught the sententious manner of her master—"Dinner, sir?"

"In five minutes, Martha."

The speaker did not look up from the work which employed him, though almost as soon as his housekeeper had closed the door, he finished writing the last in a list of names, and throwing down his pen, leaned back in his chair and read them over; this not in so low a voice, but that any listening ear could hear him:—"John Unwin, Sylvester Norman, Thomas Leek, John Carmichael, Joshua Tipton; Penrhyn slate quarries; average wages from £1 to £1 5s. per week. Lewis Moore, Roger Fisher, Giles Churchman, William Audley; the National Flax Company; scutchers and dressers; wages nominal till insight is obtained, except in case of W. Audley, brought up as a flax dresser. John Elsley, Peter Morrison, Ambrose Trenchard; Glasgow Water Works; wages not stated. Thomas Winslow, Aaron Preston; Ransome and Co., agricultural implement makers, Ipswich; labourers to attend on forges, and piece cutters. Daniel Macnaughten, Josiah Purvis, Ambrose Tull, George Stamford; Cleveland Iron Company; furnace labourers; wages not stated. Walter Weldon, Joseph Stubbs; Walker and Co., Dublin, poplin manufactory; overlookers of frames; a month's trial, after which wages to be £1 10s. per week."

When these names were read, the manager resumed his pen, and added this clause to the list.

"The masters hiring to contribute 10s. each workman. The latter to contribute each the same sum. From this general fund travelling expences to be provided, not according to unity of contribution, but ratio of cost. This cost of transit and of temporary provision, if necessary, to be paid to general fund, by the weekly sum of 1s. per head."

This written, the manager again laid down his pen and rose. Near him, on an easel, stood one of those large framed slates used by lecturers and teachers in schools. On this was a rapidly drawn sketch, in chalk, of the British Isles; its great manufacturing centres and districts being represented by huge white-ened blots, or smaller ones dipping into each other across the dark coloured surface of the slate. From the hugest blot of all, that of the cotton manufacturing districts of Cheshire and Lancashire, he wiped with his forefinger the minutest speck, and then taking up the chalk, he added specks, still more minute, to distant sections where the indications of towns and villages were on a varying but small scale. Having given thus geometrically, as it were, an expression to the great principle of social and industrial adjustment, or, as it may be otherwise called—the balances of labour, he moved towards the door.

The room was a pleasant and cheerful one, for the sun shone fully throughout two vine-clad casements, and lent light and warmth to its plain and tasteful style of decoration. Walls covered with oak-coloured paper, numerous well filled bookshelves painted to match, a plain green carpet, and a long library table overlaid with scarlet cloth, and on which stood numberless books and papers, were, with the exception of a large old fashioned press or escritoire, its chief adornments and contents. On the mantleshef was a bust; scattered about was a vase or two of flowers. Another striking feature of the room was its order and neatness. These helped to make it charming, although its inexpensive simplicity was so truly in keeping with the fortunes of the plain, earnest, somewhat austere man who was its master, and who had long worked hard, bodily and mentally, for daily bread. He was still in the prime of life, certainly not more than thirty or thirty-two years old; and one would judge him to be a north-countryman, probably a Northumbrian, by his height, his powerful well knit frame, his shaggy overhanging brow, and keen gray eye.

He descended the staircase, took his dinner in silence, and this without other company than one or two household pets, which awaited their expected morsel from their kindly master's hand. Then with a sententious "Have your

dinner, Martha," he rose, lighted a short pipe, and went forth into his garden. Here he remained till, further in the afternoon, he dressed and left home, after telling his housekeeper not to expect him till late in the evening.

The lane which the postman had traversed, brought him, in half an hour, to a large village of scattered houses, the minor portion of which were half-timbered tenements of vast age; the rest modern cottages, built after the accustomed pattern when decency, comfort, domestic privacy, and health, are points totally forgotten. There were puddles and scattered heaps of refuse before the doors, small ill-ventilated rooms within, and at the rear of most of them, large ill-drained yards, once divided into narrow garden plots, but, their original purpose having been long since forgotten, they had become mere dingy house-surrounded squares, in which children and animals ran about, and clothes were dried. The doors of these miserable places stood open, so that when Blackett reached the final house of a long row, he had but to speak, for two young women sat near the threshold, busily stitching with coloured thread and big needles, some flimsy rags, which they were converting into wide expanded crinolines. They did not see him for the first moment, but as soon as his enquiry met their ear, as to whether their father was at home, they rose simultaneously, and, without replying, dropped their work, and rushed away up a neighbouring staircase. They were both dirty and untidy; their hair about their shoulders, their feet slipshod, their tawdry gowns ragged and rumpled; and being mill hands, they had, doubtless, recollected that the manager was a keen observer. He could, therefore, do no less than enter the house, and see if any one else was within, who could give him an answer. He, therefore, moved round the door, and was glad to see another sister, seated before the fire, who, a mill hand also, rose at once, dropped a curtsy, and saying she would seek her father, who was doubtless near at hand, hurried forth into the little bye street in which the house stood. Unlike her sisters, this girl had worked in Rodhams' mill, and this might account for her more tidy appearance, and more courteous behaviour to the manager.

Thus left standing, for the girl in her eagerness to oblige had forgotten to ask the manager to take a seat on one of the dusty chairs which stood here and there around the walls, his quick eye could but observe the filthy condition of fire-place and floor, and the wretched disorder of all else about the room. There was washing to do; the litter of several previous meals to clear away; and twenty other household duties to perform, and yet the three sisters had been found sitting as though utterly unconscious of those common occupations, which would have made their home an abode of comparative luxury. There was no want of leisure to plead as an excuse; the mills were now closed, and yet it had made no perceptible improvement so far as he had yet observed. He could but sigh! money in such homes lost half its purchaseable value, whilst this utter unconsciousness in woman to the duties which were specially hers, led to half the miseries and crimes deplored by those who saw what domestic life might be, were an organized training and culture brought to bear upon the influences which moulded it to good or evil!

To shake off the painful impression left by these thoughts, Blackett moved again towards the open door; but as he passed the stool on which the last girl had sat, his eye was arrested by a slate, and a cheap penny publication, which he had observed her place there as she rose. There were some printed flowers on the paper, and what seemed their imitation on the slate; but when he took up the latter, to observe more closely, he saw that much more than a mere copy had been attempted, and that leaf, flower, and stem, which stiff and unartistic in the original, were represented on the slate in new and graceful combinations, that touched the edge of nature.

He was still looking at the slate, and wondering at this indication of genuine taste, when the father of the girls entered. He was a man past middle life, sober-looking and respectable in appearance, and his well-brushed shoes and clothes, shining face, and shaven chin, strikingly contrasted with the domestic disorder amidst which he lived. His countenance brightened when he saw the manager, and he respectfully listened to Blackett's communication.

"It's good news, sir; it's hard upon a man, when he's worked as I have, and saved a bit, to be losing it in idleness he cannot help. I am sure I thank yo'."

"It's better you see, Audley, than tramping the country in search of work, as you purposed doing. In these days a penny letter does much for us, does it not? This comes of a little method and consideration you see, for the time is gone by for blind chance to govern us, in either small things or great purposes."

"Ay, yo know sir, if any man does; but where's the work?"

The manager named a parish in Suffolk, where the great Flax Company had lately bought a large tract of land, on which to raise their staple.

"The Company," he continued, "have estates in various parts of the country. Roger Fisher, and Giles Churchman are to be sent into Essex; Lewis Moore into Sussex. I chose Suffolk for you, Audley, because you were entered upon the list made the other night, when our meeting was held at the mill, as a native thereof. I thought it might be pleasant to revive old associations; but I must warn you, Audley, that the work may last but for a time. Economically speaking, I question if the revival of the culture of flax will answer; for if we can import it cheaper than we can grow it, the speculation will end much in the same way as if you had blindly set forth in quest of work, that is, in a loss of time and money. If, however, a quality can be grown which no other country produces, the Company may succeed within a certain limit. It may at least give you work so long as you will want it; for when England has learnt the lesson, some wise men would have taught her long ago, not to trust to one source of production and supply, for that which is a chief material of her manufacturing prosperity, we shall see our mills re-opened, and our good hands employed, if they have found no better work in the interval."

William Audley was not, however, listening; but absorbed in some far-back memories of his own, he was repeating to himself the name of the pretty Suffolk village, Blackett had specified. The name, in its half-audible repetition, caught his ear.

"You will be pleased to see the place again, Audley, and perhaps relations?"

"Nay sir, there canna be many on 'em alive, for it's forty years since I saw the place last, and set off a strong lad of fifteen to seek work in Lancashire. Father, mother, and brothers, have all long been quiet under the churchyard yew. But there's one old sister I'd like to hear about; for yo' see sir, five year ago, when my wife died in childbed with my little Joe, I writ a letter to Hannah, that air, were my sister's name, and told her just how I was sited with six motherless children, and three on 'em girls, and I directed to where I thought she'd be living, but no answer came; and this I did for a time or two with th' like ending. For Hannah was a clean cre'tur; nice and par'tik'lar in her woman's way, and I thought she might do a deal o' good here." He sunk his voice as he spoke these latter words, and in the same low tone he added, "it were better I thought than bringing in another missus to rule th' house, and make strife in my children's home." He looked round suggestively as he spoke, and his eyes met those of the manager's.

"You are right, Audley, improvement is wanted here; and not only here, but in many other homes. But, speaking of your children, what can be done? It will be the difficult question with most of you."

"Yes sir, but if she be alive and able, Hannah will come I know, and be a mother to 'em till I see how I prosper with the work of many a day ago. My boy Will, sir, thinks o' going to Staffordshire. There his heart's been many a day, though I've always set my face against it; for his mother's family be a thriftless drunken lot, though she were a honest loving woman, if ever one were. Ay! and would ha' been a tidy one if she'd known how to set about it, but she'd never been taught. She had been sent to an aunt in Manchester, who put her, sir, yo see to mill-work, when she ought to ha' been learning sewing, washing, and housework, and things o' that sort. I were took with her pretty face, and so married her, and brought her home. But I soon saw how it was, and I'd have had her took pains to learn, but she would keep i' th' mill just for the sake o' finery. It brought woe with it, for we were never a bit better off for all the earnings, and every penny would ha' been wasted had I not stood firm, and said 'so much missis thou shalt have and no more.' I saved; but it often led to strife, and bitter words, so that I can't but say that when God took her to himself, I did na mourn as I might ha' done, had I known what it was to ha' had a thrifty board and cleanly hearth. And thus yo' see, sir, human hearts come to be divided by ignorance of common things."

"You've one girl clever, Audley," and the manager, thus taking up the conversation, pointed to the slate.

"Ay, sir, my Alice has a mighty liking that way, and I s'pose she take it from some o' her mother's kin, that be Staffordshire potters. Two of her uncles I've heard be enamellers in a Burslem potwork, and mighty fine hands too. I've often said, that if we lived in Manchester, as we did 'afore I come to be an overlooker at Rodhams' great mill, she should go to the School of Arts, and learn to draw and paint flowers. But, as this canna be, I hope, if the Lord has spared Hannah, and she come here, that she and the other two lasses 'll learn what Hannah can teach 'em of nice orderly, womanly ways; for it 'pears to me Mr. Blackett, that knowledge o' this sort strews the best sort of flowers on poor men's daily paths; ay! of a deal better sort than their women's hands could paint. My other two lasses, that's Caroline and Jane, ha' gotten sweethearts, both on 'em tidy lads i' th' same mill as they work in, that's Shuttleworth's, and wanted to ha' been married just afore the Cotton Famine began; but I said, no, my girl, if thou hast ever my consent, it'll be when thee 'll take on thee to stay at home as I wish thee, and learn how to work, and mend, and clean. And now sir, the mills be closed, and they must for a time put aside the thoughts of marriage and finery, I hope they'll be gettin some knowledge o' the sort, for I show 'em as well as I recollect, and a man can. Jane, she's going for a bit to a nice tidy body as lives in Bolton, and keeps a shop for ready-made under clothes. She were a neighbour of ourn in Manchester, and took to my poor missus a deal, for they'd come fra' th' same part o' th' country. Mrs. M'Pherson, that's her name, for she be the widow of a Scotch guager, will do a mother's part by my Jane, I'm sure, as she did by my Ned awhile ago; for she heard I were against his going to mill-work, and so she gotten him a place with some folks o' her'n, that have a trade in furniture making, in a wooded part of Cheshire. And as the lad has gotten a taste for work o' th' kind, yo' see sir, it were a nice thing. This only leaves my littlest lad at home, and if Hannah come, things 'll go straight, whilst I try how my hand fits the old work."

"True! but what, Audley, is your oldest boy going to do in Staffordshire! Has he a taste for pot-work? Shuttleworth's engineer told me not long ago, that he's a remarkable lad, and last winter when we had classes, in the long room the Messrs. Shuttleworth lent us in their mill, he won the prize for his knowledge of general mechanics."

The overlooker's face flushed a little, as he answered in a somewhat subdued voice, "It's a sort of a secret, sir."

"Then I have no wish to learn it."

"But I'd like yo', sir! it's been burning in my heart this many a day to tell yo', for it may be, yo' may know how the lad could act, for I beagin his going into Staffordshire. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' as the Scripture tells us, and to his drunken kinsfolk he shall not go. Will yo' please follow me, sir."

As he spoke, Audley took a large, old, rusty key from a nail high up on the wall, and leading the way through a small back-house, or scullery, in the rear of the kitchen, crossed the great dirty yard, and thence passing through an alley, reached a lane. This, running parallel with the main street of the village, soon opened into fields, lying in pleasant contiguity to various old-timbered houses, and their sunny gardens. Reaching a little croft, that embowered, as it were, by a wide-spreading orchard, lay, as Blackett's eye in a moment told him, at the rear of the great straggling tenement, or, more truly speaking, five or more old-timbered cottages thrown into one, in which the Andersons kept their great shop, the overlooker unlocked a door in the gable of a long tiled shed. Part of this was used as a cow-house, its centre as a stand for a cart, and a few farming implements, and it was only in the gable, most shadowed by the orchard trees, that there was either a glazed window, or a door that shut close enough, and so concealed what lay within. The place was at first in utter darkness, but when Audley had unlocked the door behind them, he unbarred a wide wooden shutter, and Blackett saw the whole interior at a glance. On the floor, in one or two tubs, and in a flat pan fitted to a brazier, the fire of which had but recently died out, were small quantities of clay in various stages of preparation. Coils of wire, lengths of various sized chains, bar iron, and tools were scattered around; whilst on a bench stood a complicated piece of machinery, rudely enough put together, and consisting of cogs, wheels, pullies, pistons, and cylinders of the strangest forms.

The manager looked on in mute astonishment, for, much as he knew of mechanics, the purpose of the object before him was an utter mystery.

"My lad," said Audley, in a whisper, as he laid his hand upon the largest of a series of open cylinders, "calls it a 'Potting Machine,' that is to say, it is meant to do by one process, what now takes many changes of hand labour. Some clay from the pan is put in here," referring to the cylinder on which his hand lay, "and thence passing through the machine it is batted, formed into balls, thrown, spouted, and handled; till from here you take a cup, a jug, or a tea-pot, according to the form of the cylinder through which you have forced the ball of clay. And on this piece of work, sir, my lad has set his heart, like Crompton on his spinning mule. Many a long night, and many a summer's dawn, afore going off to Shuttleworth's engine house, he's been at work here; and every bit o' money he could scrape together has gone to get the brass, and wheas, and t'other things it's made on. Now, sir, he's wanting to go off into Staffordshire, to see his uncles and speak to some o' the masters concerning it."

"To no purpose. If even the masters were willing to try machinery in their works, the men would rise in combination against it. No! it must be tried by masters unfettered by the gross ignorance of those they employ, and in a district of country wholly new to this description of labour. Let me think the matter over."

"I'll be glad, sir."

"Still keep the secret, and let William come to me to-morrow night at eight

o'clock. Now, tell me one thing. It has been a privilege to work here in silence and secrecy, who granted it? not old Anderson, surely."

"To be sure not, sir, he's too much of a hunx for that. But for some long time his rheumatiz has kept him from coming abroad, and Miss Emma, and the Rev. John, when he was last here, did the rest. She's a good lass, that she is, and th' light o' th' house she serves. Yo' see, sir, it's just two years ago my lad went to ask her to get him a book, as she were going to Manchester on shop business. They fell a talking, and one thing led to another, till she got him the shed, and helped him on in many a way, for yo' see, sir, she's a brother in Manchester, an engineer. What's more, she's kept his secret, as few lasses would, and times and oft when he's been working here, long after village folks ha' been in bed, she's come tapping at the door with a piece o' supper she'd saved from her own. She's a farrantly lass, if ever woman was."

A slight flicker crossed the stern face which listened; that was all. Then the manager turned to the door to go.

"I must now say good day, Audley; I have some of the other men to see. Recollect my message to your son, and our meeting at the mill the next night but one." Saying this, he strode away.

He visited the homes of the other men for whom he had got work, and at seven o'clock reached the other end of the village, where, near an old grey weather-beaten chapel, stood an equally ancient house surrounded by a wide spread lawn. Cheerful lights gleamed in many of the windows, and when he had knocked at the door, a man-servant in plain clothes ushered him into a library, where sat a gentleman past middle life. He was an invalid, you saw, his face pale, worn, and ascetic, but illnees had rather increased its fine expression of mingled intellect and benevolence. This was the Rev. John Colston, Unitarian minister of Waterdean. He shook hands at once with the manager, and you saw that they were sure friends. Tea stood ready, and at the ringing of a bell, an elderly gentlewoman came in and made it, chatted pleasantly meanwhile, and after it was over, withdrew.

After several subjects had been discussed, Blackett told Mr. Colston of the mechanical genius of Audley's son.

"It is curious," said the minister, "as though fitting this thing, there is an advertisement in the *Times* of to-day, of a great Pottery Company, who are about to start works in the district of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, which, by the way, is an old Roman pottery site. It advertises for machinery applicable to pottery, and for men who are intelligent, rather than specifically potters. You can add this to your probable sources of labour. Now, tell me, have you thought over what we may call the method of procedure?"

"I have, but at present it is somewhat crude. Wait till our meeting; the next night but one at Rodhams' mill."

"If possible, I will be present."

So they discussed the great question of the organisation of labour: germs, principles, probabilities, and possible results.

On his way home, through the dewy, moonlit, flower-scented lanes, the manager saw the stars shining in divine order over-head, and he knew the day was yet to be for man, when he too should order the possibilities and circumstances around him, with a like harmony to the purposes they were to serve.

To be continued.

STYLE.—Generally speaking, an author's style is a faithful copy of his own mind. If you would write a lucid style, let there first be light in your own mind; and if you would write a grand style, you ought to have a grand character.—*Goethe*.

The Physiology of Health.

BY A. G. HENDERSON.

SECOND ARTICLE. THE WASTE OF THE BODY.

In our January number will be found an article on the physiology of health, in which a general view was taken of the laws which underlie this important subject. It was there shown that health consisted in an active renewal of the body, such renewal being necessary in order to compensate for the waste constantly going on in the tissues, in consequence of the exercise of the bodily functions; that the *complete* cessation of this renewal was death, and a *partial* cessation, disease; that, by a wonderful and wise provision of nature, this very disintegration of the tissues, this waste was made the means of evolving force, principally in the form of heat, whereby the infant human being, was, in the first place, reared to its full stature; this implying a preponderance of supply over waste; then kept for a considerable period at a stationary level, where supply and waste accurately balance, or *ought* to balance each other; and gradually declining as we progress towards that "bourne from which no traveller returns," the waste thus predominating over the supply. It has, however, been felt, that while the allotted space sufficed for an exhibition of the broad scientific outlines of the subject, its limits rendered it impossible to do more than cursorily hint at its practical bearings, and that one or two supplementary articles might not unprofitably be written with a view of placing the subject in varying lights, and of suggesting hints for practice. First in order then, we take up the question of waste, leaving for future consideration that of supply; and, with a view of fixing the attention, let us once more refer to the amount of heat, in other words, force, evolved within the system in a given time, the waste being proportioned to this amount. To express this with complete accuracy is not a very easy matter, since it varies with many fluctuating circumstances, viz., the quantity of air inspired, its temperature, the amount of exercise taken, the quality and quantity of the food consumed, and the greater or less degree of digestive power. Liebig, assuming that 13.9 oz. of carbon are daily converted into carbonic acid in the system, and estimating from the experiments of Despretz, that one ounce of carbon evolves during its combustion as much heat as would raise the temperature of 105 oz. water at 32° to 167°, that is 135°, calculates, that sufficient heat is evolved from carbon alone, to cause 136.8 lbs. (between 13 and 14 gallons) of water at 32° to boil. According to Count Rumford's estimate, quoted by Mr. Tyndall, to which we alluded in our first paper, viz., that one part, by weight of carbon, combining with 2½ parts of oxygen to form carbonic acid, evolves sufficient heat to raise the temperature of 8000 lbs. of water 1° centigrade, or 1½° Fahr., Liebig's calculation would be reduced to something like 100 lbs. Others have estimated it at still less. In a general way, and perfect accuracy is here not at all essential, it may be taken at 100 lbs.; in other words, from the combustion of carbon alone, in consequence of the metamorphosis of the tissues, the very substance of the body,

sufficient heat is daily evolved to boil ten gallons of water at the freezing point. There is a further source of heat in the combustion of hydrogen to form water, but this we need not estimate at present. For what purpose, then, is this enormous production of heat, which is only to be obtained by a destruction of tissue? We have to some extent already answered this question. A very large portion of it is converted into mechanical motion, exactly as in the case of the heat developed by the combustion of coal in the furnace of a locomotive engine. It is used to drive the train, and, as no force is ever lost, is again converted into heat or some other force by the mechanical friction thus set up. The heat evolved in the body is used, to produce the various involuntary motions, such as the motion of the heart, the intestines, the respiratory muscles, etc.; to move the body in a mass from place to place; to carry on the movements of the brain; to supply force to the various voluntary muscles used in the thousands of the occupations and employments of daily life, many of them of the most arduous and trying kind, but which go on vigorously or flag, just as they are supplied by the multitude of minute furnaces which the body contains. When the locomotive engine is scantily supplied with coals, or with coals of an inferior quality, the train has to lessen its speed; when the fire goes out the train is brought to a stand still. And this is not a mere figure of speech. The two processes are literally the same. It is the mode of working alone that differs. But the force developed within the body cannot all be used for mechanical purposes. The various vital processes can only be carried on within a certain range of temperature, which temperature must be kept up. The human body under all circumstances, maintains an average temperature of about 98° . Under the burning sun of the tropics, where the thermometer often stands for several hours of the day at 110° , and sometimes, as in British India, as high as 130° , and in the Arctic regions, where it sinks 90° to 100° below the freezing point, this temperature is kept up. How is this, seeing that the human body is, in this respect, just like any other substance in nature, a rock or a metal, for instance, is constantly receiving heat when the surrounding temperature is higher than its own, and as constantly giving it out, or radiating it, to use the expressive scientific word, when it is lower.

In order to keep the temperature of the body uniform, when it receives superfluous heat from external bodies, or generates it within, nature has made ample provision. Spread over the surface of the body are an amazing number of minute orifices, which open into small tubes terminating in little sacs, or sweat glands, as they are called, filled with oily globules. It is through these, by sensible and insensible perspiration, that the superfluous heat of the body is dissipated, and the temperature kept at the normal point. Of the number of these orifices and tubes, an idea may be formed, when it is stated that something like 3,000 of them exist on every square inch of the body, and taking the total number of such inches to be 2,500, and the tube itself (straightened out) as $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, it follows that there are pretty nearly *twenty miles* of tubing in the body, which may be looked upon as a sort of drainage. It is, however, the other case, that is, the maintenance of the bodily temperature when the atmosphere and surrounding objects are lower, that concerns us more intimately, who live in cold or temperate latitudes. The average temperature of England is 50° , and ranges from 37° in winter, to 62° in summer. But the temperature of the body must either be kept up to 98° , or the vital functions cease to be carried on with healthy vigour, or are stopped altogether. With sufficient food, air, and exercise, the requisite amount is generated, but then a portion of it is constantly being dissipated by radiation from the surface, so that more heat must be generated, and more food consumed, in a cold climate than in a warm one. And it is here that the question

of clothing meets us; by surrounding the body with layers of substances that are bad conductors of heat, such as flannels and other woollens, furs, feathers, &c.; and by heating the atmosphere by means of fires, gas, and other modes of combustion, the generated heat is retained within the body, and becomes available for mechanical movements, nutrition, and other functions. Clothing, then, is food, or an equivalent of food, and is therefore a subject of considerable practical importance. Fortunately, the instincts of mankind are, as a general rule, sufficient preventatives against any very serious mistakes being made on this point, where sufficient food and clothing can be obtained. It is, nevertheless, true, that the imperious dictates of fashion, or the blinding influences of vanity, are not unfrequently allowed to step in and cause a direct violation of these instincts. How often, for instance, do we see children clad in such a manner as to expose the shoulders, the arms, and the legs, to a temperature very far below that of their bodies, though it is quite certain that children require a greater amount of warmth than adults, for the simple reason, that a considerable portion of the heat generated within their bodies is required for the purpose of building up the body to its proper stature. When this error does not arise from fashionable vanity, it is defended on the ground that it tends to make children *hardy*. All very well, if the system be able to bear it. There cannot be too active a renewal of the tissues, says Dr. Chambers, because the force produced and made available for functional activity is proportionately increased; but should this not be the case, should the digestive system be weak; should the action of the heart be feeble and incapable of propelling the blood into the capillary or hair-like tubes at the extremities of the arteries, the effort may be very different from the expected one. So far from having strengthened the body, or made it "hardy," you have in reality weakened it: you have dissipated the force it already possessed, in the vain hope of increasing it; you have acted as the dog with the shadow, you have lost the substance and gained nothing.* It is the same with cold bathing. To plunge a human body into water of a much lower temperature than itself is equivalent to depriving it suddenly of a portion of its heat, its force. The blood vessels of the skin become contracted in diameter, and the contained blood is driven into the interior of the body, into the heart, the lungs, the abdomen, and the brain. In a vigorous body the blood is driven back to the surface, there is a rapid circulation of it through the system, more heat is produced, nutrition is accelerated, and the general result is beneficial. But if the reaction does not take place, if the system be too feeble to cause the rebound, then nothing but mischief is the result, and this especially with children. How often do we see this error committed at the sea side; young delicate children ignorantly plunged into water, 20, 30, or 40 degrees below that of their own bodies; and drawn out with chilled frames, aching heads,

* Since the above was written, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Middlesex, and a physiologist of high scientific attainments, has published in the *Popular Science Review* for April, 1864, a paper on clothing, in which he says, "Fashion and indolence have brought on an evil which ought to be avoided, and this is the insufficient clothing of young females and children. The fashion of exposing the neck and shoulders in women has undoubtedly led to serious evils. The cooling down of the whole body thus produced is more than the circulating system can bear, and congestion of the lungs and the great muscular organs in the interior of the body is the result. It is too often the case that this system of dressing engenders a susceptibility to slight draughts, which being prevented, more serious mischiefs than any which lead to the access of fresh air are produced. It is in such cases as this that we see the folly of attempting to remedy one set of evils without knowing what may follow from another. Fresh air, however necessary to life, is death to those who are clothed insufficiently. This should be especially recollected with regard to children, whose tender frames are far less able to endure cold than those of grown-up persons."—"If the idea can once be comprehended that children of tender years are more susceptible of cold than grown-up persons, a very different kind of dressing would take place, and a holocaust of victims at the shrine of inflammation of the lungs, would be saved."

and exhibiting, instead of healthy vigour, excessive languor, want of appetite, and depressed vital activity. This ignorant and foolish practice sends, we are persuaded, many to an untimely grave. Mothers, keep your children warm, and never have recourse to cold bathing, except by the advice of an experienced and intelligent medical man. Let us now refer briefly to the amount of waste which goes on in the body and which the food is intended to replace, and to the effects of prolonged fasting and starvation. It would appear, from the experiments of Chossat, that the animal body daily wastes about one twenty-fourth of its entire weight; that is, supposing an animal to weigh 135lbs., the daily waste will be somewhere about 6½lbs., and this agrees very closely with the experiments of Bidder and Schmidt, which shows that the animal requires at least one twenty-third of its entire weight in daily assimilable food, otherwise it will lose in substance. The experiments of Chossat show also, that if this waste be continued, without being supplied by food, until it reaches an average of two-fifths or 40 per cent., then the vital functions cease, and death ensues; the animal is starved to death. If it be very fat, the loss may be greater than 40 per cent. A case is reported in the transactions of the Linnæan Society of a fat pig, which was buried under 30 feet of chalk for 160 days; his weight fell in that period no less than 75 per cent.

It will now be interesting, as well as instructive, to refer to the mode in which the waste of the body is carried on. As already stated, the great agent in this process is the oxygen gas breathed into the lungs from the atmosphere, which, combining with the elements of the effete tissues, or with the carbonaceous food, forms new and simpler compounds, such as carbonic acid and water, destined to be removed from the system as waste products, just as the carbonic acid and water formed during the combustion of a candle, or a jet of gas, are thrown off from the burning body, the combined carbon and hydrogen having fulfilled their function of giving out light and heat; and, what is truly wonderful, at the same instant that the dead matter is removed from the living tissue, fresh living particles derived from the food, are deposited to supply their place. Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, has put this so graphically, that we cannot do better than quote his words. "The current in our veins," he says, "is at once a river of the water of life, and a river of the water of Lethe, quenching in oblivion everything that it touches. Like the Nile, or other great rivers of the world, it is at the same time wearing down hills, and building up continents; but with this difference, that whereas, the Nile is only destructive among the mountains of Abyssinia, and only constructive in the plains of Egypt, the blood, at every point in its course, is simultaneously adding and abstracting. Those wondrous crimson barks, or blood cells, which navigate the arteries, are keen traders, and follow the rule of the African rivers, where sales are effected only by barter; but they add to this rule one peculiar to themselves, which, neither civilised, nor savage man cares to follow, namely, that they give away new goods, in exchange for old. Here the traffickers on the Red River deposit fresh brain particles, to replace those which the immaterial spirit has sacrificed to the expression of its thoughts; for Jeremy Taylor taught a great physical truth, when he declared long ago, that 'whilst we think a thought, we die.' The eloquent preacher saw death near us at every moment, and nearer at each, than at the moment before; but death is in us at every moment, and it is not merely *whilst*, but *because* we 'think a thought we die.'" This distinction is an important one, and by keeping it steadily in view, we shall get a glimpse of some of the hidden processes involved in vital action. We have already referred to the great division of organic substances, into nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous, the one invariably containing a certain quantity of nitrogen, the other, destitute of it; and to the fact, that all the tissues of the body, the brain, the nerves, the muscles, &c., contain compounds in which this element is invariably present, such com-

pounds being formed in vegetable organisms obviously for the purpose of supporting animal life. Now, one of the distinctive properties of nitrogen, in addition to its inertness, which fits it to be the dilutor of the powerful corrosive oxygen, is its great instability. All nitrogenous compounds have this property; we see it remarkably exemplified in gunpowder, gun cotton, percussion cap powder, and the other fulminates the ammoniuret of gold, and the chloride and iodide of nitrogen. A certain increase of temperature causes these to decompose and explode with violence, thus releasing the force which bound the elements together. This explosive force, chemists refer to the great elasticity of nitrogen, as a gas, which prevents it readily entering into combination, and its great tendency to recover the gaseous form when so combined. Now, strange as it may seem, though all in nature is strange and wonderful, these explosive compounds of nitrogen exist throughout the body, every atom of albumen, which may be taken as a type of the whole, being as much an explosive compound as gunpowder or gun cotton. The match that fires these little batteries is supplied by the will in voluntary action, and some analogous stimulus in the case of the involuntary actions. The same force which propels the ball from the cannon's mouth, moves the limbs, and the brain; forces the blood through the system, and contracts the heart; is made instrumental in forming new compounds, and in carrying on the multitude of vital actions of the body, in the same way that the steam-engine fixed in a small room at the end of a manufactory, supplies force for the motion of the various machines necessary to carry on the manufacturing processes.

Here arises a question of much practical importance, viz., that of *exercise*. We have seen that force is consumed in carrying on the necessary functions of the body; because we think a thought we die; because the blacksmith wields his hammer, the muscles of his arm decay; because the pedestrian conveys his body from place to place, his legs waste; because the stomach digests and the heart contracts, the substance of both wastes; but why, seeing that so much force is thus *inevitably* consumed, should voluntary exercise be undertaken, which causes still further waste? The answer to this question is, first, that by a law of the organism, the exercise of any function increases the vigour of the tissue or organ upon which such function depends; the exercise of the brain thus increases the power and efficiency of the brain, and the same with the muscles; second, that exercise promotes the circulation of the blood through its finer channels, and so facilitates nutrition. But then, both these effects, the strengthening of the organ, and the increase of the circulation, presuppose the blood to be plentifully supplied with nutritious atoms, derived from the food, in order to supply the waste occasioned by the exercise; in order, keeping up Wilson's figure, that the traffickers on the Red River should have sufficient merchandise to carry on their barter, the circulation of thin watery blood being of little service. But should this not be the case, should the blood be insufficiently supplied with nutritive matter, whether from imperfect digestion or other causes, then, it must be obvious, that exercise may cause unnecessary waste, may, in fact, cause it to waste at a time when the force of the organism has need to be husbanded instead of dissipated. The urging of delicate people to undertake long walks before breakfast, and fatiguing walks and other exercises, thus wasting the tissues while there is no adequate supply going on to repair them, is clearly based upon ignorance of physiological laws; and in any case, exercise should be limited to the wants and powers of the system, and due regard paid to it as a whole. "Three streams," says Mr. Lewes, "issue from the nervous system as a centre of influence, first, a nutritive stream, second, a locomotive one, and third, a sensitive one. If nutrition be in excess, the other two suffer, prolonged exercise incapacitates from thinking, deep thought, or anxiety disturbs

digestion and circulation." The habitually-trained *athlete* is nearly an idiot, the over-eater little better; and a well-informed writer in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, commenting upon the effects of training for pugilistic fights, observes that "the powerful *athlete* is less able than the feeble student to stand the wear and tear of life," and refers to the fact, that the gladiators of ancient Rome, were short-lived, liable to the rupture of blood-vessels, apoplexy and lethargic complaints, and otherwise physically incompetent, besides being low, morally and intellectually. The same may be said of modern prize fighters generally. Exercise must in fact, be proportioned to the amount of food, not *taken* simply, but digested. We have in our former paper, referred to the vast importance in relation to health, of having the waste products of the body, especially carbonic acid, regularly eliminated from the system. The main agent here is ventilation, a subject simple enough in itself, but yet very little understood. Let us try to clear the matter up a little. The atmosphere in its normal state, that is, when it is fit for respiration, contains about two parts of carbonic acid to every 5000 parts of air, in other words, it forms $\frac{2}{5000}$ of the atmosphere, and when it exceeds this quantity, it soon becomes vitiated, but since all animals as well as combustion produce this gas, and pour it constantly into the air, it is clear that unless some provision be made for its consumption the air would soon be unfit for respiration. By a wise provision of nature, plants feed upon this gas, that is under the influence of the solar light they decompose it into its elements, retaining the carbon which becomes fixed in their tissues, and returning the vital oxygen into the atmosphere to be again breathed by animals, and thus the "balance of nature" is kept up. But whilst this process is going on, the gas may be accumulated in certain portions of the atmosphere, to the injury and even destruction of animal life. Dr. Dalton, analysed the air of a room, where for two hours, 50 candles had been burning, and 500 persons breathing, and found that instead of the proportion of carbonic acid gas, being only two gallons in 5000 of air, it was not less than one gallon in every 100, thus having increased 25 times its proper proportion; and a French chemist found by analyses of the air in three hospitals in Paris, that it contained 5, 10, and 12 times more carbonic acid, than the air in the streets. The quantities of the gas given out by human beings, varies according to circumstances. Thus men exhale much more than women; during the ages of, from 16 to 40, the quantity exhaled by men nearly doubles that exhaled by women of the same ages. In men, it increases from the age of 8, to that of 30, making a sudden start at the period of puberty. From the ages of 30, it decreases gradually till at extreme old age, the amount is no greater than it was at 10. In women, the amount increases from infancy to puberty, just as in men; but at that epoch, the increase suddenly ceases, and remains stationary till the change of life, when the amount increases. Besides these curious variations, the amount exhaled is found to be greater during digestion than during fasting, and greater in sunlight than in darkness. Now it would appear from most carefully conducted experiments, that it is not the *presence* of carbonic acid in the blood that makes it injurious, because it is constantly being formed in the blood, but because its presence in the atmosphere in an excessive proportion prevents it being properly eliminated by the lungs. It is only given out in *exchange* for pure atmospheric air, or, (since the nitrogen of the air is returned to it, serving no other purpose than diluting the oxygen,) for an exchange of this latter gas; and the following important law appears to be established; viz., that when the carbonic acid in the air is equal to that in the blood, no exchange can take place, and the animal so placed dies of suffocation. But before this happens, incalculable mischief may arise; for in proportion as the air breathed contains this gas beyond the proper quantity of $\frac{2}{5000}$ so are the vital powers diminished.

The following experiments quoted from Claude Bernard, by Mr. Lewes, to whom we are indebted for some of those interesting facts, is exceedingly instructive. "A sparrow left in a bell glass to breathe over and over again the same air, will live in it for upwards of three hours; but at the close of the second hour, when there is constantly still air of sufficient purity to permit this sparrow's breathing it for more than an hour longer, if a fresh and vigorous sparrow be introduced, it will expire almost immediately. The air which would suffice for the respiration of one sparrow, suffocates another. Nay, more, if the sparrow be taken from the glass at the close of the third hour, when very feeble, it may be restored to activity; and, no sooner has it received sufficient vigour to fly about again, than, if once more introduced into the atmosphere from which it was taken, it will perish immediately. Another experiment points to a similar result; a sparrow is confined in a bell glass, and at the end of about an hour-and-a-half it is still active, although obviously suffering; a second sparrow is introduced: in about ten minutes the new comer is dead, while the original occupant flies about the lecture room as soon as liberated." These experiments speak for themselves; they need no comment. What designedly took place in the case of these poor birds we every day of our lives bring about by our own ignorance, and because we get accustomed to a vitiated atmosphere, we imagine that no ill effects ensue from our breathing of it; but it is a gross mistake, and a mistake that annually carries thousands to a premature grave. The effect is a depression of all the functions of nutrition and secretion. "In this depressed condition," says Mr. Lewes, "less oxygen is absorbed, and therefore less is needed in the atmosphere. A vitiated air will suffice for the respiration of a depressed organism, as it would amply suffice for the respiration of a cold-blooded animal." What is the remedy for this? Ventilation. And what is ventilation? Simply establishing, or to speak more correctly, *permitting* currents by means of which the vitiated air is removed and fresh air substituted; and nature herself is so ready to establish these currents, (if she were not, woe betide us), that it is almost a wonder that these evils should exist to the extent they do. Light a taper in a room where the air is perfectly still; the air on every side of it will be immediately expanded by the heat, and the colder air will begin immediately to move towards that heated by the taper, which ascends in a vertical column, the heavier air constantly streaming in to supply its place. Should there be no means of escape for the heated and vitiated air, for it soon becomes charged with carbonic acid, it will, after spreading out laterally, and becoming cooled, descend by the sides of the room, and these upward and downward currents will go on, until the originally pure air will become saturated with carbonic acid, and become unfit to support combustion or respiration. If, however, an opening be made near the top of the apartment, for the egress of the foul air, and one or more openings be made for the ingress of cold and fresh air, near the bottom of the room, regular ventilating currents will be established, and combustion and respiration can go on for any length of time. And this is really the whole secret of ventilation. In Tyndall's work on heat, before referred to, will be found several experiments illustrative of this law of ventilation, and, as a striking illustration of the opposite currents above referred to, he relates that one day he threw open the door of a Turkish bath-room, and holding a lighted candle near the bottom of the doorway, he found by the direction of the flame, that the external air was violently rushing *inwards*, that at the top, the hot internal air of the room was as violently rushing *outwards*, and that midway between the top and the bottom, there was no lateral current at all, the flame pointing steadily upwards; the other two currents were passing each other. Mr. Tyndall relates the experiment as illustrative of the action and positions of the trade

winds, but it equally well illustrates the fundamental law of ventilation. In the lighting and ventilation of public buildings the matter is now beginning to be understood and acted upon. The Free Trade Hall, of Manchester, may be referred to as an excellent example. Near the ceiling are placed some hundreds of gas jets, collected into a dozen or more groups, above which are apertures for the egress of the warm and foul air, cold air being admitted through the floor to supply its place. The writer has sat in this room perhaps as often and as long as most people, and never found the slightest inconvenience, even when it has contained two or three thousand people. It is in private dwellings, however, where ventilation is most neglected few people being aware in fact of its necessity; and the worst ventilated, are generally those where fresh air is most needed, viz., the sleeping rooms; and as regards these, it is not enough that the windows should be opened during the day to admit the fresh air, though even this is not unfrequently omitted; there should be a constant renewal of the air *at the time they are occupied*. "But how?" it may be asked, "Are we to open the windows and admit the cold night air into the rooms, thus lowering the temperature and dissipating force according to the principles laid down?" We answer, yes, if it can be done in no other way. Of two evils, choose the least, and you had better have the temperature lowered than be half-suffocated during your sleep. But this evil need not be encountered. A very simple expedient will answer all the purposes of ventilation. Have an opening made near the ceiling of the room, in the top of the door will do, for the escape of the vitiated air, and another near the bottom, and for this a slight opening at the *bottom* of the window will do, for the entrance of fresh air. The heat of your own body will soon establish a ventilating current, and you will, all other things conspiring thereto, rise in the morning refreshed and active. Here we must pause. Many other practical considerations suggests themselves, but our space is exhausted. In another article we shall enter into the equally important question of "supply" or food.

THE RIVER.

BY JAMES CHARLES HEAVISIDE.

[ORIGINAL.]

WANDERING River!—gentle River!
 Whither wend'st thou, verdure giver?
 Pensile willows stoop to greet thee,
 Fond laburnums droop to meet thee
 With their showers of golden rain;
 Emerald banks with crystal flowing,
 Flakes of gold, at each winds' blowing,
 Floating in their train!

From the far-off rolling leas,
 From the shadow-spreading trees,
 From the haunts of elf and fay,
 From the dreamy lands away,
 Comest thou with sparkling sheen:
 A smiling blessing gliding down,
 To the grimy, thirsty town,
 And the thirsty spots between.

Past the grey church, past the village,
Past the orchards and the tillage;
Pebbly bed and sedgy border,
Scattered cots in rustic order,
 In the hollows of the land;
Nestling homes of peace and love,
Smiling to the skies above;
 In simple trust they stand.

Past them all thou softly glidest;
Lingering of-, thou ne'er abidest,
Though the loveliness might stay
E'en a river on its way,
 Glad to rest and dally there;
Softly singing with the trees,
Coyly rippling with the breeze,
 And the creatures of the air.

Still thou comest with thy blessing,
Mosses, grasses, flowers caressing;
Never weary or opprest,
Beauty bringer ne'er at rest!
 Mirror wayward, yet so true,
That the painter, in amaze,
Drinks the pictures with his gaze,
Limned in thy depths of blue!

Now thou laughest, as thou goest,
And the ripples, as thou flowest,
Shine like love-lit maidens' eyes;
And the trees give am'rous sighs,
 Shading thee from noon-day sun,
As they grandly deck thy shore,
Daily, hourly, evermore,
 Nightly—when the day is done!

Then when twilight's myrtic finger
Beckons moon and stars to linger,
And the shadows, brooding, looming,
After sunlight's grand entombing,
 On thy weird and solemn way,
Seem like spectres huge and grim;
Then thy voice is like a hymn,
Or a death-dirge for the day!

'Neath the curtain of the gloaming,
Far into the darkness roaming,
With fantastic curve and wend,
Downward still thy waters bend,
 With strange glamour in their flow!
Oh! the mystery—the mystery!
Of the River's gloomy history,
 As the moaning night-winds blow!

The Eddystone Lighthouse.

THE Eddystone lighthouse stands upon the summit of a reef of rock, which lies about sixteen miles to the south of Plymouth sound. The apex of the reef rises but a few feet above the level of low water mark, and in stormy weather the waves dash round it with great fury, from which circumstance its name has been derived. In early times, it was always a source of great danger to shipping, lying as it does in a direct line between the Lizard and Start points, and in the course generally pursued by vessels passing up channel.

While commerce was yet in its infancy, and the number of ships navigating the narrow seas but few, no attempts were made to give warning of the danger to the mariner beyond the erection of temporary beacons from time to time, which were swept away by the first heavy storm; and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century, when owing to the increase of commerce, that the great loss of life and property became so considerable that public attention was directed to the subject, and it was determined to erect, if possible, a lighthouse upon the Eddystone. The idea, although not altogether new, had many novel features connected with it. As early as the year 1611 a lighthouse was built on a rock at the mouth of the Garonne, by Louis de Foix; but this was near the shore, and the surface of the rock flat and easy of access, whereas the Eddystone lay almost out of sight of land, and was exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic whenever a storm raged from the south-west. Hitherto the Brethren of the Trinity had contented themselves with establishing beacons on the headlands, and causing bonfires to be lighted during the night: wood, tar, and other combustibles being chiefly employed, for although coal could be obtained in large quantities at a comparatively early period, a great prejudice existed against its use until a very recent date. At the period of which we are writing, the science of civil engineering as a profession was unknown. In fact, the only engineers of the time were the millwrights, a class of men who combined the various qualifications of carpenters, blacksmiths, and builders. A man, therefore, did not require any particular or special qualification to undertake the construction even of a national work, and it was no drawback to Henry Winstanley, when he applied for and obtained the necessary powers to erect a lighthouse on the Eddystone, that he was a country gentleman and a London merchant. He was, however, a man of great enterprise, and had shown considerable ingenuity as a mechanic, and being an eccentric individual, he used to delight in startling his friends by curious contrivances, such as chairs that ran away with them when they sat down, and objects that flew away when touched. He set about constructing his lighthouse with great confidence and resolution, the more so as, at that time, the difficulty of the undertaking and the terrible force of the sea in so exposed a situation (which, alas, the unfortunate architect learned too late) was not properly understood. It was not to be expected that a man of Mr. Winstanley's peculiar temperament would be content with a plain unadorned structure, and although he took great pains to secure the foundations and give stability to his lighthouse, it resembled a Chinese pagoda more than anything else when completed. It was constructed entirely of wood, and of an octagonal form, bisected by wide cross galleries, and ornamented with overhanging balconies, so that when the wind was high the whole fabric swayed to and fro like a tall tree. Winstanley, however, considered this as an element of strength, and such was his confidence in its stability, that he expressed his desire to be in the lighthouse during the heaviest tempest that could possibly occur. His wish was fatally realised. The light

was first exhibited at the end of the year 1698, and on the night of November the 26th, 1703, while the architect was in the lighthouse superintending some alterations or repairs, a storm of almost unparalleled fury swept along the southern coast of England, destroying a vast amount of property both at sea and on shore. As daylight dawned, many anxious eyes were directed from the nearest points of observation on the shore, to see how the lighthouse had weathered the gale. That it had suffered injury in such a tempest, was, of course expected, but it must have been some time before the broad daylight revealed the fate of the enterprising architect and his companions. The lighthouse had been swept away during the night, and not a vestige of it remained.

Winstanley's lighthouse stood but five years; it would, doubtless, have stood much longer but for the unusual severity of the storm of 1703, but from its peculiar construction, it must have been destroyed sooner or later. The architect is not, however, to be censured for this. It must be remembered, that this was the first really exposed lighthouse ever built, and at that time the force of the waves upon a fixed body out at sea was not properly understood, and great praise is due to the individual, who, whether for the benefit of mankind, or to render his name famous, undertook this hazardous and arduous enterprise. His work and himself perished together, but he had played his part, and the problem had been solved. He had proved it possible to build a lighthouse upon the Eddystone. The first attempt had been destroyed after a brief existence, but its value had been demonstrated, and its necessity so paramount that but a short time was allowed to elapse before a new one was constructed. In 1706, the Brethren of the Trinity obtained an act of parliament, authorising them to rebuild the lighthouse and levy a toll of one penny per ton on vessels passing up or down the channel. Again the erection was undertaken by a city merchant. Rudyard was the son of a labourer in Cornwall, and having found favor with a gentleman of Plymouth, who gave him encouragement and employment, he by steady perseverance and integrity at length became one of the leading silk merchants in London. Before commencing the building, he examined the plans of Winstanley's octagon tower, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to remedy the defects in its construction. He determined to substitute the form of a cone for the previous octagonal structure, and to secure the base to the rock by stronger fastenings. To this end great pains were bestowed in fixing iron keys into the rock, and securely binding the beams together. The material employed being again timber. In fact, as yet stone was but little used, either for harbours or piers. The lighthouse was completed in 1709. Although Rudyard's lighthouse resisted the winds and waves for nearly half a century, and succumbed at length to another element, the timber would sooner or later have decayed or given way, and it would ultimately have had to be rebuilt. An equally if not greater drawback to the employment of wood in the construction of the lighthouse, however, was its inflammable nature. The heat and smoke of the lanterns in the course of time rendered the upper portions of the building so dry that during the night of the second of December, 1755, the roof was discovered to be on fire, and all the efforts of the keepers were of no avail. They were driven from floor to floor, until at length they were compelled to take refuge under a ledge of the rock, at the base of the lighthouse, and were rescued the next morning by a boat which came off to their assistance, but they were so seriously injured that their recovery was deemed doubtful. The lighthouse was completely destroyed. No time was lost in setting about rebuilding it, and this time its construction was entrusted to John Smeaton, whose name stands high amongst England's first great civil engineers. He had the advantage of a good education, being the son of a well to do attorney of Leeds, but having no taste for the legal profession, he devoted his energies to

mechanics, and having studied under a mathematical instrument maker, he started in business on his own account in London, in 1750. He did not, however, devote all his time to his nominal profession, for his father being in good circumstances assisted his son liberally, and he was thus enabled to prosecute his scientific researches, and had obtained some celebrity by papers on various subjects read before the Royal society, and by practical engineering works which he carried out in various parts of the kingdom. When, therefore, in 1756, he was requested to make drawings for, and to undertake the rebuilding of the lighthouse, being convinced by the fate of the two previous structures, that wood possessing as it did the two great elements of weakness, namely, decay from exposure to the weather, and its inflammable nature, was unsuitable for his purpose, he determined to employ stone as the more durable material, and one which could not be affected by fire. This project was strongly opposed by many, on the ground that it would be impossible to secure the stones in such a manner as to resist the force of the sea. His confidence in the superiority of stone was not, however, shaken, and he set to work to overcome the difficulty. His first care was so to arrange and bind the blocks of stone together, in such a manner, that when completed, the structure should form one solid body, its component parts supporting and fixing each other. Having carefully examined the configuration of the rock he set to work, and with his own hands (he had from his childhood been an expert craftsman), constructed a model of the proposed lighthouse, so contrived, that the stones in each course were dovetailed and fitted into each other, and so secured to the centre, that it was impossible for any one to be moved from its place, the courses being also bolted together. This model being approved by the Trinity Board, towards the end of 1756 he commenced his undertaking. Considerable time was occupied in preparing the foundations; the rock had to be excavated to some depth to obtain a solid support, and as the workmen could work only at certain hours of the tide, and as stormy weather prevailed during the winter months, but slow progress was made. The stones were of course dressed on shore, but it was found impossible during anything like bad weather to disembark them at the Eddystone. Smeaton was constantly on the spot during the early stages of the work, and he was ably assisted by Mr. Jessop, a shipwright of Plymouth, who entered with cordiality into all the plans of the engineer, and by dint of perseverance and energy, the structure slowly rose above the reach of any ordinary storms, and the work became comparatively easy. But the same precautions and care that were bestowed upon the foundation courses were continued to the last. The form of the lighthouse was that of a cone, differing only from Rudyard's in that the base was larger, in order to give more security to the structure. Smeaton's tower being intended to resist the impact of the waves, and not like the previous wooden constructions, to sway with them. The power of resistance, or the *vis inertia* under these circumstances, requiring to be much greater. To this end also, the stonework was carried up solid to a considerable height, as far, indeed, as the force of a wave could well affect it, and from that to the summit the same plan of construction as far as possible was continued till the work was completed, and the light once again shone forth on the Eddystone, in October, 1759. Although the employment of stone in its construction rendered the fabric proof against fire as far as the main building was concerned, still the partiality for the employment of wood at that time, was such, that that material was employed to some extent in the internal fittings, the result of which was, that in 1770, some eleven years after its completion, considerable damage was occasioned by fire, without, however, materially damaging the lighthouse, and stonework and iron having been substituted for the destroyed

woodwork, the lighthouse was rendered more secure than ever, and has now withstood the billows and the breeze for upwards of a century, and is still, despite the vast strides made by science since its construction, a masterpiece of engineering skill. Other edifices of a similar class have since been erected in various parts, but none in such an exposed and inaccessible locality. And, although John Smeaton is celebrated for many great engineering works, his Eddystone Lighthouse holds the first place among the scientific triumphs of his time. Yet, while rendering all due praise to the genius of John Smeaton, we must not overlook the claims of his predecessors. In an age when the man who proposed anything out of the beaten track of every-day life, was considered, even by men of high repute, to be either a visionary or a madman, Winstanley undertook to accomplish what was considered by the wise men of the day to be an impossibility; and if his success was but brief, it must be remembered that all his calculations were founded upon supposition and vague report, and that his successors had the advantage of his experiments; also, that Smeaton in an age of superior engineering enlightenment, aided by practical experience, and the advantages which his intercourse with Brindley and other eminent engineers must have given him, after all only perfected that which the genius of the London merchant proved to be possible in earlier times.

M. Y.

WEARINESS.

FROM LONGFELLOW'S NEW VOLUME.

Oh, little feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load :
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !

Oh, little hands ! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask :
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh, little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires :
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

Oh, little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine :
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

The Stage.

FROM "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS."

BY MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT.

I HAVE been for eight years an actress; in the exercise of my vocation, I have visited many theatres throughout this land, and in Great Britain. This fact, perhaps, gives me some right to speak upon the stage, as an institution, upon its uses and abuses; for I speak (in all humility be it said) from actual knowledge, and personal experience. My testimony has, at least, the value of being disinterested, for I was not bred to the stage, I entered upon it from the bosom of private life; none who are linked to me by affinity of blood ever belonged to the profession; I am about to leave it of my own choice, and I bid it farewell in the midst of a career, which, if it has reached its meridian, has not, as yet, taken the first downward inclination. I can have no object in defending the drama, apart from the impulse to utter what I believe to be truth, and an innate love and reverence for dramatic art.

The stage is not an insignificant pastime. History teaches us that it is an institution which has existed almost from time immemorial, protected by the laws, consecrated by the dramatic teachings of divines and sages, and accepted as a mode of instruction, as well as of diversion, in almost all lands. It is a school most important in its operations, most potent in its admonitions, most profusely productive of good or evil influences. The actor sways the multitude even as the preacher and the orator, often more powerfully than either. He arouses their slumbering energies, elevates their minds, calls forth their loftiest aspirations, excites their purest emotions, or, if he be false to his trust, a perverted instrument, he may minister to vitiated tastes, and help to corrupt, to enervate, to debase.

[Mrs. Mowatt quotes Lord Bacon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Disraeli, sen., Dr. Watts, M. Aurelius, Martin Luther, Dr. Knox, Melancthon, Dr. Blair, Sir Philip Sidney, Dr. Gregory, Sir Walter Scott, etc., in favour of her views, and then continues as follows:—]

The testimony of such minds and such men in favour of the stage, is at least worthy of attentive consideration; and be it observed, they address themselves to the most conscientious christians as much, or more, than to the man who makes no particular profession of religious faith. The stage in almost all lands, and for a long series of years, has been protected and encouraged by governments. Would this have been the case if legislators had not found it conducive to the general well-being of communities, and even a medium of political, as well as of social and moral utility?

Calcraft, in his able and scholarly defence of the stage, mentions the act of parliament from which the patent of the present Theatre Royal in Dublin is derived, as containing these words in the preamble—"Whereas the establishing a well-regulated theatre in the city of Dublin, being the residence

of the chief governor or governors of Ireland, will be productive of advantage, and *tend to improve the morals* of the people," &c., and the patent itself contains the royal intention and expectations distinctly expressed in these words: "That the theatre, in future, may be instrumental to the cause of virtue and instruction to human life!" after which follow various restrictions, forbidding any performances tending to profaneness, disloyalty, or indecency. If, then, the stage be an institution acknowledged by the protection of governments as much as any which a passion for literature, or art, or science among men has established, is there not more wisdom in helping to elevate and guide its operations, than in denouncing and traducing the institution itself?

Art is either right or it is wrong. The sanctioning voices of ages have pronounced it to be right. One branch of art includes the drama; shall this branch be lopped off, because the canker-worm of evil has entered some of its fruit? Like sculpture, like painting, like music, like history, like the poem, the novel,—like everything that ministers to faculties, which distinguish us from the brute creation,—the drama is either an instrument of good or evil, as it is rendered the one or the other by the use or abuse. This is the veriest truism. The theatre, like the press, is one of the most powerful organs for the diffusion of salutary or pernicious influences. Vicious books are often printed, but shall we therefore extirpate the press? Plays of questionable morality are sometimes enacted, but is that a cause for abolishing the stage, sacrificing for a temporary abuse the great and permanent use? False doctrines, and what are called heresies, have been preached from many a pulpit, and have led to the most fearful consequences; but shall the church therefore be calumniated? At the bar, the most flagrant wrongs have grown out of the perversion of legal exposition; but shall law, therefore, be banished from the land? Corrupt judges have given unjust sentences; shall the bench therefore, be denounced? Physicians have destroyed instead of preserving life; shall the science of medicine therefore be set aside? Forgeries have been committed; shall penmanship therefore, be wholly forbidden? And yet, if in one case abuse counteract use, why not in all? A royal governor of Virginia (Sir William Berkeley) said, "I thank God that there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience, and heresies, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best governments; God keep us from both!" This assertion is *literally* true, but the royal governor looked but at one side of the question. The inveighers against the theatre do precisely the same. Because there are abuses, (most unquestionably separable from the use), is that a wise or just argument for the holy indignation often expressed against the theatre and its upholders? About as wise and as just as were Sir William Berkeley's objections to the diffusion of knowledge. Reform the errors of the stage, if you would serve the cause of human progress. No manager will produce plays that do not draw. It lies, then, with audiences to pronounce what representation shall receive their suffrages.

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons make."

[The writer here enumerates the names of several celebrated divines, who have contributed to the literature of the theatre. She says "more than two hundred English clergymen have been dramatic authors, and proceeds:—]

The soundest philosophers have declared that intellectual recreation was needful to the well-being and mental health of man, and they have pronounced the stage to be one of the highest sources of such recreation. That rational amusement is a necessity of man's nature, imperatively demanded, Pindar

and Aristotle have given their testimony. The former says, "rest and enjoyment are universal physicians;" the latter, that "it is impossible for men to live in continual labor, repose and games must succeed to cares and watching."

To unite amusement with instruction is to give relish to nourishment. The man whose energies are worn out with the daily struggles in life, when he sees portrayed the sterner battles of some other life on the mimic world called the stage, forgets the cares that press too heavily on his own heart and paralyze its strength; he passes out of the narrow circle in which his selfhood is hourly bound; his faculties are quickened and refreshed by listening to sparkling wit; the finest chords within his bosom are stirred by the breath of the poet's inspirations. Emotions—devotional, heroic, patriotic, or soothingly domestic—sweep over his prostrate spirit, and lift it up from the contact with the dust of realities. He returns to his labour invigorated, strengthened, and elevated by the relaxation. In our working-day community, it is to such men that the theatre performs one of its chief uses. But there are other uses which address themselves to the mass. Pope tells us,—

"To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they hold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age."

And even the stern Crabbe has said—

"Yet Virtue owns the Tragic Muse a friend;
Fable her means—morality her end.
She makes the vile to Virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre while they break her laws;
For vice in others is abhorred of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall."

Shakspeare, the great mind reader, the most thorough grasper of all the subtleties of human character, wrote no fiction when he said,—

"Guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their mal-factions."

The annals of the stage contain a number of startling instances where this has been literally the case. A remarkable one is recorded in the life of the English actor Ross. In my own comparatively brief experience upon the stage, I have been an eye witness to salutary effects of this description. One occasion I have related in an earlier chapter of these memoirs. If the acting of a play has been instrumental in causing "joy among the angels of heaven over one sinner that repenteth," what stronger proof can there be that the theatre is a useful institution?

If the lingering abuses in our theatres are to be reformed, it can only be done by the mediation of good men, "not so absolute in goodness as to forget what human frailty is," who, discarding the illiteral spirit which denounces without investigating, will first examine the reasons of existing abuses, then help to remedy them by their own presence amongst the audience.

THE DUTIES OF GOVERNMENT.—A government which attempts to do everything, is aptly compared by M. Charles de Rémusat to a schoolmaster who does all the pupils tasks for them; he may be very popular with the pupils, but he will teach them little. A government on the other hand, which neither does anything itself that can possibly be done by anyone else, nor shows anyone else how to do anything, is like a school in which there is no schoolmaster, but only pupil teachers who have never themselves been taught.—*J. Stuart Mill.*

Friendly Societies :

An Address read by MR. ALDERMAN JOHN SCHOFIELD, P.G.M., Manchester Unity Friendly Society, on Wednesday, February 24th, 1864, on the occasion of the third Social Conference of the Bradford Amalgamated Friendly Societies.

At no period in the history of Friendly Societies was public attention more eagerly directed towards their faults and shortcomings than the present. This has mainly resulted from the publication, by Mr. John Tidd Pratt, of certain newspaper articles and letters from discontented parties, in his Annual Report; the great majority of the articles being written by persons, whose business it is to write about anything and everything, no matter what, that happens to engage public attention at the time. As a matter of course, they exhibit a large amount of ignorance of even leading facts in connection with the question, and what is equally true, and equally unfortunate, the domineering, dictatorial tone, often assumed, is calculated to repel, rather than to attract, the attention and regard of the provident working men. The free Englishman is naturally and justly affronted, when self-styled friends arrogantly assume the right to dictate to him how he shall spend any portion of the money which he has honestly earned by the labour of his own hands, or the exercise of his trained intelligence. Hence there exists, at the present time, considerable antagonism between certain well-meaning philanthropists, and the parties they profess to be anxious to benefit, the members of self-governed Friendly Societies, and especially those who compose the large affiliated bodies, such as the Odd-fellows, Foresters, Druids, &c.

A certain class of social economists appear to be eternally hankering after the direction or management of every effort on the part of the people, for the improvement of their condition, physically, morally, or socially. They seem altogether to lose sight of the great fact, that the practical education which the working men obtain in the management of their Friendly Societies, is one of the greatest possible social advantages, both to themselves and to society at large. The man who well and truly has done his fair share of work in connection with one of the large affiliated Friendly Societies, has received a practical training, calculated to fit him for the performance of any municipal, political, social, or other public duty, to which he may be called. Even if he should never be so situated as to occupy any prominent public position, still the practical knowledge thus gained will make him a better, a more thoughtful, a more orderly, and a more rationally loyal subject.

The intelligent working men themselves are fully alive to these advantages, and, with the instinct of Englishmen, they take alarm instantly, at the slightest movement indicative of an attempt to rob them of their privileges. The true way to advance the civilization of the masses is to teach them how to civilize themselves; to teach them how, by combination and forethought, they may be enabled to rely upon their own efforts, and thus secure not only aid and consolation under unforeseen misfortune, but elevate themselves in the scale of humanity, by the preservation of their cherished independence.

Some well-meaning social reformers are so wedded to a favourite crotchet or dogma, that they evince a marked hostility to every effort for the furtherance of the well-being of mankind, that does not include their specially petted nostrum. Of course, the Maine Law men look upon the meeting of a Friendly Society in a public-house as a great social enormity, and they blindly refuse to

acknowledge the existence of anything good that may transpire, incidentally or otherwise, in such places. Some parties are not content with preaching this doctrine, but they seek directly, and even indirectly, to coerce the rest of mankind into their way of thinking; or, failing that, to control their practical action in such matters, by legislative enactments. Some philanthropists of this class and certain other purists, who regard all festive enjoyment with puritanical horror, especially amongst the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," appear to have got the "length of the foot" of Mr. John Tidd Pratt, and have induced him to arrogate to himself functions with regard to the free action of Friendly Societies, not only utterly inconsistent with the first principles of British liberty, but in direct violation of the professed object of, and, as I and others contend, without the slightest written warrant in, the existing statutes.

The one condition insisted upon before registration was accepted (by the Manchester Unity at least), was the full and complete right to manage all their internal affairs, without "let or hindrance," from any government official whatever; and this was undoubtedly granted cheerfully by the legislature, when the bill was originally passed. Therefore, any attempt to set the great principle aside, by the official torturing of phraseology, however modified, with a view to its defeat, will, I doubt not, be indignantly resented by the independent self-reliant members of these Societies, as a political crime of the first magnitude; a sinister attempt to rob free-born Englishmen of the right to spend their own money according to their own judgment or pleasure.

The law never meant, neither does it now express, any desire to put down anniversaries or processions, or gifts to distressed brethren. It merely and very properly insists, that the money subscribed for insurance purposes shall be kept separate from that subscribed for every other purpose. If this be complied with, Mr. Pratt has no right, legal or moral, to *dictate* to the members of any individual club, as to the wisdom or otherwise of spending any other money they may agree to raise, in either feasting, parading the streets, or relieving the wants of their distressed brethren. This is merely a matter of taste, which people of every class indulge in, more or less. No one hinders the parties who despise such things from forming clubs on their own model.

The Manchester Unity (and I have no doubt, other affiliated Societies) has lodges in private rooms, school rooms, and temperance hotels, as well as at public houses, with a view to meet the wishes and habits of every class amongst the brotherhood. There are plenty of "office clubs" in the land, concerning the management of which we have lately read of strange disclosures and fraud, and enormous management expenses. Mr. Pratt's abettors, it seems, cannot attract members to their "office clubs," simply because they are not adapted to the present opinions, tastes, or habits of the great mass of the self-reliant working men. The self-governed clubs find more favour, and so these "friends of the people" show their friendship by attempting to rob them of their independent action.

But the members of Friendly Societies are sufficiently numerous and enfranchised in most boroughs to convince Mr. Pratt and his friends at the next General Election, that although they may respect *advice* tendered in a friendly and courteous manner, they are both determined and able to successfully defend their liberties against any force, which either he or his friends may bring into the field against them. The people, through parliament, make *law*, and not Mr. John Tidd Pratt. Mr. Pratt himself has been the greatest enemy to enrolment, owing to his obstructiveness and officious meddling. The remedy, however, is not to avoid enrolment, but make a vigorous and united effort to amend the law. The advantages conferred by registration (if properly carried out) are numerous and valuable: freedom from property or income tax; the

right to receive, in full, all moneys in the hands of bankrupt treasurers, &c., before the creditors touch a farthing; members are allowed to be witnesses in proceedings, criminal or civil, respecting property of the society; trustees, with respect to the property of the society, can sue or be sued in their own names. These are the most important.

There are no advantages to be derived from non-registration, except the doubtful one, that you can neither be sued if you commit a wrong, nor sue the thief who robs you. Besides, there is a legitimate loss of caste, a lack of respectability, in a free country like England, for any corporate body to exist in a state of outlawry, and especially bodies professedly loyal and dutiful subjects of the government, and respecters of the laws of the land.

These noble institutions, to which we are all proud to bear allegiance, were instituted and have been handed down to us by the industrious and provident men of the last generation, and stand out in bold relief not only to the people of England, but to all the nations of the earth, as imperishable monuments of the intelligence, wisdom, and forethought of the working classes.

They have been the means of distributing numberless blessings and accomplishing a great amount of good. The distressed, the sick, the afflicted, the dying, the bereaved, the widows, and the orphans, have all and each in their turn received solace, aid, and comfort from them; but these societies have also the power of diffusing collaterally with these comforts and relief for the body, the means of benefiting and improving the mind. Where then is the man who is bold enough to circumscribe or limit the operations of such institutions, and say, "thus far shall you go and no further?" If we are worthy successors of the founders, we shall not be slow to perceive that an important moral duty, as well as a privilege, is imposed upon us; namely, to legislate with the view of improving and placing them upon safe and permanent ground, which can only be done by concentrating all our knowledge, talent, and wisdom, on the government and management of these institutions.

The most important question demanding the earnest attention of every well-wisher of Friendly Societies, is, however, their financial condition. Some I know to be sound in this respect; others, I regret to say, are palpably not. The errors which have led to this unsoundness may not have arisen from any want of integrity on the part of the founders or earlier members, but rather from the general ignorance which prevailed some years ago amongst all classes, respecting the laws which govern the rates of sickness at the later periods of life. I am sorry to say that that ignorance is yet very extensive: but I am much gratified to find that in Bradford and other towns, the subject is now receiving much greater attention from those most interested. Thus, many large districts in the Manchester Unity, I know are applying to the Secretary for valuations of their assets and liabilities, with a view to ultimate adjustment; believing, if the great good Friendly Societies have done and are doing is to be transmitted to our posterity, or even enjoyed by many of the younger of the existing members, that the financial arrangements of many of them will have to undergo a complete revision.

I would, in conclusion, respectfully, but earnestly recommend that each individual interested in the success of the great effort of the self-reliant masses of our countrymen for their moral and social elevation, will give the subject his calm and serious attention, and endeavour, by all the means in his power, to distribute abroad, amongst those whose education or opportunities are more limited, a knowledge of those laws, upon the due observance of which depends the consummation of this glorious work. It is a labour which must produce ample fruit, and one worthy of the best efforts, both of heart and brain, of philanthropists of every class, no matter how distinguished by intellectual accomplishments or social position.

Oceanic Marvels.

ALMOST as little known as the heart of Africa, are the depths of ocean. The eye penetrates in the clear crystalline sea a few fathoms down, and beholds mailed and glittering forms flitting by; the dredge gathers its scrapings; divers plunge out of sight, and bring up pearls; and the sounding-lead goes down, down, down, hundreds of fathoms, and when it comes up, we gaze with eager eyes to see what adheres to the tallow "arming;" the tiny shells, the frustules of diatoms, even the atoms of coral sand—curious to learn what is at the bottom of the deep. But, after all, it is much like the brick which the Greek fool carried about as a sample of the house he had to let.

Who can penetrate into the depths of the ocean to trace the arrowy course of the mailed and glittering beings that shoot along like animated beams of light? Who can follow them to their rocky beds and coral caverns? The wandering mariners with interested curiosity the flying-fishes leaping in flocks from the water, and the eager bonito rushing after them in swift pursuit; but who can tell what the flying-fish is doing when not pursued, or how the bonito is engaged when the prey is not before him? How many pleasing traits of conjugal parental attachment the waves of the fathomless sea may conceal, we know not; what ingenious devices for self-protection; what structures for the concealment of eggs or offspring; what arts of attack and defence; what manœuvres and stratagems; what varied exhibitions of sagacity, forethought, and care; what singular developments of instinct;—who shall tell?

The aquarium has indeed, already enlarged our acquaintance with the curious creatures that inhabit the waters; and not a few examples of those habits and instincts that constitute animal *biography*, have by this means been brought to light. Much more will doubtless be learned by the same instrumentality; but there will still remain secrets which the aquarium will be powerless to resolve. From its very nature it can deal only with the small, and those which are content with little liberty; for the multitude of large, unwieldy, swift-finned races, which shoot athwart the deep, and for the countless hosts of tiny things, to whose organization even the confinement of a vessel is speedy death, we must find some other device before we can cultivate acquaintance with them.

It is true, we can put together a goodly number of individual objects which various accidents have from time to time revealed to us from the depths, and form them into an imaginary picture. Schleiden has done this, and a lovely delineation he has made. You have only to gaze on it, to admire it: I would not abate your admiration; I admire it too:—but remember, after all, it is but a fancy sketch of the unknown; it is only "*founded on fact*."

"We dive," he observes, "into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, and it opens to us the most wondrous enchantments of the fairy tales of our childhood's dreams. The strangely branching thickets bear living flowers. Dense masses of meandrinæ and astrææ contrast with the leafy, cup-shaped expansions of the explanariæ, the variously-ramified madreporæ, which are now spread out like fingers, now rise in trunk-like branches, and now display the most elegant array of interlacing branches. The colouring surpasses everything: vivid green alternate with brown or yellow; rich tints of purple, from pale red-brown to the deepest blue. Brilliant rosy, yellow, or peach-coloured mullipores, overgrow the decaying masses, and are themselves interwoven with the pearl-coloured plates of the retipores, resembling the

most delicate ivory carvings. Close by, wave the yellow and lilac fans, perforated like trellis-work, of the gorgonias. The clear sand of the bottom is covered with the thousand strange forms and tints of the sea-urchins, and star-fishes. The leaf-like flustras and escharas adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of the corals; the yellow, green, and purple-striped limpets cling like monstrous cochineal insects upon their trunks. Like gigantic cactus blossoms, sparkling in the most ardent colours, the sea-anemones expand their crowns of tentacles upon the broken rocks, or more modestly embellish the bottom, looking like beds of variegated ranunculuses. Around the blossoms of the coral shrubs play the humming-birds of the ocean,—little fish sparkling with red or blue metallic glitter, or gleaming in golden green, or in the brightest silvery lustre.

"Softly, like spirits of the deep, the delicate, milk-white, or bluish bells of the jelly-fishes float through this charmed world. Here the gleaming violet and gold-green Isabelle, and the flaming yellow, black, and vermilion-striped coquette, chase their prey; there the band-fish shoots, snake-like, through the thicket, like a long silver ribbon, glittering with rosy and azure hues. Then come the fabulous cuttle-fish decked in all colours of the rainbow, but marked by no definite outline, appearing and disappearing, intercrossing, joining company and parting again, in most fantastic ways; and all this in the most rapid change, and amid the most wonderful play of light and shade, altered by every breath of wind, and every slight curling of the surface of the ocean. When day declines, and the shades of night lay hold upon the deep, this fantastic garden is lighted up in new splendour. Millions of glowing sparks, little microscopic medusas and crustaceans, dance like glow-worms through the gloom. The sea-feather, which by daylight is vermilion-coloured, waves in a greenish, phosphorescent light. Every corner of it is lustrous; parts, which by day were dull and brown, and retreated from the sight amid the universal brilliancy of colour, are now radiant in the most wonderful play of green, yellow, and red light; and to complete the wonders of the enchanted night, the silver disc, six feet across, of the moon-fish, moves, slightly luminous, among the crowd of little sparkling stars.

"The most luxuriant vegetation of a tropical landscape, cannot unfold as great wealth of form, while in the variety and splendour of colour, it would stand far behind this garden landscape, which is strangely composed exclusively of animals, and not of plants; for characteristic as the luxuriant development of vegetation of the temperate zones is of the sea bottom, the fulness and multiplicity of the marine fauna, is just as prominent in the regions of the tropics. Whatever is beautiful, wondrous, or uncommon in the great classes of fish and echinoderms, jelly-fishes and polypes, and the molluscs of all kinds, is crowded into the warm and crystal waters of the tropical ocean, rests in the white sands, clothes the rough cliffs, clings where the room is already occupied, like a parasite upon the first comers, or swims through the shallows and depths of the element, while the mass of the vegetation is of a far inferior magnitude. It is peculiar in relation to this, that the law valid on land, according to which the animal kingdom being better adapted to accommodate itself to outward circumstances, has a greater diffusion than the vegetable kingdom; for the Polar Seas swarm with whales, seals, sea-birds, fishes, and countless numbers of the lower animals, even where every trace of vegetation has long vanished in the eternally frozen ice, and the cool sea fosters no sea-weed; that this law, I say, holds good also for the sea, in the direction of its depth; for when we descend, vegetable life vanishes much sooner than the animal, and even from the depths to which no ray of light is capable of penetrating, the sounding lead brings up news at least of living infusoria."

Who has not felt when looking over a boat's side into the clear crystal depth, a desire to go and explore? Even on our own coasts, to see the rich luxuriant forests of *laminaria* or *alaria*, waving their great brown fronds to and fro, over which the shell-fishes crawl, and on which the green and rosy-fingered anemones expand like flowers, while the pipe-fishes twine about, and the brilliant wrasses dart out and in, decked in scarlet and green, is a tempting sight, and one which I have often gazed on with admiration.

"Nothing can be more surprising and beautiful," says Sir A. de Capell Brooke, "than the singular clearness of the water of the Northern Seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight I gazed on the slowly moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of *asterias*, *echinus*, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed, in some measure, to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now, creeping along, we saw, far beneath, the rugged side of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent; which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf, as we pushed gently over the last point of it, it seemed as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a start. Now we came again to a plain, and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter—unknown to man; and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shape gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was moving above them. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean."—*Gosse's Romance of Natural History*.

Literary Notices.

Lays of Lowly Life. By Ruth Wills. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

We have perused this little volume with considerable pleasure and some emotion. Truly, genius, (and especially the poetic brand of this rare commodity) too often constitutes its own surpassing reward. We sympathize with men, who, though highly gifted in this direction, are condemned by the stern decrees of fortune to toil perpetually for the means of daily sustenance. In the present instance, a truly bright poetic spirit, condemned to daily monotonous toil in a large hosiery warehouse, in Leicester, is presented in the feminine garb. But, as in the case of Wingate, the collier, genius is associated with a brave and honourable heart, that knows the value of labour, and feels the dignity of self-reliance. Contemplating her fate, in early life, Ruth Wills, in a short autobiography, which accompanies the poems, bravely writes: "Hence-

forward it must be work, woman's work, dreary and monotonous sometimes, yet pleasant withal, as it rewarded me with the proud consciousness that I was not only able to eat my daily bread, but to earn it." In later life she still clings with the instinct of genuine inspiration to the faith that her poetic emotions have blessed her earthly lot. She says, "Thrown by circumstances amongst uncongenial fellowship, it has been through the medium of books alone, and especially of books of poetry, that I have been able to cultivate the society of the wise and good, of the learned and the refined. Shut out from the circle of taste and intellect by my lowly position, I am fain to think I have enjoyed more than an equivalent, in communing, through their writings, with the star-bright children of literature and song." The book is well worth its price, on account of the intrinsic merits of its contents, and we commend it most heartily to the patronage of our readers, and especially to that class of workers who know how to honour intellect which sheds a lustre on labour. We select the following as a specimen of the work, not that we regard it as superior to others, but because its length accords best with our limited space :—

LONGING FOR SPRING.

Oh, for the beautiful Spring!
 Oh, for its genial showers!
 Oh, for the honey-bees' music!
 Oh, for the balmy wild flowers!
 I long for a stroll in the woodlands,
 'Neath the trees in their green robes arrayed;
 I long for a swing in their branches,
 I long to recline 'neath their shade.

Oh, for its fresh breezy morning!
 Oh, for its bright sunny noon!
 Oh, for its rosy-hued sunset!
 Oh, for its soft silver moon!
 I want to be down in the valley,
 To roam by the musical stream;
 How often I've listened its babble,
 Whilst the hours passed away like a dream.

Oh, for the incense-fraught zephyr!
 Oh, for the cloudless blue skies!
 Oh, for the young bird's sweet warbling,
 And the wild deer's beautiful eyes!
 I want to be carelessly straying,
 Through meadows and woodlands and bowers;
 I want to be hearing sweet music;
 I want to make garlands of flowers.

Oh, for the pale dewy primrose!
 Oh, for the lilac's sweet dyes!
 For the cowslip that bends its head meekly
 To look in the violet's blue eyes!
 Then come, oh, thou beautiful spring!
 And breathe on our languishing bowers;
 On the wandering gale thy sweet odours fling;
 Come with music, and sunlight, and flowers.

Scattered Seeds. By Y. S. N. London: David Batten, and Simpkin & Marshall.

Some of the writings, both in prose and verse, of the lady known by the *nom de plume* of "Y. S. N.," are familiar to the readers of the *Odd-fellows' Magazine*. This little volume is composed entirely of short poems, chiefly of a religious cast of thought, but not obtrusively so. They are free from sectarian or narrow prejudices, and illustrate, in easy verse, in a practical form, some of the grand moral truths enunciated by the great Christian teacher. The volume is eminently adapted to the requirements of those who believe in

the efficacy of birth-day, Christmas, and other presents, amongst relatives and friends; and who does not? The disinterested motive of the author in issuing the volume will commend the book to the patronage of all who can appreciate genuine benevolence of heart. The proceeds are to be devoted to the fund in aid of the unsuccessful candidates for the annuities of the Governess' Benevolent Institution.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

CONFERENCE OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—On Thursday, December 17th, 1863, a meeting of the Friendly Societies of Halifax was held in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, convened by the officers of the Halifax District, M.U.I.O.O.F., for the purpose of giving a welcome to the Executive of the Ancient Order of Foresters to the town, and for the discussion of matters pertaining to the interests of Friendly Societies generally. About 100 members of the various societies attended. Mr. Job Whitely, P. Prov. G.M., who occupied the chair, proposed the "Executive of the Ancient Order of Foresters," in a highly complimentary speech, to which Mr. Mallinson, Chief Ranger, responded. In the course of his observations, he remarked, the funds which they subscribed for the sick and funeral purposes ought to be kept inviolate for those purposes. Never would he consent to one farthing being spent for any other purpose except for the interment of the dead, and payment sickness; and he trusted that the time was not far distant when not one farthing of the management fund should be spent for any other purpose than for the payment of officers, purchase of books, etc. Whatever might be required for anniversary dinners, banners, and regalia, should be obtained by voluntary subscriptions. The chairman contended that Mr. Pratt had no right to interfere with the management funds. All that was required was, that the sick and funeral fund should be kept separate. Mr. Shawcross, C.S. of the Foresters, in an excellent speech, congratulated the gentlemen present on the good feeling shown between the members of the various societies. Referring to the letters published by Mr. Tidd Pratt, which he characterised as so much rubbish, not worth the paper upon which they were written, he said Mr. Pratt's reports of the expenditure of money, in nine cases out of every ten, were not strictly correct. If Mr. Tidd Pratt would only read the statements he had received on the other side of the question and publish them, a different appearance would be given to the affairs of Friendly Societies. Mr. Shawcross thought it would be wise to wait till the subject of Friendly Societies was again brought before parliament; then would be their time to be up and doing. Mr. Alderman John Schofield, of Bradford, spoke in a similar strain. He said, the *Times* exhibited great paternal care towards them; but he did not believe in so much paternal care, when they had reached what he called years of maturity. He argued, therefore, that they could manage their own affairs without any interference from anybody else. Mr. J. A. Riley, C.S. of the Halifax District, also spoke to the sentiment, and strongly recommended the various lodges to appoint efficient officers, and to see that their accounts were properly kept, and their funds appropriated to their legitimate purposes.

LEEK.—At a meeting of the Improvement Commissioners, recently held at Leek, P.G. Farrow entered at great length into the question of the health of the inhabitants, and the evil effects of insufficient drainage and ventilation on the funds of friendly societies. He said, the commissioners were responsible for all the moral misery that resulted from these excessive rates of sickness and mortality, and the heavy claims thereby thrown upon friendly

societies. Ten years since, it was shown that zymotic disease was producing a ruinous effect upon the funds of these societies, for which they were alone responsible, and we were laughed to scorn. Our new sewerage works had, now been in operation four years. During that time, the number of deaths from this class of diseases had been only 114, against 416 for the previous four years. (Applause.) Mr. Farrow then went on to show from an experience of upwards of 12,000 years of friendly society life in Leek, that the rates of sickness from all causes, between 20 and 35 years of age, were 10 per cent. in excess of the average experience of friendly societies in England. The specific intensity of the mortality also shewed a corresponding excess, from which it appeared that the mean expectation of life at 20 years of age, was only 36 years, being five years less than the average of similar societies in England. The cause of this excess was explained by the humiliating fact, that consumption and its kindred diseases, were 75 per cent. more fatal in Leek, than in the whole country. The medical staff of H.M. Privy Council, had informed the board, that the cause was the imperfect ventilated state of the mills, workshops, etc.: all this had been disregarded by the board, who now came and recommended the masses to be more temperate and provident in their habits. He had taken the trouble of ascertaining the specific intensity of the mortality from intemperance amongst the masses, and also amongst all the governing bodies of the town for several years past, and he had no hesitation in saying that, in point of temperance, the masses appeared more than 100 per cent. more respectable than their governors. It was a fact, that the amount subscribed yearly by the working community of this town, for the laudable purpose of securing honourable relief in sickness, etc., was equal to a rate of one shilling in the pound on all the property of Leek. (Applause.)

MR. PRATT AND THE GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES BILL.—Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar of Friendly Societies, has been designated to the office of general manager of the insurance department of the office about to be created by Mr. Gladstone's Government Annuities Bill. It is understood that the salary attached to the appointment will be £5,000, with the option of simultaneously holding his present appointment of Registrar. Dr. Farr will be the actuary, at a salary of £2,500, but it is understood that his new appointment will not interfere with the holding of his present office.—*The News*. [We suspect the above to be a hoax, concocted for the purpose of prejudicing the people against Mr. Gladstone's measure. On the face of it it is an absurdity; no such salaries being required to secure the services of a much more practical man than the Registrar of Friendly Societies, and no salaried actuary of Dr. Farr's standing will be required.—*Ed. Odd-fellows' Mag.*]

ERRONEOUS DECISION BY A MAGISTRATE.—On the 14th March, John Randall, of 35, Paddington Street, the secretary of the Sir Thomas Dallas Lodge of Odd Fellows, was summoned before Mr. Tyrwhitt, Marlborough Street, London, for unlawfully neglecting and refusing to pay to John Beattie the sum of 12s., being the amount due to him for one week's money during illness.—Mrs. Elizabeth Beattie, wife of the complainant, who was unable to attend, said she gave notice to the secretary of the lodge, and made application for her husband's allowance, but had been refused, the secretary stating that he was "out of the limits."—The defendant submitted that complainant was not entitled to the money, he being fourteen weeks in arrear. The complainant did not pay in the money till two days after the fourteen weeks had expired.—Mr. Lewis for the complainant pointed out to the magistrate the 33rd rule of the society, which said "that any brother not more than fourteen weeks in arrear shall be entitled to receive the 12s. a-week," &c.; and as the fifteenth week had not arrived, the complainant was within the limits, and entitled to receive

the money. Besides, the society had not hesitated to take the poor man's money, although paid two days after the fourteenth week had expired.—Mr. Tyrwhitt said the complainant was clearly entitled to the money, and made an order to that effect; and, on the application of Mr. Lewis, awarded 10s. 6d. costs.—[Mr. Tyrwhitt was wrong both in justice and equity: and what is more, he possessed no right of jurisdiction in the matter. But as the defendant appears not to have raised any objection on this score, Mr. T. can scarcely be blamed so far as that is concerned. It is scarcely necessary to point out the absurdity of the remarks of the plaintiff's counsel respecting the "taking of the poor man's money." This, he appears not to perceive, was done in the man's future interest and not in that of the lodge.—A similar case occurred soon afterwards in the South London District, when the above ruling was quoted as a precedent; but the counsel for the defence took the necessary objection to the court's jurisdiction, and succeeded. The plaintiff was non-suited, and ordered to submit his grievance, if he had any, to the arbitrators appointed by the rules of his society, enrolled according to Act of Parliament.—*Ed. Odd-fellows' Magazine.*]

THE AMALGAMATED FRIENDLY SOCIETIES OF BRADFORD AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—On May 30th, a meeting of the officers and other members in connection with the Amalgamated Friendly Societies of Bradford, consisting of the Ancient Order of Foresters, Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U., Loyal Orangemen, United Ancient Order of Druids, Independent Order of the Golden Fleece, Grand United Order of Odd-fellows, National Independent Order of Odd-fellows, and Knights of Malta, met at the Odd-fellows' Arms, Manchester Road, to take into consideration the language made use of by the Chancellor of the Exchequer towards the various friendly societies in this country, on the introduction of the Government Annuities Bill into the House of Commons. Mr. Thomas Wilcock occupied the chair on the occasion, and the following letter was unanimously agreed to be forwarded to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject:—

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Esq., M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—We, the officers and members of the amalgamated and self-governed friendly societies of Bradford, in the West Riding of the county of York, in meeting assembled this 30th day of May, 1864, numbering ten thousand members, beg to express to you our unfeigned regret that you should have so far forgotten your duty as a Minister of the Crown as to attack a body of men, on the introduction of the Government Annuities Bill into parliament, whose only aim and object in connection with these friendly societies is to carry comfort to the sorrowing—assistance to the helpless—bind up the broken heart—wipe the fatherless children and widows' tear—comfort and support the afflicted—inter their dead in decency and order—preserving their members from receiving pauper's assistance, and inhabiting at last a pauper's grave.

The following is the language to which we refer, as reported in the *Standard* newspaper, March 8, 1864, which reads as follows:—"I may venture to tell the House that the bill has grown, not out of consideration of the assurance societies, but out of consideration of the condition of friendly societies, it has arisen out of the wholesale errors, but not only error, for along with error, deception, fraud, and swindling have been practised upon the most helpless portion of the community, and who find themselves without remedy."

Again you say, "I have shown that the present condition of many of the Friendly Societies, I might almost say, speaking generally, is more or less unsatisfactory, some of them we cannot say merely unsatisfactory, we must call them rotten and fraudulent."

Now, sir, we take the above strong, sweeping, denunciatory language against us to be unjust and uncalled for, and we hereby challenge you to meet us before a select committee of the House of Commons to prove your wholesale assertions against us, as in the matter of deception, fraud, and swindling—for you scarcely make an exception in these wholesale charges brought against us—in a place, too, where you know we have no opportunity of answering for ourselves, which makes the matter so much the worse on your part. However, sir, we are quite prepared to rebut every false charge you may think proper to bring against us, if we have the opportunity of so doing. We deplore the frauds committed in these societies quite as much as you do, but they are of a light character, when we consider the immense number of members in connection with them, and the large amount of money passing continually through our hands, so that they will bear comparison in this respect to the best regulated societies in this country.

In conclusion, sir, we have to ask you in your further dealings with these societies, to make a distinction between those self-governed and those merely of a proprietary character, which you appear to lose sight of altogether in your attacks on our characters for honesty. However, sir, we quite as much respect our characters for that commodity as you do yours, and we think it hard to be charged with such heinous offences as those contained in your speech, when we know that we are endeavouring to raise up and consolidate the system of friendly societies in this country, which will be the glory of the land in which we live—carrying out our great principles of philanthropy, friendship, love, and truth, which is the highest part of our ambition in connection with the friendly societies of our land, and will be so to the end of our days, whatever charges may be brought against us to the contrary notwithstanding.—Signed on behalf of the meeting,

THOMAS WILCOCK, Chairman.

The following is a copy of the letter received in reply to the above:—

11, Downing Street, Whitehall, 4th June, 1864.

Sir,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd instant, and I am to say, that he considers the quotations from his speeches so partial as to convey an impression wholly false; and Mr. Gladstone disclaims and denies altogether the description of attack as they are pleased to term it, which the Bradford Amalgamated Friendly Societies impute to him. He concludes, they cannot have read his letter to the Rev. Mr. Finch, published in the London papers, or the letter which you forward, Mr. Gladstone is sure, would not have been written.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,
C. L. RYAN.

Mr. G. Kingdom, Bradford.

IMPORTANT FRIENDLY SOCIETY CASE.—On the 6th June, an important case to members of friendly societies came on for hearing at the Guildhall, at York, before the Lord Mayor and James Meek, Esq. Joseph Ellison was charged with unlawfully withholding certain sums of money belonging to the Slingsby Duncombe Lodge, a branch of the Order of Odd-fellows of the Manchester Unity. The defendant had acted as secretary of the branch, and his duty had been to receive the contributions of the members. Some of these, from members at a distance, had been paid by money order, and the cases on which the defendant was charged, numbering four, and for trivial amounts, it was intended to prove by showing that he had cashed the money orders, and had not entered the cash into the books of the branch.—Mr. Mann (who appeared for the prosecutors), however, said the total sum of money belonging to the society which the defendant had not accounted for was between £40 and £50. It was endeavoured to be shown that, in accordance with 8 and 9 Vic., c. 63, s. 24, the Manchester Unity laws having been registered, the Slingsby Duncombe Lodge, which was a part of the Unity and governed by its registered rules or laws, was also by that act legally registered, and that therefore the parties aggrieved had their remedy in that court.—Mr. Grayston, however, urged that this was not the law, and showed clearly that not only was it necessary for the Unity itself to be registered by Mr. Tidd Pratt, but for every district branch to be registered separately as well. The Slingsby Duncombe branch had not been so registered, and the bench therefore decided that upon the law they had no jurisdiction and dismissed the case.

THE HUMAN RACE.—"It has been calculated," says the *Presse*, "that the human race now comprises, in round numbers, 1,000,000,000 of persons, speaking 3,064 languages, and professing 1,100 forms of religion. The average duration of human life is estimated at 33 years and six months. A quarter of the children born die before their seventh year, and one-half before their seventeenth. Out of the 1,000,000,000 persons living, 33,000,000 die each year, 91,000 each day, 3,780 each hour, 60 each minute, and consequently one every second. These 33,000,000 deaths are counterbalanced by 41,500,000 births, the excess being the annual increase of the human race. It has been remarked that births and deaths are more frequent in the night than during the day. Calculating one marriage for every 120 persons of both sexes and of all ages, 83,300,000 are celebrated annually."

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

BRADFORD.—From the elaborate report just issued by C. S. Illingworth, we gather the following particulars:—On the 1st Jan., 1864, the twenty-eight lodges numbered 3162 members, being an increase during the past five years, of 476. The total reserved funds amounted to £16,857 13s. 3½d. The total amount paid on the sickness account during that period, is £9258 5s. 4d. During the past year the sum of £2722 0s. 3d. has been paid for sick and funeral claims.

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual meeting of the district was held at the Odd-fellows' Hall, on Feb. 29th, last, and was attended by a large number of the members and their friends. Proceedings commenced with tea, after which the public meeting for the transaction of the business of the society was held, Mr. Ward, G.M., in the chair. From the annual report we extract the following:—The total number of members on January 1st, 1864, was 4,148, being a clear increase on the year of 155. After reference to the increased amount of sickness amongst the members, the report says—"We have to report that after payment of these heavy claims for sickness and funerals, there is still a surplus on the year of £1,704 9s. 3d. to be carried over to the reserved fund of lodges, making the total reserve capital for sickness and funerals (exclusive of building) £35,957 2s. 3d., being an increase during the ten years of over £16,000. Of this sum of £1,704 £1,318 is interest on invested capital; and your committee call attention to the fact that while about £13,000 only is invested on mortgage and £1,000 in building societies at from 4½ to 5 per cent., there is about £25,000 in private joint stock and savings banks, producing not more than from 2 to 2½ per cent. Interest is of immense value, and while your committee fully agree that no unsafe investments should be made, they consider that if the smaller lodges were joined together and large branches made, better interest would be made of capital, greater attention paid to financial affairs, and the cost of management (an important element) considerably reduced. The society has paid during the last thirteen years to its afflicted members £33,734 3s. 4d. for sickness pay, and funeral donations to the amount of £8,656, besides providing themselves at an expense of £7,000 with proper medical attendance. In closing the report, your committee have to thank Mr. Buck for his indefatigable exertions in the cause of the institution, and for his ability in drawing out the statement of accounts. Several excellent practical speeches were made during the evening.

BLACKBURN.—We have received the annual report of the lodges in this district, together with a summary, by Mr. Z. Mawdsley, the Prov. C.S. The plan adopted by our Blackburn brethren is worthy of the consideration of other districts. Each lodge's balance sheet is printed on four octavo pages. The plan adopted being uniform, considerable expense is saved in printing, and, at the end of the year, a cheap and valuable pamphlet is formed by binding the district reports with those of the lodges. We find that the district on the 31st Dec. last numbered 2914, being a reduction during the year of 43. This has, doubtless, been caused by the partial suspension of the cotton manufacture. The total capital amounts to £18,835 9s. 6½d., which shows an increase during the year of £566 18s. 2½d. The sum of £585 11s. 6d. had been realised by interest. For sick allowance the sum of £1,601 12s. 7d. had been paid, and £605 on the mortality account. In 1862 the sum of £156 19s. 6d. had been lent to unemployed members to keep them good on the books. In 1863, the sum of £109 4s. 3d. had been lent for a similar purpose. These sums are independent of the share of the general subscription awarded to Blackburn by the Board of Directors, which amounts to £203 11s

BOLTON.—A special meeting of the members of the Welcome Traveller Lodge was recently held at the house of Mr. Riley, the Rope and Anchor Inn, Deansgate, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to P. Prov. G.M. Jonathan Simpson. The Grand Master of the District, Mr. Samuel Openshaw presided. The testimonial consisted of a very handsome gold watch and guard, and bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. Jonathan Simpson, as a token of respect, by the members of the Loyal Welcome Traveller Lodge, and his admirers connected with the Bolton District.—I.O.O.F., M.U., April 21st, 1864."—The Chairman, in presenting the testimonial, highly complimented Mr. Simpson on the creditable manner in which he had served the office of Prov. G.M., and also for the services he had rendered to his lodge during 22 years. Mr. Simpson in appropriate terms acknowledged the compliment that had been paid him in the handsome present he had received. The toast of "The Manchester Unity" was responded to by Mr. Samuel Settle, of Whittle Springs, who alluded to the kind manner our brethren in the colonies responded to the appeal made to them for the relief of the members when suffering from the cotton famine.

BRIGHTON.—The Brunswick Lodge celebrated its anniversary at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, in Dec. last. Mr. Gates, Grand Master of the District, presided. The Brunswick Lodge has been established 41 years, it numbers over 500 members, and has a capital of £3242; and during the year it has paid £414 in sick relief, and £136 in funerals, and has received 49 new members. Mr. James Curtis, secretary to the district, and one of the Board of Directors, delivered a long and telling address, in which he commented on portions of the report recently issued by Mr. Tidd Pratt, and exposed several of the fallacies and absurdities contained in that document, amidst the loud plaudits of his auditors.

BRISTOL.—On May the 30th, the members of the M.U. gave a *fête* and gala at the Clifton Zoological Gardens, in aid of the funds of the Infirmary, General Hospital, and Bristol and Clifton Dispensaries. A Bristol newspaper says:—"The object for which the *fête* was given is one of the worthiest character, and the spirit of disinterested liberality and the kindness of disposition towards the suffering poor, manifested by the brethren on the occasion, entitle the order to the good wishes of all who have the welfare of the community, and especially of the industrial classes at heart, and are beyond all praise." A grand procession was formed, which passed off with great *éclat*. The usual entertainments on such occasions were provided and heartily enjoyed. About 10,000 persons were present, consequently the efforts of our Bristol brethren in aid of the funds of the local charities have been crowned with well-merited success.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—At a recent meeting of the Ocean Pride Lodge, in the Reading Room, Aldeburgh, a silver watch and guard, value nine guineas, was presented to brother Anthony Hurren, of Leiston, as an expression of their due appreciation of his attention to the interests of the Society. The presentation was intrusted to Brother Newson Garrett, who, after an appropriate address, suspended the gift round the worthy brother's neck. A suitable expression of thanks was made by the respected recipient.

CHESTERFIELD.—The annual dinner of the members of the Benevolent Lodge was held at the house of Mr. J. Silcock, of the Griffin Inn, Brampton, on Monday, January 2nd, when about sixty sat down to dinner. Mr. McGee occupied the chair, and Mr. Dickens, farmer, of Brampton, the vice-chair. The principal feature of the evening was the presentation of a testimonial to the worthy chairman. Owing to the lamented death of P.G. Alderman Jones, the presentation was made by P.G. Hoyle. He traced the career of Mr. McGee as an odd-fellow, and spoke of his many services in various districts, and the testimonials of esteem which had been presented to him. He de-

posited his clearance card in the Benevolent Lodge, which lodge at the time he entered only numbered sixteen members, and its funds amounted to 16s. It now numbers 96 members, and has a fund of £681 16s. 9d. (Loud cheers.) In this lodge he passed through the chairs, and for his services was presented with a silver snuff box. He was the first man who introduced and helped to establish a Widow and Orphan Fund in the Chesterfield District, which fund has already paid nearly £4,000 to widows and orphans, and has a fund of nearly £2,191 4s. 9d. in hand. He has been presented with a family Bible by the members of this fund. He was appointed the first president, and has been secretary several times, and likewise a trustee to the said fund. He has been twice Grand Master of the district. He now holds the office of one of the trustees. The testimonial consisted of a valuable photographic portrait in rosewood frame. Mr. McGee responded in a very suitable and touching address.

CHESTERFIELD.—On Easter Monday, the members of the Loyal Portland Lodge, celebrated their anniversary at the house of Host Limb, the Swan Inn, Market Place, Bolsover. They walked in procession to church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Gray. Afterwards about 90 members and friends sat down to dinner. Mr. James Allen, of Chesterfield, the President of the Widow and Orphan Fund occupied the chair. The secretary, Mr. J. Handley, read a report of the affairs of the lodge for the past year, from which it appeared that the number of members is 125, being an increase of 14. The total amount of the receipts for the year was £198 10s. 6½d., and the expenditure was £133 17s. 4½d., leaving a balance for the year in favour of the lodge of £64 13s. 2d. The total value of the lodge funds now stands at £537. Mr. Revie, on behalf of the lodge, presented to P.G. Adsetts, in a highly complimentary speech, an emblem of the order, beautifully framed, which bore the following inscription:—"Presented to George Adsetts, P.G., by the officers and brethren of the Loyal Portland Lodge, as a small token of their esteem, and in appreciation of the services rendered by him to his Lodge, and the cause of oddfellowship. Benjamin Shacklock, N.G., Edward Carrfield, V.G., John Whitehead, secretary." P.G. Adsetts, who has worked long and laboriously in the cause of oddfellowship, and who has recently induced his lodge to accept registration under the Act of Parliament, replied in a modest but suitable address in the course of which he observed:—"The Loyal Portland Lodge is at this time in a much more flourishing condition than it ever was before,—its funds are greatly increased, *and they are safe*; its members are more in numbers, and they are fine, stout, healthy young men; in fact, this lodge can safely be classed as good a lodge as any in the Chesterfield district."

DROYLSDEN, NEAR MANCHESTER.—The members of the Duchess of Kent Lodge, having removed their lodge to the house of Eli Barry, Fairfield Road, celebrated the event on the 10th of April. The worthy host provided a first class supper free of expense. P. Prov. G. James Withington was elected chairman. In a speech of some length, he referred to the oneness of feeling which always seemed to exist amongst the members of the Duchess of Kent Lodge, and to the very many happy evenings he had spent in their midst. P.G. Thomas Renshaw said, he was very happy to meet so many of his brother members, and hoped that as they had removed to a more populous locality, they would be more fortunate with regard to getting new members. They at present numbered 52, and they had a capital of £300. He thought it was the duty of young members especially to look after the interests of their lodge, and not to think that because the lodge was in a prosperous condition now, it would always be so. It would be a shame if any lodge through reckless expenditure, when in a prosperous condition, was not able to pay the sick allowance when members became old.

EDMONDSBOTE.—The members of the Temple of Peace Lodge, celebrated their 28th anniversary at the Rose and Crown Inn, Leamington, on Feb. the 29th. The chair was taken by P. Prov. G.M. Clarke, and the vice-chair by G.M. Pavier. The toast, "Success and Prosperity to the Temple of Peace Lodge," was responded to by P.S. Hudson, who gave an outline of the rise and progress of the lodge since its formation. During the first ten years, it did not appear to be gaining much ground as regarded capital. In 1846, the time when the lodge began to make a start, and the first signs of reform were introduced, it consisted of 156 members, with a capital of £330 6s. 2½d., and during the period from 1846 to 1863 the number of members admitted had been 295, which would make 451 in all. But as 145 had left the lodge, with clearances to join other lodges, or by arrears, and 35 had been taken off by death, the present number of members was 271. The funds had increased in proportion, the capital of the lodge, on the first of Jan., 1864, being £2,429 14s. 6½d. £1,366 8s. 4d. had been paid as sick pay, £476 for funeral donations, and £590 17s. 8d. for surgeons' attendance and medicine. From a valuation recently made, it appeared that the present value of the assets amounted to £8,112 11s. 4½d., and the liabilities to £7,727 14s. 0d., which shows a favourable balance of £384 17s. 4½d.

GLOUCESTER.—The members of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge, held at the Booth Hall, assembled there on the 7th Jan. to present a testimonial to a much esteemed member, P. Prov. G.M. James Williams, on his leaving the District Grand Master's chair, which he has occupied during the past year to the satisfaction of his lodge, and for the great interest he has taken in the cause of Oddfellowship during the last eleven years. The testimonial consists of a beautiful cruet stand, value £8, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. James Williams, by the members of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge, I.O.O.F.M.U. as a token of their esteem and respect. Presented on their behalf, by Capt. J. Heyworth, Jan. 7th, 1864."

GLOUCESTER.—At the Annual Meeting of this district in Dec. last, it was unanimously resolved that the sum of £10 should be given in aid of the funds of the National Life Boat Association.

GUERNSEY.—On the evening of Thursday, the 21st April, the members of the Loyal Pride of Sarnia Lodge, assembled at their lodge room at Rougier's Manchester Unity Hotel, Market Place, for the purpose of presenting to P. Prov. G.M. Alfred Ford, the treasurer, a testimonial of their regard, and of their appreciation of his services to the lodge. Bro. Ford has been one of the most zealous and active members of the lodge ever since his initiation, now nearly fifteen years; he has filled the whole of the inferior as well as elective offices of the lodge, and has served the onerous and responsible offices of D. Prov. G.M. and Prov. G.M. of the district, both with credit to himself and satisfaction to all whom he had occasion to transact business with. He has represented his lodge as a delegate to the district on no less than 39 occasions, and has for some years been treasurer of the Pride of Sarnia. The testimonial consisted of a handsome gold lever watch and chain, the following inscription being engraved on the inner case of the watch:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. Alfred Ford, by the members of the Pride of Sarnia Lodge, M.U., for the invaluable services rendered by him to the said Lodge. Guernsey, 1864." The watch was presented by P.D. Prov. G.M. J. Lawrence, who read the address in a very impressive manner. It was responded to by Bro. Ford in a speech which called forth frequent bursts of applause.

HALIFAX.—On March the 29th, the United Queen Victoria Lodge held a very interesting meeting in their lodge room, at the Globe Inn, Halifax, the object being to celebrate the fact that they had accumulated a reserve fund of £1,000. About 76 members partook of dinner. Mr. Abm. Cockroft, P. Prov. G.M., and Mr. James C. Holt, P.G., two of the oldest members, occu-

pied the chair and vice-chair. The chairman congratulated the members upon the result of their prudence and forethought, and spoke in laudatory terms of the zeal and perseverance manifested by Mr. Holt, in the peculiar difficulties experienced in the early history of the lodge; indeed, he considered him to be the father of the lodge. Mr. Job Cockcroft, Permanent Secretary, in responding to the sentiment, "Success to the Queen Victoria Lodge," gave an interesting sketch of its history. He said that at its commencement, it was very little more than a gentleman's convivial club, the meetings being principally for the enjoyment of a social glass. This did not, however, continue very long. Several respectable working men were initiated, and, in the course of seven or eight years, they succeeded in accumulating the sum of £200. This, with £100 loaned to the fund by the members themselves, enabled them to purchase some cottage property. During the last 10 years, they had from interest upon investments and members' contributions, been enabled to add £800 to their reserve fund. For the last four years, the interest received had fully met their sick demands. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Riley, Prov. C.S., upon the importance of having our lodges, districts, and the Unity, based upon sound calculations, particularly in the matter of contributions and benefits, the importance of every department of the society being well officered, the rules carefully compiled and strictly enforced, and a constant inculcation of principles of sobriety and economy, so that the funds may always be available to meet every legitimate claim. Mr. William Fox, Prov. G.M. in responding to "Success to the Halifax District," gave some good advice in reference to the purposes and effects of combinations in districts, and the duties and obligations of the members to each other, and to the society as a whole.

HOLTHHEAD, YORKSHIRE.—The members of the "Loyal Redemption" Lodge, held their annual dinner, on Easter Monday, in the Assembly room, at the New Inn, Marsden. After the cloth was withdrawn, J. B. Robinson, Esq., took the chair. After the usual loyal toasts had been proposed and duly honoured, the secretary, Mr. Samuel Garside, read the financial statement for the past year, which was a very encouraging one; the total assets of the society being £1,636, or an increase of £84 over last year; they had paid for sickness and distress during the year, £174, and to funerals, £41; eight new members had been added during the year, and they had lost four by death, the total number on the books was 318, being a gain of four. Several interesting addresses were delivered by visiting members, including P. G.M. Woodcock and P. Prov. G.M. France, of Glosop. The latter and Mr. Woodhead, of Huddersfield, referred at some length to Mr. Gladstone's Annuity Bill, which they regarded as in no way likely to interfere with the proper action of friendly societies.

IPSWICH.—ODD-FELLOWS, M.U., AND A.O. FORESTERS.—The fourth annual amalgamated *fête* of the above Orders, for the benefit of various charitable institutions, took place on Whit-Monday, May 16, by kind permission, at the beautiful and picturesque grounds of Holy Wells, the seat of J. C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P. The brethren met at the Freemason's Tavern, London Road, at which place deputations from the "Shipwrecked Seamen's Society," and "Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society," joined them with a magnificent display of banners and flags. They paraded the principal streets of the town, many of the houses on the route being gaily decorated with flags, mottoes, &c. The bells of St. Clement's rang a merry peal, and seldom has the old town had such a thorough waking up as on this occasion. The procession arrived at the grounds about 12 o'clock, from which time until three o'clock the entrance was completely crammed with visitors eager for admission. Sports of all kinds for visitors of all ages were abundantly supplied: archery, racing for prizes, kiss in the ring, dancing, etc. For two

hours in the afternoon, the conservatories and private gardens were thrown open, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing closely the waterfalls, terraces, etc., in these beautiful gardens. At about ten o'clock in the evening the grounds were cleared, the visitors expressing their delight at the management and success of the *fête*. About 13,000 persons were present, amongst whom were noticed the much respected owner of the grounds, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the scene, his son, J. P. Cobbold, Esq., E. Grimwade, Esq., Dr. W. P. Mills, chairman of the *fête* committee, and many of the gentry of the town and neighbourhood. In order to show the growing popularity of these *fêtes*, it may be stated, that in 1861, the committee were enabled to present £34 to charitable institutions; in 1862, £35; in 1863, £60; and in 1864, £130; leaving a small reserve fund to meet future contingencies.

JERSEY.—The members of the Cæsarea Lodge celebrated their second anniversary on May 30th, at the Hotel de la Pomme d'Or. P. Prov. G.M. Bott, occupied the chair. Several excellent addresses were delivered by the chairman and others. On the 1st of January, 1864, the lodges emanating from the Guernsey District showed the following returns:—Loyal Guernsey Lodge, 255 members, capital, £1,566; Pride of Sarnia Lodge, 125 members, capital, £742; St. Ann's Lodge, 162 members, capital, £850; Cæsarea Lodge, 107 members, capital, £99; St. Andrew's Lodge, 35 members, capital, £50.

KILMARNOCK.—The annual *soiree* and concert of the Loyal St. Marnock Lodge of Oddfellows took place in the Corn Exchange Hall, on the evening of the 25th Feb. It was a great success, there being upwards of 1100 persons present. Dr. Thompson occupied the chair. In the course of his address he observed, "The St. Marnock's Lodge is now a very important society, and numbers among its members a large proportion of the young men both of the town and of the neighbourhood. The Manchester Unity numbers between three and four thousand lodges, and I am happy to make the announcement, that the St. Marnock's Lodge is perhaps the largest, as certainly, the wealthiest of them all, and now stands prominently forward as a proud example of what care, economy, and good management can accomplish." We have been favoured by Mr. J. Thompson with the following particulars of the progress of this successful lodge:—"Shortly after its first establishment a careful and studious revision of its bye laws was instituted, and such alterations proposed and introduced as seemed necessary to place this lodge on a secure financial basis. This was done in order that it might be able to discharge all its pecuniary liabilities. This lodge was opened in 1840, and in the course of two or three years every alteration was made which our own calculations, or the experience of other societies seemed to suggest. In 1845, Mr. Neison's work on vital statistics was published, in which he commented severely on the erroneous nature of the financial principles on which the lodges of the Manchester Unity were carried on. The officers of the St. Marnock Lodge immediately took up the matter, and in a pamphlet which they published, reviewed the whole of Mr. Neison's statements, in so far as these referred to the working and organisation of their own lodge. Mr. Neison did not permit this pamphlet to remain long unanswered, for in the course of a few weeks, he published a much larger one in reply. In this pamphlet, he laboured with much apparent anxiety to annihilate the officers, and the arguments they had adduced in their own defence. This, Mr. Neison found to be a more difficult task than, perhaps, he had at first apprehended. Within a week or two after the publication of Mr. Neison's pamphlet, the officers of the St. Marnock Lodge, brought out another, in which they thoroughly satisfied their own members, as well as the whole of the surrounding community, of the soundness of their own position. Ever since that period, the lodge has enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the public,

and now stands forth among many other societies, as the only one of acknowledged stability and worth in the town. In the somewhat unpleasant contest with Mr. Neison, one of the officers of the St. Marnock Lodge, at a considerable expense of time and trouble, drew up a table, showing the probable experience of this lodge for the next forty years, in sickness and death, and the amount of funds to be accumulated at the end of every ten years. This is believed to be the first attempt that had ever hitherto been made, to form a chart, by which to pilot our vessel through the rocks and quicksands, to which societies of this kind are so frequently exposed. Since the publication of this table, and which is still in the hands of many of our members, for immediate reference, the first decade of years has elapsed, and the second will close in 1865. At the end of the first ten years, the funds of the lodge fell short of the amount stated in the table by the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, but by the end of the second ten years, there are good grounds for believing, that the funds will be greater than the sum stated in the table, by at least fifteen hundred pounds. The present amount of funds of the lodge is £6220, a sum supposed to be larger than that belonging to any lodge in the whole of the Manchester unity. If in this, however, I am mistaken, I shall be delighted to be informed of any lodge or lodges which have been more successfully and economically managed than our own. My chief object in writing is for the purpose of stirring up a healthy rivalry among the numerous lodges, and to point to the large sums that will be required, in order to carry them safely through the farthest extremities of old age. The number of our members is 550, and this we learn from the official reports of the order, is the third largest in the unity. Our weekly contribution is five pence, the sick allowance is ten shillings per week for the first six months, seven shillings and sixpence for the second six months, and five shillings per week for all permanent and uninterrupted sickness. Members are again entitled to ten shillings a week, when off the funds for four months. The funeral donation is eight pounds at the death of a member and four pounds at the death of a member's wife and there is no widow and orphans fund. Our funds are well invested and yield on the average nearly five per cent. per annum of interest, and not one farthing has ever been taken from the funds for any purpose whatever, but that of sickness, death and the bare expenses of management. In the course of twelve or fourteen years from this date, it is expected that the funds will have accumulated to twelve thousand pounds, and even with this large amount, I scarcely think we shall have more than enough to meet all our liabilities."

LEEK.—On Whit Tuesday, the members of the Ashcombe Lodge, Cheddleton, celebrated their 24th Anniversary. About eighty walked in procession to the school-room (the church being undergoing restoration) where an excellent sermon was preached by Br. the Rev. James Galbraith. They afterwards adjourned to the lodge-house. After dinner the chair was taken by Mr. Ford, and the vice-chair by C.S. James Rider, when the usual loyal and other toasts were given, and a very pleasant afternoon spent. The lodge is in a very flourishing condition.

LEEK.—The Easter festivities at Froghall, this year, excited somewhat more than the usual amount of interest, in consequence of the celebration of the first anniversary of an odd-fellows' lodge in connection with the Manchester Unity. A procession numbering about 100, proceeded to Kingsley Church. After listening to an eloquent and appropriate discourse from the Rev. S. Goddard, incumbent, the procession returned. After dinner, T. Smith, Esq., was called to the chair, and T. Webb, Esq., to the vice-chair. The secretary, Mr. J. Alcock, read the annual report and statement of accounts for the year ending March 19th, 1864. The number of members initiated during the year was seventy, and the balance of receipts over the expenditure

£59 17s. 9d. There was a good attendance of district officers and members of other lodges, who spoke at considerable length upon the history and character of friendly societies in general, and the peculiar advantages of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, which Mr. Farrow explained had rendered such important aid in developing the science of vital statistics. At the conclusion the secretary informed the meeting that there were ten candidates for admission, and that E. Bowers, Esq., would continue to pay half the initiation fees until the members numbered 100; he also observed that their handsome flag was the present of that gentleman, and that Mrs. Bowers had defrayed the expenses of the band for the occasion.

LEICESTER.—The twenty-sixth anniversary of the opening of the Leicester's Pride Lodge, was celebrated recently at the house of Host Sheffield, Town Arms Inn, Poeklington's-walk, Leicester, when upwards of fifty members and friends sat down to an excellent supper.—Mr. J. Denton, senior, surgeon to the lodge, occupied the chair. After the usual loyal and other toasts connected with the order had been given and duly responded to, the vice-chairman, Dr. Thompson, proposed "Prosperity to the Leicester's Pride Lodge," which toast was heartily received by the assembly, and responded to by the secretary, Mr. J. Read, Prov. D.G.M. He stated that the lodge had paid during the past year to sick members £83 4s. 4d., and £18 13s. 8d. in levies to the District Funeral Fund, which left a gain of £100 11s. 11½d, making a total of £423 8s. 6d. paid for sickness and funeral levies during the past five years, and showing a gain during the same period of £487 5s. 2d. The lodge now consists of 176 members, with an accumulated capital of £1217 11s. 3½d.

LEICESTER.—On Thursday, the 10th March, a *soiree* was held in the Corn Exchange, Leicester, under the auspices of the committee of the Widow and Orphan Fund, to celebrate the anniversary of the wedding of the Prince of Wales, and also the christening of the infant prince. About 600 persons assembled. A quadrille band was in attendance after tea, and played a selection of dance music. A double glee party was also provided, and added much to the pleasure of the evening. The whole of the proceedings passed off very satisfactorily, and the committee purpose spending the 10th of March in a similar manner every year.

LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.—The largest gathering of odd-fellows ever seen in this town for some time met together on Saturday evening, May 14th, at the house of Mr. Joseph Hesford, the Boar's Head Inn, Market-place. The occasion of their meeting was a "visit" from several other lodges of the order. The members of St. Peter's Glory Lodge thought the present a most fitting time to show their appreciation of the valuable services of P. Prov. G.M. Henry Woodward, who has laboured zealously in connection with the above lodge. They therefore presented him with a beautiful illustrated past officer's certificate in an elegant rosewood frame. On the certificate was inscribed—"Presented by subscription to P. Prov. G.M. Henry Woodward, by the members of St. Peter's Glory Lodge, No. 134, Manchester Unity, as a token of esteem and appreciation of his services during a period of 28 years. May 14, 1864."—P.V. Thomas Partington made the presentation in some very complimentary remarks. Mr. Henry Woodward, on receiving the gift, responded in suitable terms, and commented at some length on the principles of the order. The health of the visitors was enthusiastically received, and ably responded to. The desirability of frequent visits of a similar character was contended for and warmly endorsed by the members present.

LIVERPOOL.—The annual dinner of the Board of Management was held Feb. 17, at the Grapes Hotel, Lime-street. There was a large attendance, the party numbering about 80. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. J. Wroe, P.G.M. The vice-chair was filled by Prov. D.G.M. James Smith. Mr.

Luff, P.G.M. responded to the toast of the Unity with his usual ability. Mr. Jno. Gale, P.G.M. responded to the toast of the officers of the order and directors. Amongst other observations he said, last year, though not a prosperous one, the initiations were 26,900, a number which might constitute a society of great magnitude in itself. Deducting from that number the deaths, secessions, &c., from men going abroad and other causes, there was a clear gain of 16,000 members. He commented upon the course recently pursued by Mr. Tidd Pratt in reference to the laws of the order, contending that that officer's jurisdiction only extended to a supervision of the rules, in order to see that nothing was done detrimental to the government or the people of this country.

LONDON.—CRYSTAL PLACE EXCURSION.—The accounts of the *fête* in 1863 have been issued and show the receipts amounted to £1,272 9s. 10d., and the payments £807 11s. 6d., leaving a net profit of £464 18s. 4d., the share of the North London District being £172 17s. 11d., South London £153 19s. 7d., West London £107 12s. 3d., and Stepney £30 8s. 7d. The North London account shows the net profit gained to the Widow and Orphan Fund to be £128 7s. 1½d., the profit on sale of tickets allowed to the lodges being £23 16s. 1d.

LONDON NORTH.—On the 8th of February, the members and friends of the Loyal Provident Lodge celebrated their third anniversary, at the Lord Nelson Tavern, Victoria Road, Kentish Town. The chair was taken by the respected secretary of the lodge, P.G. J. A. Gardiner, and the vice-chair by P.G. William Denny. In responding to the health of "The District Officers," Mr. Robert Danzie, the C.S. of the district, made a very interesting speech on the progress of the order, which was listened to with marked attention, and frequently applauded. The chairman, in responding to the toast to his health, gave some interesting statistics concerning the progress of the lodge, from which it appeared that it was opened in January, 1861, since which time, 100 members had been initiated, and there were 70 members good on the books on the 31st of December last, 40 having been made during the past year. The total receipts were £103 0s. 9½d., and £45 19s. 9d. had been paid in sick allowance to widows and orphans, and for management, during the year 1863. At the end of December last, the lodge had a balance of nearly £90 to its credit after providing for all outgoings. About the time this lodge was opened, a society was established in a neighbouring school-room, under the auspices of Mr. Tidd Pratt, which, although still in existence, can scarcely be said to have been so successful as the Providence Lodge, as at the close of December last, it only numbered 20 members.

LONDON NORTH.—A statement of the Sickness and Funeral Funds of the lodges in the North London District of Odd-fellows, M.U., for the year ending 1862, from the annual report recently issued by Mr. Dansie, Prov. C.S. Amount in hand at the end of 1862, £66,105 15s. 6½d., entrance fees during the year 1863, £480 3s. 10½d., contributions, £10,103 2s. 10½d., interest, etc., £1,878 4s. 6½d., total, £78,567 6s. 9½d.; sickness pay during the year, 1863, £5,824 0s. 3½d., funeral levies, £1,687 8s. 6½d., capital in hand at the end of 1863, £71,055 10s. 0½d., total, £78,567 6s. 9½d. It will be seen that the interest alone has been sufficient to pay the funeral levies with £190 16s. 1d. to spare. There are 80 lodges in the district, three of them have paid in excess of their receipts, the total sum of £57 12s. 5d., and the remaining 77 lodges have realized a profit amongst them, of £5,007 14s. 11½d. during the year. The oldest lodge in the district is the St. Thomas. It has been established about 41 years, and it is somewhat surprising that the average age of its members is under 43 years, by 3½ days. There are 9,781 members in the district, and their average age is 34 years, 7 lunar months, 4 hours.

LONDON NORTH.—A special meeting of the St. Mary Magdalen Lodge was held on Friday, the 3rd of June, at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark, for the purpose of initiating John Locke, Esq., Q.C., and M.P. for the Borough of Southwark, G. Redgrave, Esq., S. Barrow, Esq., and Albert Lloyd, Esq., all influential gentlemen of the borough. There were present at the ceremony, P. G.M. Burgess, P. Prov. G.M. Curtis, of Brighton, a member of the Board of Directors, the officers of the North, South, and West London, the Stepney and Woolwich Districts, and about 400 members of the Order. After the initiation the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were done honour to. The toast of the "G.M. and Board of Directors," was replied to by Mr. Curtis, of Brighton, (in consequence of the ill health of P. G.M. Burgess). He had had the honour of sitting on the Board of Directors under three Grand Masters, but never under one who was a more able exponent of the affairs of this great unity than their esteemed friend, V. R. Burgess. The Board of Directors fulfilled the duties of their office with firmness and a disposition to do justice to all who come to them, with the strictest impartiality. The N.G. in proposing the health of J. Locke, Esq., M.P., and the other members who had been admitted that night, alluded to the great good they had done in fostering the social institutions of the working-classes in the borough. J. Locke, Esq., in reply, said, "I have very great pleasure in having the honour to be admitted a member of this great unity which I see so ably represented this evening, and until I had the honour of dining in this room with your respected Grand Master last January, I had no idea how great and powerful an institution you were, but on that evening, after the able exposition of the principles of oddfellowship by the G.M., I determined to be one of you and judge for myself, and that is the course I would recommend to all who would be detractors of this unity, for I am sure that, if any man, whatever may be his station in life, will only be guided by the beautiful precepts laid down on his entering into this unity, he must from that time be a better man, and, consequently, a better member of society. In the lodge-room he will learn those principles of self-reliance, and self-government, which must conduce to his welfare and happiness. I can assure you that I do not intend that this my first entrance into a lodge shall be the last, for I intend as far as practicable, to thoroughly understand the principles and working of the society." He then alluded to the bill of the Chancellor of the Exchequer now before the House, and said, he believed the odd-fellows were right in not attempting to interfere with it, as they were going on in a right direction, and had therefore nothing to fear from it. After the usual toasts of the surrounding districts had been done honour to, the large meeting dispersed, delighted with their evening's enjoyment.

NORWICH.—From the 12th annual report, issued by the C.S., P. G.M. Daynes, we perceive that the various lodges of which the district is composed, have initiated 688 new members during the year. The report adds:—"We commenced the year with a capital of £49,500 6s. 2½d., at its close, we possessed £53,388 14s. 7½d., exclusive of the District Fund, which carries the value of the district to upwards of £54,000; the saving during the year amounting to £3,888 9s. 6½d. The capital of the district, on the 1st of January, 1863, amounted to £15,091 18s. 2d., with 3,490 members; during the eleven years we have added £39,000 to our capital and increased our numbers by 3,407 members." The following extract referring to the sickness and mortality experience, will be read with interest:—"The sickness of the kingdom for the year 1863, is known to have been largely in excess of the previous year, and considerably above the average. We have in this district experienced a very considerable increase both in sickness and mortality, attributable in a large measure to the unusual prevalence of disease, and doubtless in some degree to the increasing age of our members. I have frequently heard it remarked, *it is the young members who take the sick pay!*

Nothing can be more fallacious. Last year the Travellers' Rest Lodge paid upwards of £300 in sick pay; more than £200 of this sum being paid to members admitted previous to August 1st, 1863, and only £90 to those admitted subsequent to that date, although the former numbered only 186, the latter 275 members. I draw attention to this fact in order to shew the necessity for a large accumulation of capital to meet the just demands which increasing age will largely make upon our funds, and to which we are at present comparative strangers. The sum expended in 1862 in sick relief was £3,120 0s. 6½d., exceeding the previous year by only £66 2s. 4½d.—The amount paid to our sick members last year, was £3,947 2s. 9½d., being £827 2s. 3d. in excess of the previous year. During the year we paid £875 in funeral donations for 66 deceased members, and 43 deceased wives of members; being an increase of £135 upon the previous year, and requiring a levy of 2s. 6d. per member for the year, the levy for 1862 being 2s. 1d. per member. The mortality of this district is still considerably below the average of the society. The deaths for the year 1863, in the Manchester Unity, were 3,996 members, and 2,780 wives of members. The North London District paid funeral donations during the year 1863, for 103 deceased members, and 66 deceased wives of members, requiring a levy of 2s. 10d. per member; South London for 64 members, and 30 wives of members, 3s. per member; Leeds, 110 members, and 69 wives of members, 6s. 4d. per member; Manchester, 36 members, 27 wives, levy, 6s. 9d.; Birmingham, 63 members, 35 wives, levy, 6s. 2d.; Nottingham, 47 members, 23 wives, levy, 3s. 10d.; Bury St. Edmunds, 29 members, 30 wives, levy, 3s. 9d.; Ipswich, 15 members, 7 wives, levy, 2s. 4d.; Rochdale, 67 members, 30 wives, levy, 6s. 6d.; East Dereham, 9 members, 6 wives, levy, 2s. 6d.; Fakenham, 12 members, 10 wives, levy, 4s. 10d.; Holt, 6 members, 1 wife, levy, 2s. 9d.; Bradford, 46 members, 36 wives, levy, 4s.; and Liverpool, 44 members, 36 wives, levy, 6s. These examples will clearly show that in the older districts the mortality is nearly double that at present experienced by districts opened during the last 25 or 30 years. The city lodges have increased by 58 members during the year. The sick pay exceeds the amount paid in 1862, by £341 3s., and the funeral donations by £110.

NOTTINGHAM.—At the annual meeting of this district, Mr. Reuben Watson called attention to the recent conduct of Mr. Tidd Pratt. He condemned as impolitic and illegal his interference in such matters as processions, gifts to hospitals, etc. He observed it would be much better when rules promising benefits, which never could be realized by the payments demanded, were sent to Mr. Pratt for registration, if that gentleman would point out the errors, and advise the application of a proper remedy, for in this respect more than in any other there was room for very considerable improvement in many Friendly Societies. He then referred to the pamphlet on "Insolvent Sick and Burial Clubs" recently published by Mr. Hardwick. It was founded he said upon calculations made upon the most reliable data, obtained by extensive past experience, and if read could not fail to prove highly interesting, and be understood by the humblest capacity. None need, therefore, longer remain in ignorance of those necessary financial laws by which alone the permanent usefulness of friendly societies could be secured. An interesting discussion followed, after which a committee was appointed to report on the sickness and mortality of the district during the past year.

PLYMOUTH.—On the 24th Sep. last, at a meeting of the Temple of Friendship Lodge, C. S. Spry, on behalf of the lodge, presented a "jewel" and collar to P. G. Joyce, as a mark of esteem, in a speech in which he commented in detail on the emblem of the order. Mr. Joyce suitably responded.

ROTTERHAM.—On Monday, the 25th April, a respectable number of the members of the Rotherham District assembled at the Three Tuns, Wellgate, for the purpose of opening a new lodge—the "Foundation of Friendship."

The officers of the district, and several past officers were present. After dinner, the lodge was opened with the usual formalities. At the conclusion of the business, the national anthem was sung, and the members proceeded to enjoy themselves during the remainder of the evening. G.M. Stocher occupied the chair; the duties of vice were discharged by G.M. Jackson. In proposing "Prosperity to the Foundation of Friendship Lodge," P. Prov. G.M. Bamporter said that he hoped that evening a firm foundation had been laid. He enjoined the brethren to be united and assist the new lodge in every possible manner. The health of P. Prov. G.M. Laycock, the oldest district officer was drunk. In responding he gave an interesting account of the way in which he was introduced into oddfellowship, and he never regretted that he had been initiated. He had now been in office a long time during the thirty years he had belonged to the order. Several other toasts were given and appropriately responded to.

SHREWSBURY.—On Feb. 18th, the members and friends of the "Loyal Pride-of-the-Hill" Lodge, which was opened on the 18th of February, 1863, held their anniversary supper at the Leopard Inn, Pride-hill. The chair was occupied by P.G. Mr. John Robinson, and there was a large attendance. Mr. Jno. Roberts said he had been appointed auditor for the lodge on two occasions, and he could say that both in point of members and finances, the lodge was in a very prosperous condition. The chairman, in a very happy speech, proposed prosperity to the Ancient Order of Foresters, and other kindred societies, which was drunk with enthusiasm, and responded to by Mr. Parsons.

SKIPTON.—At the recent anniversary of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, which was presided over by W. Marsden, Esq., a pair of handsome gold spectacles, pebbled, with silver case, were presented to P. Prov. G.M. Thos. Bolton, as a mark of the members' esteem and their appreciation of his long and exemplary services. In consequence of the illness of Mr. Bolton, the presentation was made by deputation, at the head of which was the worthy chairman. Mr. Bolton forwarded, by letter, a suitable response. It appears that Mr. Bolton has been a member upwards of forty years, and that he is the founder of oddfellowship in Skipton. He has won the regard of his brethren not only by persevering labour, but by his uniform kindness and urbanity.

SKIPTON.—At the quarterly district meeting, held on the 26th March, in the committee room, Old George Inn, an especial mark of respect was shewn to Mr. Wm. Cowman, for his long and faithful services as Prov. C.S. of the Skipton District, by the presentation of a patent lever watch, etc., and on which was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to Prov. C.S. William Cowman, by the Skipton District of the I.O.O.F.M.U., March 26th, 1864." This kind acknowledgement of his services, was appropriately responded to by Mr. Cowman, who also gave the following statistics, showing the progress of oddfellowship in this district during the last twenty years. The funeral fund was established on the 25th of March, 1843; previous to that time, the funeral gifts were paid by levy upon the lodges as required. On the 30th of March, 1844, when he took charge of the books, the fund amounted to £16 16s. 5d., and the district numbered 323 members. The district had paid for funeral gifts the sum of £1,360. At the present time they numbered 640 members, and have a fund of £757 1s. 6d. He also found by the returns from the lodges, that each lodge fund was as follows:—Travellers' Friend Lodge, No. of members 321, £3,172 4s. 4d.; Friendship, ditto, 102, £365 0s. 10½; Airedale, ditto, 113, £1,005 17s. 8d.; Duke of Devonshire, ditto, 50, £605.; Earl of Thanet, ditto, 54, £645 18s. 4½d. Total £5694 1s. 3d. Add funeral fund, £767 1s. 6d. Total worth of the Skipton District, £6461 2s. 9d.

STALEYBRIDGE.—The members of the Loyal Blucher Lodge, No. 8, of the Manchester Unity, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation by a tea party, on Saturday, June 4, in the large room at the Mechanics' Institution, when about 500 persons sat down to tea, amongst whom were observed friends of the order from Ashton, Glossop, Hyde, Manchester, Stockport, Oldham, etc. In the unavoidable absence of the mayor, Mr. Fred. Richmond, Grand Master of the Unity, presided. The business was introduced by Mr. Hodson, secretary, who recited a prologue, written by himself expressly for the occasion. Mr. Ridgway responded for "The Mayor and Corporation" in a telling speech, full of genuine humour. Mr. W. Aitken responded for "The Unity," and traced its progress, and explained its principles in his usual forcible manner. Mr. C. Hardwick responded to the toast of "The Directors," and entered at some length into the nature and constitution of the government of the order. The toast of the evening, "The Loyal Blucher Lodge" was suitably acknowledged by Mr. Alfred Neild, who traced its progress, in a very interesting address, from its infancy to its present prosperous condition. During its existence it has received in contributions no less than £5,137 15s., whilst it has paid to sick members £2,840 16s., to district fund £1,285 14s. 7½d., from which fund 265 members, wives, or widows, have been respectably interred. The working expenses during the half century have been £892 10s., and the balance in hand is £118 14s. 4½d., while the number of members is more than 100. The amount of good which such a lodge has done in the town is incalculable, and its opening was richly deserving of a jubilee after an existence of half a century.—Mr. Hodson ably responded to the toast of "The Staleybridge District;" and Messrs. Hickton, P.G.M., and Woodcock, P.G.M. expressed the thanks of the members and friends for the handsome manner in which the brethren in various parts of the empire had subscribed for the relief of members suffering from the "cotton famine." The jubilee passed off with great *eclat*.

ULVERSTON.—The twenty-eighth anniversary of the Morecombe Lodge, was celebrated on Whit-Monday. The members assembled about half-past ten in the forenoon in front of the lodge-house, Mr. R. Burrow's, the King's Arms Inn, and walked in procession to Holy Trinity church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Procter. After service the members again formed in procession, and marched through the principal streets of the town. About 220 members and friends partook of dinner at the lodge-room. The chair was taken by Alexander Brogden, Esq., of Holme Island, the vice-chair being occupied by Dr. Henry Barber, the medical officer of the lodge. The chairman in proposing the toast of the day, viz., "The Morecombe Lodge," spoke in very high terms of oddfellowship, and notified his intention of presenting the sum of £10 to the widow and orphan fund. During the proceedings, the secretary read the annual report, from which we learn, that in the year ending at Christmas, 1863, the number of members was 367, an increase of 15. Nine had been excluded or left the order during the year. Two members, and four members wives have died. The funeral pay for the year has been £40. The number of members on the sick list during the year, was 88; payment on sick account £261 6s. 1d.; general management expenses, medical fees, and schooling for orphans, £184 0s. 9½d; entrance fees, contributions, interest, etc., £686 8s. 9d.; increase in the amount of funds over last year £211 1s. 10½d; total amount of lodge, and widow and orphan fund, £4099 14s.

WIRKSWORTH.—On Whit-Tuesday, the members of the Loyal Harmonican Lodge held their 36th Anniversary, at the Nag's Head Inn, Darley Dale. They walked in procession to church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. D. Vawdrey. After service they returned to the lodge house, when upwards of 120 sat down to dinner. The Rev. D. Vaw-

drey presided as chairman. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman, in a suitable address, presented a testimonial consisting of a large family bible, and an emblem of the order (framed) on behalf of the members of the lodge, to P. Prov. G.M. Henry Bradshaw. On each was the following inscription: "Presented to Henry Bradshaw, P. Prov. G.M., by the officers and brethren of the Loyal Harmonican Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows Manchester Unity, for 18 years meritorious services, May 17th, 1864." Mr. Bradshaw, in returning thanks, stated that he would make it his duty and pleasure to carry out the duties of his office of permanent secretary.—On Saturday June 4th, 1864, a further testimonial by the Wirksworth District, consisting of a framed emblem of the Widow and Orphan Fund, was presented to Henry Bradshaw, P. Prov. G.M. by Job Walker, P. Prov. G.M. of the Bud of Hope Lodge, and Treasurer to the Widow and Orphan Fund, in an able address.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On the 2nd March the members of the Terra Firma Lodge initiated the Mayor, J. Hawksford, Esq., as an honorary member. The N.G. of the lodge, Mr. J. Porter, presided as chairman. The Mayor expressed the great pleasure he had experienced in becoming a member of the society, which, he was convinced from what he had heard that evening, was formed for the purpose of carrying out the principles of Christianity, and of assisting each other in times of adversity. He could assure the members that it would always be a pleasure to him to come amongst them, and they might depend upon his using every exertion in his power among his friends to promote the interests of the order. The Rev. H. Hampton, who had read the initiation charge, said he could assure them that there was not that amount of prejudice against these societies in the minds of the respectable inhabitants of Wolverhampton which some persons seemed to suppose. He (Mr. Hampton) might state that he often heard their society spoken of in the highest terms. It was to the interest of the middle classes to support these societies, for, as had been observed, they were the means of considerably lessening the payments which otherwise the large ratepayers would have to discharge.

WORCESTER.—On the 12th April, a handsome gold watch and chain, subscribed for by members of the Worcester District of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U., was presented to P. Prov. G.M. Samuel Burgess, secretary of the Hope of Worcester Lodge, at a numerously attended special meeting of the brethren of that and other lodges in the district. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov., G.M. Sam. Burgess, in grateful acknowledgment of valuable services rendered to the district, and to the Hope of Worcester Lodge of Odd-fellows, M.U. April 12th, 1864." P. Prov. G.M. Lewis presided. The presentation was made by Mr. Richardson, in the course of an elaborate address, in which the objects and advantages of oddfellowship were set forth. Mr. Burgess acknowledged the handsome presentation in an excellent speech.

WORCESTER.—A *soirée* in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund was held at the Guildhall, on March, 28th. The *reunion* was a most successful one. At six o'clock the company, to the number of about 200, sat down to an excellent tea. After tea the Mayor took the chair, supported by Mr. Alderman Hill, Mr. R. Wood (city chamberlain), Mr. Councillor Boeward, Mr. Councillor Minchall, etc. In front of the platform was placed an emblem of the Widow and Orphan Fund, in a handsome gilt frame, with the name of the Worshipful the Mayor, — Sheriff, Esq., inscribed on it. P. Prov. G.M. Lovsey in a very able address presented the emblem to the Mayor. In the course of his response his worship remarked on the advantages derived from benefit societies, and the good they had done, especially among the working classes. Having had the opportunity for a great many years, certainly above twenty, of observing the advantages, both pecuniarily and otherwise, they had conferred

on the working classes, he believed it was impossible to express, to put on paper the amount of good they had done. If the members of the government, and persons in the higher ranks of life, instead of legislating blindly, would appoint a committee, composed of intelligent and patriotic men, to enquire into the working of these societies, and saw something of the good they were doing, instead of covert acts of persecution, or what looked like persecution, they would endeavour to give aid in every possible way for the extension, the great extension, of societies of that kind. (Applause.) He could only attribute remarks he had seen made by gentlemen of intelligence and ability, and in papers and periodicals, to a deplorable amount of ignorance of the vast ramifications of that society and others of the same kind, and the means they possessed of doing good, and by which they were doing good. (Applause.) He had the greatest possible satisfaction in receiving the emblem. It could not add to his appreciation of the odd-fellows' society, or his respect for those whom he hoped would go on in the same course of philanthropy. (Applause.) Mr. Charles Hardwick, who had been announced to deliver a lecture on the occasion, was then introduced by the mayor. He spoke at length on the origin, history, and prospects of benefit societies. Mr. Hardwick concluded his very able address by pointing out the excellent effects produced by friendly societies, of a moral, social, and political nature, and resumed his seat amid loud applause, which was renewed when the mayor proposed that the meeting should, by acclamation, express their thanks to the lecturer. Mr. Ald. Hill expressed his high appreciation of the lecture given by Mr. Hardwick, who had made a dry subject interesting, and fully vindicated friendly societies from the charges made against them.—*Abridged from the Worcester News.*

Obituary.

CHESTERFIELD.—On the 18th Feb., very suddenly, Mr. Alderman Thomas Jones, ex-mayor of Chesterfield. He was a Past Grand of the Benevolent Lodge of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, M.U., and an active member for upwards of twenty-two years. For his excellent services and as a mark of their appreciation of his sterling abilities and attention as a surgeon, the Benevolent Lodge lately presented him with a most valuable microscope. The deceased was much respected by his fellow-townsmen, who honoured his remains with a public funeral. Amongst the public bodies which walked in procession were Freemasons, Odd-fellows, and Foresters.

LEEDS.—On the 7th of April last, in the 79th year of his age, P.G. Thomas Pickard. He was the oldest member of the Jolly Sailor, Lodge. At its opening he was appointed one of the trustees, which office he held to the time of his death. He was elected keeper of the funeral regalia and examining officer of the district, in 1833. These offices he likewise retained till his demise. He was much respected by his brethren, who placed great faith in his impartiality and judgment, and generally abided by his counsel in all matters of dispute. He was interred at Woodhouse cemetery, on Sunday the 10th April. He was followed to the grave by the district officers, the members of his lodge, and a large number of other brethren and friends.

POOLE.—On April 20th, the remains of David Foster, P.G. of the Loyal Blandford Lodge were interred in the new cemetery. The deceased was an earnest and zealous advocate in the cause of oddfellowship, and was greatly respected by the brethren of his lodge and district. As a mark of respect for his services he had received a Past-Grand's silver medal, etc. He had been a member of the order about 14 years. The funeral was attended by nearly 40 brethren.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1864.

Jno. Gibson, P. Prob. G.M.

THE subject of the present memoir, whose demise it was our painful duty to record in a recent number of the Magazine, was born at Oulton, near Wigton, Cumberland, in 1808. His parents were respectable farmers, which occupation Mr. Gibson eventually adopted as his own. He received his education at the Wigton Grammar School, and for a time attended the school at Sedburgh. It was the wish of his parents that he should be sent to college, and educated for one of the learned professions. He, however, only remained at Sedburgh for about three weeks, and eventually returned to Wigton.

Mr. Gibson joined the Heart of Oak Lodge, Wigton District, on the 19th of December, 1838, and soon became a very active member. He fulfilled the duties of all the principal offices of the lodge, much to the satisfaction of his brethren. In December, 1842, he was appointed Deputy Grand Master, and the following year, Grand Master of the District. The warm interest he displayed in the welfare of the Order gained him many friends. He was appointed deputy to the Annual Meeting held at Newcastle, in 1844, and he represented his district at the special meeting held at the Corn-Exchange, Manchester, in 1848. Mr. Gibson likewise represented the Wigton District at the Annual Meetings held at the following places:—Southampton, Dublin, Carlisle, Durham, Norwich, Swansea, Shrewsbury, Bolton, Brighton, and Leamington.

Although Mr. Gibson rarely took a very prominent part in the debate at the annual meetings, he devoted much care and attention to the business of the Order, and was always a warm advocate of all measures

calculated to insure its prosperity. His long services were recognised and rewarded at the Leamington A.M.C., by the vote which ordered his portrait and memoir to appear in the magazine. He did not, however, live himself to see the resolution carried out. He, nevertheless, so far appreciated the honour conferred upon him, that, notwithstanding severe indisposition, he determined in December last, to sit for the photograph, from which the portrait which accompanies this memoir has been engraved.

He was staying with his kind friend, Mr. Harrison, of the Red Dial, at the time word was brought of the very sudden death of a beloved and only sister, and though the painful news was broken to him as delicately as possible, it caused such a shock to his system, that he scarcely ever after left his bed. He died on Thursday, the 14th inst., exactly three weeks after his sister, and was interred by her side at the Cemetery, Wigton, on the Sunday following. His remains were followed to the grave by a large number of friends, and the respect he was held in by his brother Odd-fellows was shown by members of every lodge in the district standing around his grave while the burial service appointed for the funeral of an Odd-fellow was impressively read by Mr. Thomas Head, G.M., of the Heart of Oak Lodge, after the regular church service was concluded.

Mr. Gibson was fond of field sports, and was a keen agriculturist. Although, recently, he cultivated no land on his own account, he was always ready to render any assistance to his neighbours and friends; and his advice being always founded on experience, his opinions were much sought after. He was one of the promoters of the Wigton District Agricultural Improvement Society, and always anxious for its welfare and success, and was never absent from a meeting, either on committee or show ground until last year, when declining health prevented his attendance. Mr. Gibson's loss will be much felt in Wigton. Many of his old colleagues at the Birkenhead Annual Committee expressed the deep regret they felt for the loss of one, whose gentleness of heart and kindness of manner had won their sincere regard.

FAITH IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

It's wiser being good than bad;
 It's safer being meek than fierce;
 It's fitter being sane than mad,
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched;
 That what began best, can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

From ROBERT BROWNING'S Recent Volume.

Progress of Financial Improvement.

THERE can be no doubt that one of the most important questions which now demand the calm and dispassionate investigation of the truly provident section of our industrial population, is the financial condition of the great bulk of our friendly or benefit societies. The existing members of these bodies, and the now living community of which they form a part, are deeply interested in the soundness of their financial constitutions. But the interest of the present generation, great though it undoubtedly is, is relatively insignificant when compared with the vast importance of sound financial legislation to the well-being of the succeeding generation. The great drawback, (we had almost said the great misfortune) attendant upon the operation of the financial laws enforced by any given friendly society, is that they who sow (intentionally or otherwise) the seeds of failure are not always the reapers of the baneful crop of error resulting from their imperfect social husbandry. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," has, unfortunately, been too often the selfish consolation of individuals, who, from past experience, feel some misgivings as to the rates of contribution for promised benefits proving adequate to the due fulfilment of all the future engagements of the society to which they belong. "It will last our time," say some of the members, when getting into years, "and why, therefore, should we subject ourselves to any great amount of inconvenience in order to provide for the wants of those who come after us? We have had to suffer for the errors of our ancestors, and why should our descendants expect us to suffer additionally, in order that they may be exempt from their share of similar misfortune?" This reasoning seems very plausible to a certain class of minds; and, indeed, at first sight, it sometimes startles even well-meaning earnest men. But there is one important element to be taken into consideration, before even the faintest semblance of a just parallel can be instituted between the moral responsibilities of the past and present generation of friendly society financiers. Ignorance, or rather absence of knowledge, may be accepted as a sound plea, when urged in palliation of past errors. Gratitude for important services rendered may even condone those errors, and, with justice, frankly acknowledge that the good inherited outbalances the evil. But a few years ago the unsurveyed field of vital statistics, on which friendly society finance is founded, was a thing of mystery, like the north-west passage, or the interior of the Australian continent. Since then, enterprising men, with brave hearts and sturdy resolution, have explored both the *terra incognita* and the *aqua incognita*, and the accumulated result of their labours is available for the well-being of future generations. So it has been with vital statistics. The accumulated experience of ourselves and our predecessors has been utilised by the labour of many earnest-hearted workers in the good cause, for the benefit of the present and future members of these noble institutions. And shall we, who have received such a magnificent legacy from our forefathers, selfishly refuse to put our shoulders to the wheel of social progress, and aid in bettering the future condition of mankind?

We have no fear for the result. It is but a question of time and patient teaching. The progress which the Manchester Unity, especially, has made in this direction during the last twenty years, justifies our confidence. We are glad to hear that members in many parts of the unity are actively at work, endeavouring to instil into the minds of their less educated brethren, the value of the financial scales introduced into the general law by the Annual Moveable Committee at Birkenhead, and the necessity which exists for their adoption by every branch of the society, both for its own ultimate pecuniary interest, and for the public reputation and credit of the great unity to which they belong.

We are gratified to find that the members of a kindred society, the Ancient Order of Foresters, have been moving with right good will in the direction of financial improvement. We are aware that, a few years ago, some of the more advanced districts of this body adopted the principle of a graduated rate of in-payment according to age on entrance; but, we understand, that the general law making the practice compulsory on all the courts was repealed, very soon after its enactment. But its more intelligent members did not despair. They continued to teach, and to circulate valuable information by means of their *Miscellany* and *Quarterly Reports*, until they had so influenced the public opinion of their body, that a resolution was adopted, authorising Mr. W. M. Nelson, of Leeds, to submit to their executive and the Annual Committee, a report on the question of Friendly Society finance, and to form a set of tables adapted to their requirements. Mr. Nelson's report and tables are now before us. We have read the former with much pleasure, and most cordially commend it to the perusal, not only of Foresters, but of members of every class of friendly societies.

We were glad to learn that the general tenour of the report met with the approval of a majority of the deputies recently assembled at Halifax; and we were somewhat surprised, when we found that the tables had been referred to the consideration of the new executive, on the score that the rates of in-payment demanded were higher than were necessary for the realisation of the promised benefits. Knowing the influence which a low tariff of charges exerts upon young men anxious to enter a benefit society, and the desire that some parties entertain to increase their numbers, without much thought of the ulterior consequences in a financial sense, we were disposed to regard this condemnation of Mr. Nelson's figures as most probably the result of some misunderstanding. We have always had a wholesome fear of *low rates*. It is better to err on the other side, if we are to err at all; because the blunder is not only reparable, but the process of adjustment, once in every five years, under such circumstances, is much more agreeable than when sick pay has to be temporarily reduced, or an extra levy laid upon the members. Consequently, we imagined that Mr. Nelson, holding similar views, had perhaps *slightly* "weighted" the rates in order to give additional security. On carefully comparing the tables, however, with those prepared by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, from the experience of the Manchester Unity, a society similarly constituted to that of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the rates of in-payment for which, in accordance with the laws of statistical science, ought to exhibit the slightest

possible, if any, divergence, we are free to confess we shared in the scepticism of the members of the Foresters' Annual Committee.

Mr. Nelson's report is tainted by one fundamental defect. *The DATA on which the rates are calculated are not given.* Without that, the tables are, in point of authority to intelligent men of the present generation, not worth the paper on which they are printed. The days of professional empiricism amongst actuaries are numbered. So many of their certified societies have collapsed, that the potency of the spell the "duly authorised" once wielded, is gone. There is no longer any mystery about the matter; an ordinary arithmetician, now that the tabulated results of past experience are published, can do the work of an actuary quite as well as the best of the professionals. The only difference is the cost. Indeed, the non-professional shillings-worth is often a better article than that procured for twenty times the price from the supposed exclusive possessors of the necessary knowledge. Well may uneducated men lack faith in the statistical nostrums prescribed by financial physicians, when they find one section practically denouncing the other as "quacks."

There is no data extant more reliable than that published by the Manchester Unity. At page 98 of Mr. Ratcliffe's work, we find the following to be the annual premiums necessary for the insurance "of a sick gift for life; to receive ten shillings per week for the first TWELVE months, five shillings per week for the second TWELVE months, and three shillings per week after a continuous sickness of two years:"—At age 20, 14s. 2½d.; at age 30, 17s. 10½d.; at age 40, 24s. 7½d.

In the table bearing the signatures of Mr. Nelson and Mr. Finlaison (No. 1.) the following are put forth as the equitable annual premiums for a MUCH LESS insurance; to wit, "full sick allowance to continue during SIX MONTHS; half-allowance for a further period of six months; after which sick allowance to CEASE during that sickness:"—At age 20, 23s.; at age 30, 31s.; at age 40, 46s.

A similarly enormous excess of premium characterises the mortality table certified by the same gentlemen. Mr. Ratcliffe shews from the past experience of the Manchester Unity, that the following annual premiums are requisite to ensure the sum of £10 at death:—At age 20, 2s. 11d.; at age 30, 3s. 11d.; at age 40, 5s. 5d.

Messrs. Nelson and Finlaison, on the contrary, say:—At age 20, 4s. 0d.; at age 30, 5s. 0d.; at age 40, 7s. 0d.

The Royal Exchange Insurance tables give the premiums for the insurance of one hundred pounds at death, at the respective ages, as £1 7s. 3d.; £1 13s. 3d.; and £2 9s. 0d.

In so simple a matter as the insurance of £100 at death there is the following discrepancy between the several authorities:—

Age.	Mr. Ratcliffe.	Royal Exchange.	Messrs. Nelson and Finlaison.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	1 9 2	1 7 3	2 0 0
30	1 19 2	1 13 3	2 10 0
40	2 14 2	2 9 0	3 10 0

The Royal Exchange Office does business with the best class of lives, and their investments realise, no doubt, on an average, a larger amount of interest than those of Oddfellows' lodges. Consequently, it appears, that they can afford to do the business of life assurance on a large scale at a less rate of premium than the Manchester Unity. But surely there exists no reason why the Foresters' order should be "weighted" or "handicapped" to the tune of nearly fifty per cent!

We repeat, there exist no tables more reliable than those published by the Manchester Unity. They express no man's mere opinion. They simply represent, in a tabular form, the past experience of our extensive unity; and they would not possess one whit more practical value if they were ornamented with the signatures of all the professional actuaries extant. In the present state of the question, our Forester friends could not do better than adopt them; unless indeed they choose to go to the expense and labour of collecting similar data from the past experience of their own body, and having it digested in a similar manner.

We regret much the publication of the tables signed by Messrs. Nelson and Finlaison. No such tables ought ever to be issued to the public, unless distinct reference to the data on which they are founded accompanies them, because this condition constitutes their sole public value, and is the only sound guarantee for their reliability.

One good result, however, we may anticipate. The members will be aroused to a sense of the importance of the question. They will discover that they possess within themselves the means to arrive at sound conclusions respecting the leading principles of vital statistical science; and, having satisfied themselves on this point, doubtless, the leaders will still steadfastly persevere in their efforts to educate the great body of their brethren, till they, undeterred by the blundering of professional actuaries, or the denunciation of open enemies, resolve, to the utmost of their power, to so adjust their financial laws, that their hopes for the future stability of their societies may be based upon the granite rock of past experience, the only true foundation-stone which can guarantee the ultimate security of any such institutions.

C. H.

MUTABILITY OF LANGUAGE.—The fallacy of the systematic critics arises from the principle that a modern language is stationary and stable, like those which are emphatically called the "dead languages," in which every deviation unsupported by authority is legally condemned as a barbarism. But the truth is, that every modern language has always existed in fluctuation and change. The people themselves, indeed, are no innovators; their very phrases are traditional. Popular language can only convey the single uncompounded notions of the people; it is the style of facts; and they are intelligible to one another by the shortest means. Their Saxon-English is nearly monosyllabic, and their phraseology curt. Hence we find, that the language of the mob in the year 1832 is precisely the natural style of the mob of this day. But this popular style can never be set up as the standard of genius, which is mutable with its age, creating faculties and embodying thoughts which do not enter into the experience of the people, and therefore cannot exercise their understanding.—*Amenities of Literature*, by I. Disraeli.

A WIDOW'S PRAYER.

I lookit east—I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild bird sought its cosey nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven;
But house nor hame aneath the heaven,
Except the skeugh of greenwood tree,
To seek a shelter in was given,
To my three little bairns and me.

I had a prayer I couldna pray,
I had a vow I couldna breathe,
For aye they led my words astray,
And aye they were connected baith
Wi' aye wha now was could in death.
I lookit round wi' watery ee—
Hope wasna there—but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.

Just as the breeze the aspen stirr'd,
And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
Singing amid the air sae blue;
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
It was of one my woes that knew,
And ae kind heart that cared for me.

O, sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sunbeam through the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the charming lay!
Was it an angel poured the strain?
Whoe'er has kenn'd a mother's pain,
Bent o'er the child upon her knee,
O they will bless, and bless again,
The generous heart that cares for me!

A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand
Amid the dreary wilderness;
It rose as if by magic wand,
A shelter to forlorn distress;
And weel I ken that heaven will bless
The heart that issued the decree,
The widow and the fatherless
Can never pray and slighted be.

JAMES HOGG.

The Lancashire Labour Club:

A TALE.

BY ELIZA METEYARD. (SILVERPEN.)

CHAPTER II. WORDS AND WORKS.

ON the night fixed, there was a meeting at Rodhams' mill, but owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Sneyd, the vicar of the parish, Mr. Leawade, the independent minister, and the rich and liberal-minded owners of the place, little more than preliminary business was attended to. One hundred men and ten women entered their names upon the list as applicants for work; forty-seven letters had been received from the employers of labour, delegating Richard Blackett to furnish them with intelligent, industrious, and sober men; and a small committee had been chosen, to lay, as it were, the foundation stone of the club, and transact all needful preliminary matters of business.

The amount paid in by the one hundred and thirty members on the list, who thus proved themselves the most provident of the Rodhams' mill-hands, was £65 5s., and from this had been taken £33 to pay the necessary expenses of the journeys of the twenty men, and their keep till they had received, each man, his first week's wages, this being at the rate of thirty shillings per head, and £2 overplus for petty disbursements. In reserve was the large sum given by the Messrs. Rodham, the ministers of religion, and the employers of the first twenty men who had obtained work; but Blackett's wish was, that this should remain intact, indeed, if possible, to do without altogether, and eventually return it to its several givers.

"In thus organizing ourselves," he said, "into a Society or Club, for procuring Labour and its Wages, upon a system worthy of intelligent men, let it be seen that we are self-helpers; and having a thing of price to offer in our labour, let us look for its equivalent in a manly and independent spirit. When a man has a good thing to give, and takes another good thing in its place, it is simply exchange; there is no obligation on either side, and no bond, except the relative one of mutual good offices. In therefore thus helping ourselves, in preference to being helped, and in organizing a plan whereby the labour we require can be reached by a simple and easy method, and with the least possible loss of time and money, we are only following out a necessary law of modern society, and practically testing the great truth, that our culture, both physical, moral, and social, and our proportionate well-doing and well-being, both as regards ourselves and our relation to those around us, depend upon our own course of action. Whilst, therefore, we assert this principle, as one essential to the well-being of our society, let it be thoroughly understood that we do not repudiate help from without. We gratefully receive it, will husband it, use it if need be; and if not, if we find at the end of six months, that our organization or Club can stand without crutches, we will throw them away, or more correctly speaking, return the money to those who generously gave it to us, so that it may be for others, who, less self-reliant, or more ignorant, know nothing of the sterling value of man or woman working out self-culture and independence for themselves."

"There is another thing I must mention in relation to the capital, through whose agency, if I may so express myself, we build our house, or rather our

Club, we must cease to ask assistance from employers. In the first instance, when I set down the plan on paper, I saw we must have available funds, and I doubted if the contributions of those who might become early members would be sufficient; I therefore called upon those employers who were the first to reply to my applications on behalf of the men, to aid them by a bounty as it were upon the labour they accepted. But I now see clearly that the principle is bad; because, though the aid was readily given, in a time, like the present, of public distress, such a contribution is essentially opposed to every true law of supply and demand, and would necessarily fall to the ground of itself, for the simple reason, that masters would not pay a premium on labour they could otherwise readily obtain. I shall therefore return the sums contributed per head by the new employers of Rodhams' men. Thus you see the value of working out great principles and organisations at first upon a small scale, because we then more readily discover the defects incident to all institutions in their first crudeness. This led me to refuse any enlargement of my original plan or conception, till I had corrected defects both in plan, working, and detail. This morning, when men from Shuttleworths', Carters' and the other mills, came to me and asked me to enter their names upon the list, my answer was, 'not at present,' let me see first how the Club works upon a small scale. If, through its organization employment is found for five hundred of Rodhams' thousand hands, why then its working efficiency may have become such, as to permit every man who wishes, to enter his name; if efficient, sober, and of good character. Pursuing this method in relation to an institution of this kind, is just the same as the sculptor preparing his model, ere he takes chisel in hand, or the architect his plan, before he begins with brick and stone. Thus, as a great writer has well said, 'In forming any organization, it is most desirable to get in some way or other a trial of it; so that it shall meet with all the strain that it will have to encounter in real life, and yet if it should break down, the failure should not be absolutely disastrous. It is said that one of the great firms, whose business it is to build locomotive engines, never allows an engine to go out of the yard, until it has travelled a thousand miles in that yard. This is as it should be; and a like precaution might be adopted in many other matters. The necessity for these trials and rehearsals, arises of course out of the weakness of our nature. Even the largest and most foreseeing minds are apt to overlook or forget some small thing which yet is requisite for success. And thus harmonious working can only be ensured by previous trial. . . . ' Everybody will admit the truth of the foregoing remarks, and even think them commonplace. But yet what many of us do not see, is, that we could institute more trials, experiments, and rehearsals, than we do adopt: and we should institute them if we were once deeply convinced of the exceeding and peculiar benefit of all such trials."

A month went by, and in the interval, letters had been received from most of the men, enclosing money for the removal of their wives and families; and in case of those who had gone to the Penrhyn slate quarries in Wales, a fresh batch of men had been asked for and sent, as the general intelligence of the mill-hands had gone far in making their initiation into this new species of labour comparatively easy.

Only one letter had been received from William Audley. It was satisfactory so far as his work went; but he had heard nothing of poor old Hannah, though assured that she was still alive, as some one had seen her not long before in a distant part of the country. At home, his family were going on steadily; the eldest lad went to and fro to Blackett's, Jane had gone to Bolton, Alice and Caroline had, for the sake of protection, taken a decent old woman to lodge with them, and little Joe went daily to school. It was reported that the young

ladies at the Fell-house were about, at the manager's suggestion, to hold classes twice a-week for the purpose of instructing the younger mill-hands, both male and female, in rudimental drawing; whilst Miss West, an eccentric middle-aged lady, who lived in a fine old house near the church, was said to have some educational project in her head, of a very simple, yet valuable character, though its purpose was yet unknown. Added to this, the manager had been away on several long journeys, and people were anxious to know what further he had done for the labour question.

It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of the same day on which the great meeting was to be held, for its importance was insured by the fact that others besides Rodhams' work-people were to be admitted to it, that a farmer's servant passing through the village on horseback, dismounted and left a note at the Andersons' shop. As soon as the young woman to whom it had been delivered had glanced at the superscription, she hurried away with it to a large houseplace, or kitchen, at the rear of the shop, where, on either side the bright fire—though out-doors the sun was shining warmly—sat an old man and woman. The former was both stout and decrepit; his one leg, swathed in a great bandage, lay stretched on a stool before him, a stick and crutch were at hand, and he rested asleep in the deep hollow of his easy chair. The old woman much less infirm than her husband, though like him she was short and bulky in her person, dozed over her knitting, but not so deeply but what she had heard the horse stop at the shop door, as also the young woman's light step as she now approached her chair.

"What's the matter, Em?"

"A note from the reverend John. The vicar's servant has just left it." As she spoke the young woman held it forth.

"There, Em, yo may read it. My spectacles be in the warehus, and since th' lad took to Greek and Latin, I cannot read his fine fangled writing. It were plain enough once; but this comes of edication and being made a gentleman; though I suppose it's all right." As the old woman said this, she gave a deep sigh, that expressed humility, perhaps regret, or both commingled.

The young woman opened and read the note aloud, and as she did so, an expression of deep vexation crossed her face.

"Coming to-night?" queried the old woman, "He can't be ill again. No, thank God, he do'nt say that, that's a comfort. But it's a pity he's coming without more warning. That slut Sal, has I dare to say never cleaned up the tea-room since John was here afore. Call her."

"It is quite needless. If you'd been in it, you would have seen that."

"Ay! it's but rare I turn a step there. I aint lithe now-a-days, and the stairs be th' steepest i' th' place. But thou'st gotten partik'lar, Emma. That old Miss West dunna talk to thee for naught, when she comes i' th' shop for paper and t'other things; she tried it on wi' me, but I told her pretty plain, folks as had their bread to get couldn't do as them as hadn't."

"The day after Mr. Anderson was last here, a month ago," was the quiet answer, "I put the room in order, for it was before the girl went, and there was little to do in the shop. Now, there's only the tea to prepare."

"Well, that thou can'st see to, Em, by-and-bye. Thou mun get the silver plate out, and Sall can make some Yorkshire cake, and there'll be jam."

"John Anderson," interrupted Emma, "would rather, I know, take his tea in a homely way with you and his father. He said so last time."

"Did he," asked the old woman with an abrupt query, which implied much more than it expressed; "if he did, he'll not have his wish. The kitchen be for kitchen guests, not for gentlemen that have learnt Greek and Latin, and I don't know what. So by-and-bye thou can'st put some o' th' best gunpowder and hyson in th' caddy—"

"What I am to do must be done now," was the somewhat abrupt answer, as though the young woman's duty was to command rather than obey.

"What," asked the old woman in a querulous voice, "art thou gotten too fine a Miss to let John see thee waiting wi' thy hands? I tell thee what, Em, there'll be a long purse for him, and when he thinks o' gotten married, it'll be to someone above thee; as to set thee rights, I told thee long ago. Now, here's th' key, and do as thou lik'st for John, for though I mun tell thee that he is a gentleman, and above thee, I can trust thee, as the Lord knows many a mother canna trust her daughter." A quiet smile, which betrayed the strength and beauty of the moral power this worthy woman exercised over those who were her employers, was the only answer made to the queer old woman's exordium. But this sort of thing was indulged too often to be cared for. It was a noble nature dealing with children, whom it was wiser to command through action, than argue with in words.

Stepping lightly away, up one of five old tortuous staircases, which the rambling pile of added tenements contained, Emma passed from room to room, taking rich china from one closet, valuable paper trays from another, and finally from a large old chest in Peggy Anderson's bedchamber, a teapot, and other articles in silver. With these she ascended another staircase, and set them forth in a pleasant chamber, dignified by Peggy with the old-fashioned name of "tea-room," for in her young day drawing-rooms were so called. Its carpet was the gaudiest; all its decorations most barbarous in taste; and yet, looking away by deep-set rose-clad casements towards the bowery orchard croft still pinky with bloom, it was cheerful, sunlit, and inviting. It was, moreover, daintily clean, and thus in singularly striking contrast to the house-place below, where old Peggy had almost sole sway, and Sall the sluttish maid only too readily obeyed her mistress's behests.

When Emma had thus set the tea on a table drawn near the sunniest window, and placed the curate's easy chair, his pipe, and slippers, she returned to the kitchen, where, after effecting some business awaiting her in the shop, she hastened to preside at the tea-table, which the servant in her absence had set ready. But the old man still slept; and when the meal had progressed some little way, his wife stooped towards him, and shook him lightly.

"Father," she bawled, for deafness was among the old man's many infirmities, "John's coming to-night. He ain't ill—don't take on—may be it's only to hear Dick Blackett speak at th' mill, for folks say he's coming out uncommon strong to-night."

"Is he coming to preach—am I never to hear him," mumbled the old man as he roused himself to take the bread-and-butter Emma held tenderly towards him.

"Eh! dear," exclaimed the old woman in an under tone, "how foolish thou gettest maister, day by day. Emma, doesn't thou think old Sandy's mind is going?"

"I'm sure of it," she answered with strange quietness, "and this makes me think that if the business was given up——"

"No more o' that, Em—I'm always hearing on it, and I won't listen. What give a trade up like this, and me wanting to make up a long purse for John? My lass, if Sandy's getting foolish, I've my senses clear."

"But the trade is gone! We who took seventy pounds over the counter on a Saturday night, sometimes a hundred, took scarcely five last. The mills are shut, the people are moving away to fresh scenes of labour, and therefore, as Mr. John says——"

"There, I canna listen. John's a fine gentleman, and knows nought o' gotten money, and so somebody must be handy for 'em. I only wish that Dick

Blackett would tie up his tongue instead o' using it to force folks away, where they've just a natural right. If th' aint work, the masters should keep 'em till they have."

"I can't say I think so," replied Emma. Then she added after a pause, "There seems little stirring in the shop to-night, last night we took but three-pence after five o'clock, so perhaps, as it will be a moonlight night, you'll let me go to Redhams' mill, to hear what is said by the speakers. The lad can mind the shop."

"What him! and he stealing barley sugar and plums as he does, and me with my eyes so blind that I can't see grey from black thread; and John coming, and everything! I wonder, lass, that thou can't ask." The old woman said this all in so loud a key, that almost every word met old Sandy's ear.

"Want t' go, Em?" he asked. "It's fine hearing folks speechify, that it is. I'd like to hear my John preach. Missus, let th' lass go! birds that is allays i' the cage, don't sing like them that's free. Em, thou shalt go, thou'rt like a daughter to us, and thy heart and thy ear'll be i' th' mills, if so be thy body's here." When he had said this, old Sandy settled back into his deep-backed chair, and called the girl to fill and bring his pipe; and when this was in his hand he dosed again. Childish, however, as he had rapidly become within the last few past months, his will was yet law; and as the old woman with all her coarseness and ignorance loved her shopwoman with motherly affection, she after a little grumbling, consented to her going.

"But lock the till, Em, and tell the lad to bring what money he takes to me; and warn him away from the plums and li'gor'ish, and that if Parsons' folks come in for credit to night—bacon it'll sure to be—he's to come and tell me; a part o' th' flitch on cut be rusty, and folks that ha' long credit can't expect to be done to, as them as hasn't, mind yo say this, and if t'a don't do it, I'll box his ears."

Emma obeyed so far as going into the shop; but she incited the boy to duty and honesty by no threats or promise of reward, but by a little speech as to the religion and value of duty, which came sweetly from her lips. She then, after due orders to the sluttish maid, as to "redding" up, making the Yorkshire cakes, and getting on her Sunday gown and white apron before the curate came, went up stairs to her solitary chamber to dress. Here, though her wardrobe was an ample one, she put on the plainest gown she had; making its adjuncts of collar and cuffs a great relief, and her hair the crowning point of all, as she tightened its soft thick braids around her head, where it lay, glistening like a hazle nut when the sun of an autumn evening falls on it through the leaves. She was not beautiful, but her features were marked and fine—their expression was womanly and thoughtful; and in her eyes was a depth of human tenderness, awaiting, it might be judged, the hand of the sovereign mother nature to call it forth. Evoked for the many, it would be active as pity and ready aid; for the one, as love, obedience, and duty!

In cloak and bonnet as plain as her dress she again descended to the house-place, and when she had seen old Sandy's glass of ale mulled, and reiterated her commands as to cakes, cream, kettle, etc., she went her way. Passing through the garden and orchard, she presently gained the peaceful fields, where evening was settling slowly down, amidst the last songs of the little birds, and the gathered perfume of many an unseen flower, as the earliest dew, distilled by its own alchemy, their hoarded sweets. Here she slowly wended on, till path and stile brought her to a little upland, from whence she could see Richard Blackett's cottage. As she lingered for a few moments in the shadow of some trees which dotted the acclivity, she saw his tall figure pass rapidly up the garden walk, and turning thence into the lane take the way towards the

mill. The hour of meeting was she knew fixed for eight o'clock; and as it was not yet seven, and she did not wish to be there till the business had commenced, she proceeded onwards as slowly as could be. As she approached the side hedge of the garden, along which the field path opened out into the lane, she heard some one speak, and looking up perceived that it was Richard Blackett's housekeeper. What was the woman's secret opinion of the Andersons' shopwoman, her gossip with the postman has revealed; but no sign of this appeared in her manner, for she dropped a low curtsy, and reiterated her remark as to the fineness of the evening.

Emma assented, but still went slowly on; the woman keeping pace with her on the other side the still partially unleaved hedgerow.

"Hope t'oud maister's better, and the missis well, for yo see it's a bit since I were t'ahop, for there's been the May washing, and lots i' th' garden to do. But I hear there be no bis'ness stirring, now th' mills be closed, and the folks off to get work elsewhere; so it's to be hoped, miss, yo'll be leaving th' smell o' cheese and candles, and coming out abroad. A lot o' good's to be got i' th' fresh air this weather."

"Yes! but I've little time, Martha." Then she added after a pause, "How fragrant your garden is."

"Aye! maister's wall-flowers be the best i' these parts, and the narcissuses and the lilies i' th' valley be fine." The housekeeper said no more till the young woman had turned into the lane, and reached the garden gate. Then she added! "But yo'll walk in, miss, there'll be a posy for th' gathering. Master's always uncommon kind about his flowers."

At first Emma's reply was in the negative; but upon being still further pressed, she passed through the wicket. For many a long day, it had been her wish to see the home of the austere, grave, earnest man, who had been so long the friend of the Andersons, and particularly of their son; who once had come pretty frequently to their house, but who latterly never presented himself except on stated nights, to look through the shop-books and business letters; and who once was even friendly to her, but whose words now were the briefest and coldest possible. She might not be invited to cross his threshold; but it would be something to tread its precincts, where her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night, had travelled for so long. So, she passed up and round the garden walks; the housekeeper gathering her the last of the spring violets, the sweetest of the wall-flowers, and glibly talking all the while, to ears that scarcely listened. At length, they approached the darkened porch across which gleamed the light of the ruddy kitchen fire.

"Thou'lt walk in and rest a bit, it's a longish step yet to th' mill."

"Mr. Blackett might know, and he might think it strange in me to trespass."

"Not he—under all his grimness—he's a tender man. The lion and lamb in him be one; as somebody I could lay my finger on may one day find out. But step in, no fear o' my saying ought; even if harm it were to ask a friend to rest; for I shall be far away next week, doing a mother's part for my lad's little ones—for poor things they ha' none o' their own."

"You going, Martha," questioned Emma in great surprise.

"Ay! yo see, maister's off to Cleaveland in a day or two; from there may be he'll go to Ireland; and they do say, if in a few months the Labour Club is as prosperous as they expect it to be, there'll be an office in Manchester, and there he'll go for good. So we part the day afore he goes off to Cleveland, for what wi' my lad's wanting me—and me so lonesome at nights, when the maister's away—I could stand no more on't. But servant never left a better home, though at first I were so uncommon 'feared on him."

"Why! Sally, he always told us that you were so good a servant."

"Did he? That's like him then for goodness. I were tidy after country fashion, but that were not enough for him. But step in, miss, thou'st better understand me." As though she had strong, if hidden, motives for what she did, she led the way in, and pointed out this and the other which her master's commands had made what it was. In houseplace—in simply furnished parlour adjacent—in dairy—upstairs in his own sleeping chamber, and at last in the quiet study we have seen. Every word was listened to and remembered; every object photographed as it were upon her brain—she was conscious how little she knew, and how much was taught her, by all which had come before her gaze. She had striven to reach his standard, she had learned, she had asked, she had observed; and yet, how far distant was she from the truth!

Hitherto, she had been standing gazing round the pleasant study, but now the housekeeper being called down by a boy sent from the mill for a book which might be needed, she sat down in the chair he habitually used when at work.

"How little do I know," she thought, "and how I would learn if I thought the lesson might avail."

There was a small bone paper cutter which closed like a knife, on the table before her; in her pocket she had one similar, only its hinge was of silver, and its haft tipped the same; so to possess something which his hand had daily used, she made the exchange. She pressed it beneath a book—it might be long before he discovered the difference—to him it would matter not, to her so much. It was a sin; but so small a one, as to sit lightly on her conscience, even if it lingered there at all.

When she came down stairs, crossed the garden, and went forth into the dewy lane, over which there hung the incense form new leafed copse, and meadows deep in grass, every place and thing within the house—within that room—was graven on her memory for ever. It was a lesson—a lesson well remembered.

Martha lingered leaning on the gate.

"To think how him loves her," she muttered to herself; "and to think how jealous he is o' parson John. To think how I found it out a week ago, by his leaving her photograph, which had come by post, open on his table, and a letter wi't from the chap in Manchester, as had done it at first; and sending this copy, promised to keep his secret. Ay! and there were a bit ago, a lock of her brown hair in one of his hard books; and I got it out o' Timmis, the village barber, that cuts her hair, that master gotten it, one day when he went into th' shop to be cut too, and she were just coming out wi a lot o' her pretty braids left i' th' barber's wrapper. Well! Timmis bid me say nothing, for he thinks master has the best head in all Waterdean; ay, and the best heart too, and my opinion is, that the two often go together."

Darker and darker it grew, till twilight settled down upon the fells, and the little night birds flushed their throats with their sweetest songs. The fells, indeed, bore down so much upon the vast mill, as to lie in dark background to the intense glare of light which streamed from the many windows of the mule room, which had been cleared for the purposes of the meeting.

As Emma approached the great gates, through which a thin stream of latecomers were wending, she perceived a horseman halt, and dismounting somewhat slowly, give the reins to the gatekeeper. She strove to glide by unperceived, but in a moment he recognised her, and held forth his hand. He was a somewhat sickly looking, long armed little man; but his manner was gentlemanly, and his countenance intelligent.

"Well, Miss Surtees," he said as he shook her hand, "How is my good old father?"

"Feebler in health, I fear, Mr. Anderson, and his mind still more changed

and childish. I know it by many signs, but especially by his incessant repetition of a few words."

"What?"

"The old ones."

"Indeed! I ought to please him, for his hours may be numbered. Mr. Sneyd has offered me the church many times, but I hung back, Emma, knowing that a prophet has no honour in his country. But I will do so no longer. Now—my dear old mother?"

"More blind, air, and more—"

"Grasping you would say," for he saw her hesitate. "Yes, the lust for money is a sad one, when it tracks the last steps to the grave. But we must see, Emma; we must press the old question once more. Let me speak to you after the meeting, for I may have no opportunity in the house. Now, if we wish to be listeners to our good friend, Blackett, we must lose no time—let me lead the way."

But she declined, and followed slowly after. When she had entered the mill, ascended with others the great lift, and entered the room—flaming with gas-light, and densely thronged with listeners—the manager had risen to give his exposition of the Labour Club.

To be continued.

BABY SONG.

FROM TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

THE woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, swayed
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does this little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

A Spinster's Soliloquies.

By the Author of "Scattered Seeds," and "A Christmas Gathering."

"A REGULAR old maid!" That was what I was called some years ago, how many, is of no consequence to anyone. I did not deny the "soft impeachment" then, and am not likely to shirk my colours now. I have thought a great deal about it since, and feel more than ever convinced of the truth of the assertion. I *am* a "regular old maid;" not a "*disappointed one*," that I repudiate most decidedly, seeing that the word "Spinster" must have been graved on the tablet of my baby heart, as I grew up from earliest infancy, with the settled conviction that I should never be either wife, or widow. Most of my friends agreed with me, and the few who did not—well they were wrong in their conclusions, that is all.

Fortunately, then, for me, as I *am* one of the sisterhood, it was never a fate which I shrunk from contemplating, or in any way dreaded, or contemned.

The idea of the necessity of a marriage of one kind, or another, was neither innate, nor instilled into my mind by education. I was never taught as some, alas, are, to look upon "making a good match," as the "whole duty of man," or woman either; so, happily for me, and for those with whom I associate, I have found other objects in life, other duties in my pathway besides, or, rather apart from, that one aim of some unfortunate existences. Not being then a disappointed, or a "blighted being," I protest against being considered, as of necessity, a *cross* old maid. I am neither soured, nor at enmity with the whole world (cherishing an extra amount of acidity for the married portion of it), my temper is not angelic, certainly, but I do not think that the cares of matrimony would have improved it; at least, I do not find my married relatives, of whom I have plenty, so very much more amiable than myself.

We are of a warm-tempered, quick feeling stock, a little thing puts us "out," but happily it does not take much to put us *in* again, and whether married or single, I suspect we shall in that respect continue much the same, till the "family tree" drops its last leaf.

Let it not be for an instant supposed that because I consider myself altogether suited for a single life, a happy and not entirely a useless one either, that I therefore deprecate the "holy estate" for others. Queen Elizabeth was doubtless a very great queen and a wise ruler, but she was not a remarkably amiable spinster, seeing how strenuously she interfered to prevent other people being happy after a different fashion—I doubt but she must often have richly deserved the title of a "cross old maid." "Unmarried gentlewomen," certainly sounds more courteous, but "what's in a name," when the stubborn reality remains unchanged? Yet, "old maid" though she was, I think that the married life of her beautiful and admired cotemporary, Mary Queen of Scots, was less to be envied!

Thank God there are abundant instances of the happiness of married life, and it is no marvel to me that *love* is the one theme which no novel writer can ever really exhaust, the old, old tale, old as the creation; yet, Proteus like, coming ever in some new form to the individual experience. I know that

marriages are made "and blest in heaven," that a really happy union is of more than human ordering; but whilst looking around on such, it is with no thought of envy.

My lot is differently appointed, my duties are other, but none the less real and binding; therefore is it that, from my own individual experience, I protest against the inculcation of matrimonial schemes, as a part of a young girl's education. I hold not with those who think that *any* marriage is better than none, and although excuses are often made for such as "marry for a home," perhaps to escape the ill-requited drudgery of a governess' life, I look upon wedlock as a thing too sacred and solemn to be "lightly undertaken," and cannot think such match-makers, or supporters, blameless. And for those who have no such reasons to plead, who have the means of living happily and usefully, without marrying for "*position*," what palliation can be brought forward, what plea can be urged for such as these? Oh! my sisters; ye who marry thoughtlessly, indifferently, recklessly; is it a right thing, is it a lawful thing, to stand before God's altar with one whom you neither love, nor respect? Dare you hold yourselves blameless if you venture to vow those solemn vows with your lips, whilst your heart echoes not the words? No, surely no; and though priest and prayer book pronounce such unions "holy," expect no blessing from the Lord of love, upon marriage in which love hath no part. Better, ten thousand times better, to be branded and sneered at as "an old maid," nay, even as "an unloved woman," than thus to lose your own self-respect, and be condemned by one rash vow to the miseries of an unhappy marriage; misery which may last for a life-time, and for which there is in this world no compensation. Why there should be any stigma attached to the unmarried woman, I never could understand. It always has puzzled me, and will unto my dying day; yet, let those who would escape from it at any cost, remember that there are, with all its attractions, cares and anxieties in married life, which love, genuine enduring love alone can render bearable, and if that support be wanting, alas for those upon whom the burthen is laid.

A single woman with "nothing to do" is perhaps the most pitiable object in existence, and one who is too frequently more truly, because unnecessarily, unhappy, than those whose harder lot it is to toil for their daily bread. But there is no need for one such individual to exist, and since these my "soliloquies" were first committed to the very yellow looking paper now lying beside me, efforts, many and vigorous, have been made by earnest-hearted single women to reduce the number to infinitesimal fractions. Not to marry these unwedded ones, understand, but to find work for heart, head, or hand; so that the burthen of their song shall be no longer, "I'm weary, I'm weary!" and they shall have no time to bewail their lot, no need to grow cross, or soured, as they enter upon the "afternoon," or even the yet darker hours, of "unmarried life."

As I have said, these my reflections upon spinsterhood were written long long ago, mislaid and almost forgotten, save when my own sentiments found pleasant corroboration in such able hands as that of the author of "My life, and what shall I do with it," and others; but a few days back the soliloquies came to light again, and I perused them, scarcely remembering of what they consisted. Old as I am now—how old does not matter just at present, although I am not at all tenacious upon that subject, and often set strangers right, who invariably think me younger than I am—caps do make some people look more juvenile, I wear them because they look respectable and old-fashioned, and I am of course an old-fashioned person, objecting to crinoline, being an old maid;—well, although years older than when I first reflected upon a single life, I am only the more wedded to my "introductory remarks."

It was but a few weeks back that a young, fresh-looking girl, gave utterance

to the sentiment, "I should be perfectly *miserable* if I thought I should never be married!"

"My dear, you cannot really mean that," I remonstrated, being altogether unprepared for such a declaration from that particular quarter.

"Indeed I should, I could not bear to think of being an old maid."

And then others present re-echoed her words, and this old-maidish writer, unable to stem the torrent of their eloquence, or to combat their dread of that terrible catastrophe, a single life, "subsided into herself," and reflected upon the self-inflicted torture often endured by such as commence their *childish* castle-building, even, with the thought of marriage as a foundation stone.

Such an one growing up from babyhood with the conviction that she is "sure to be married," at one time or another, the earlier the better, as years steal on leaving her still unwed, without either husband or children dependent upon her, feels as though she had missed her vocation, and very frequently becomes the soured, disappointed character, falsely considered as the necessary appendage to spinsterhood. Is it not rather the inevitable result of injudicious training in early life?

Therefore I would say to all who are now looking forward eagerly to the day of their emancipation from the school-room, and the hour of their "coming out," to begin life for themselves, strive to enter that hitherto unknown region, "the world," with some definite object to live for, apart from, nay, in place of, "making a match" at the end of your first season. Imagine it just possible that you may not be called upon to fill the important position of wife, or mother, and do not make up your minds to be "*miserable*" for life, even then. Nay, should other near family ties be denied you, to take in some measure the place of that strongest bond of all, do not let life become objectless, and wearisome, *even then*.

Remember that each one of us has some duty to discharge peculiarly our own, if we only acquaint ourselves with it, and endeavour conscientiously to fulfil it. "All things in creation have a purpose, and every reasonable being a mission to fulfil;" no link in the chain of humanity can be spared, "for perchance the universe would die, were not all things as they are."

One great requisite for the happiness of all, especially of the unmarried woman, is self-dependence. Cultivate whatever gifts you have to the uttermost, if not from higher motives, at all events for your own sake: she who can truly say "my mind to me a kingdom is," has no need to dread the *solitary* hours which must often be a single woman's lot.

"A selfish suggestion," you may object. Not at all so; although you will unquestionably find much personal gratification in the cultivation of every God-given capability. And if God be not the giver, my friends, to whom do we owe the varied powers with which every human being is endowed? God *being* the giver, does He not intend that His creatures shall *enjoy* that which He bestows? Out upon the preachers of that unchristian christianity, which would make it a sin to cultivate any and every talent giving pleasure to the possessor! The world would be a better world without them, and some single women would be all the better too!

It was ordained, that the gifted should have pleasure in the gifts bestowed. But that pleasure is not selfish in which others have a part—the poet's lay, the minstrel's melody, the artist's painting, give joy and pleasure to a circle ever widening, a circle of which the individual "I" is but the centre. If we shun not the moralist's teaching because it sometimes grates harshly on the ear, neither let us scorn the truths that stir the poet's murmurs, or hold them less true because they are breathed in melody. Married life has joys and sorrows essentially its own; so also has a single life. Let us, in each case, look to *both* sides of the shield, and take the roses and thorns together. She who has

followed her first-born to the grave, may have wept bitterer tears than have ever dimmed the eyes of the solitary woman, whom no infant lips shall call "mother," but also she has had deeper joy as a compensation. Yes, things are pretty evenly divided in this world. What "we know not now, we shall know hereafter," in this respect; we shall understand the need for all that is now incomprehensible, in our own or another's lot.

These reflections may seem rather discursive, but I suppose an old maid is always a recognised eccentricity, and an apology is scarcely needed for "the funny little ways" which I must needs share with the sisterhood. However, they are not altogether unconnected with the train of my thoughts, for whilst sitting by this open window looking out upon the most picturesque portion of "our village," I have been writing to the mournful accompaniment of a tolling bell, and the question involuntarily presents itself, why should *she* be taken and I left? A fair young thing, only twenty summers old, but three years a wife, a fortnight ago a mother for the first time, and now a corpse! It was so sudden, so unexpected, no wonder that the poor bereaved widower seems almost crushed by the unlooked-for blow. They were so happy, depending so upon each other, and she such an acquisition to the neighbourhood, to the poor as well as to the rich; it is strange, unaccountable, but as our good vicar's wife says: "It does not do to think about." No, surely not, if the thinking makes us doubt *His* unerring love. Anybody would have thought, certainly, that her life was more valuable than mine. She will be missed from the bedside of the sick and the suffering for many a long day, as well as from her husband's now desolated hearth. On Saturday morning only he answered my anxious enquiries with such a radiant face, in the evening he went to bid her "good night," and found her already sleeping the sleep of death. So that is how I came to reflect upon the equal division of the sorrows and the joys of humanity.

Having expatiated upon the happiness of my personal surroundings, the reader may possibly be curious on the subject of what I find to do in the day, besides ordering a sufficiency of nourishment for myself and my old-fashioned attendant Dorothy. Now, I do not maintain that other spinsters are bound to do as I do, but, doubtless, most may find, or make for themselves, similar interests in life, and to them, perhaps, a few words of individual experience may prove suggestive of still better things. It is specially to the single woman with a competence that I refer, although the very humblest in rank, circumstances, or endowments, may do *something* for the good of others, and thereby worthily fulfil her part in the scheme of humanity. Why should some women, capable of doing *much*, refuse to do *anything*, because they do not occupy the position for which they think themselves best fitted? The duty lying nearest, being neglected for the indulgence of day-dreams of a future which may never be theirs.

Depend upon it, God who gave us our several capabilities, knows how to place us so that we can employ them in the manner best for his service and our own happiness if—if we would but believe it. It is the lack of this faith which is at the root of much of the sorrow and the bitterness in a single woman's heart. "If I had only been differently situated." It takes us often a lifetime to learn that our duty lies precisely "in that state of life to which God *has* called us," not in that state to which we "uncalled" aspire. I am here reminded of a very quaint but very sensible remark of a worthy Scotch divine, when remonstrating, I think, with his wife, who, having a numerous band of unmarried daughters "to settle in life," was desirous of removing from the scantily populated scene of the "meenister's" labours, to a more civilised and frequented district. He heard her request, and the argument enforcing it, to the end; but met them with an unanswerable—"Ah woman, woman, dinna fash about the lasses, if they're to hae husbands, they'll hae them, ye need na gang awa, to Glasgae or to Fairth to find 'em; we maun just bide here in the

wilderness, and the Laird can send 'em, and he wull, aye, and if he *ruins* 'em !"

My reflections and reminiscences, matrimonial and otherwise, were here interrupted by the entrance of my next neighbour but one, Miss Poppins, brimful of news and business, as usual. The news came first, and certainly was rather startling—"Maude Langton is going to be married, have you heard it !"

"Indeed no; but I am truly glad to hear it now, provided always that her choice is a sensible one—she is very young." No other, in fact, than the young lady who had considered misery and spinsterhood as synonymous.

"Well, he is much older than she is, which perhaps is as well. They were only engaged yesterday, and are to be married next month."

"'Happy's the wooing not long adoring,' they say," I rejoined; "but who is the gentleman ?"

"A special favorite of yours, Mr. Drawler, the methodist minister."

"Oh, Miss Poppins, you cannot possibly mean that. It's—why, my dear, to say the least of it, it's absurd !"

"A fact, I assure you. He will be here to-morrow, I dare say, and tell you all about it, knowing your weakness, my dear, when true love is in the case. So now that I have sufficiently electrified you, we will proceed to business, and I will tell you what district work I want you to be good enough to look after when I am away next week." And then, that energetic Miss Poppins branched off into local matters, of more interest to myself than to the reader, but she left me with my hands so full of employment that there has been no time for soliloquising for many weeks, and I have even paid the bridal visit to the Drawlers since I last laid down my pen and packed away my manuscript.

You see, where I live, in the little village of Laughton, there are plenty of poor people and plenty of helpless ones, young and old, and Miss Poppins and I, being the only able-bodied spinsters of "a certain age" and experience, we really do find a great deal to occupy our *spare* time, as it is called. We have an industrial school, "supported by voluntary contributions," and voluntary teaching too, as well as a National school to visit and look after. Then we have working parties to conduct and set going amongst the young folks, a work-house at no great distance, and a reformatory also, by way of variety, both of which we look in upon occasionally. Now these are not things to take up for a little while and then drop; they are always going on, and our interest in them must always be kept up. We have two excellent clergymen, besides the methodist minister, but the parish is a dreadfully scattered one, and by no means wealthy, so that lay agency is needed as well as clerical to keep things tolerably straight. Miss Poppins is great at teaching the little ones; my special forte is reading to the old and to the blind, but we work together as much as possible, and so do a great deal more than if we worked in opposition, or followed out our own special crotchets. Our clergymen's wives would do a great deal if they could, but one has an ever-increasing family to look after, and the other is a helpless invalid whose working days are long since past.

There is not much gaiety to distract us at Laughton, but we have social meetings for music and real enjoyment occasionally, and there is a town at no great distance boasting the attraction of concerts in the winter, and flower-shows in the summer. We do not quarrel amongst ourselves to any alarming extent, and most of the well-to-do afford themselves a few weeks change of air and scene "to brush the cobwebs off their minds," at one time or another in the year. I always leave when Miss Lee's school breaks up for the summer vacation, and generally take with me one of her teachers needing more change than she can afford to give herself; but I believe Miss Lee is determined to say me nay this summer, as her last two assistants returned to her "engaged," after being for two months under my care. So you see I do not resemble Queen Elizabeth even in her weaknesses.

"Ah, but there has been no mention of home ties, and although you may

have plenty to do, the solitary evening hours by one's own fireside, must be very trying. There should always be some one to battle for the poker, and maintain that you never know how to stir a fire properly."

That was the remark made by an impertinent critic, glancing at these pages, and the next moment in bounced a curly haired Turk, aged ten, who is just now the torment and delight of his spinster aunt and godmother. More fortunate than many single women, I am rarely without a child in the house, whose mission is to drive Dorothy and myself almost crazy by unlooked-for vagaries; when he is not in the kitchen plaguing her, he is damaging my property and inconveniencing me in a thousand ways; my MSS. are never safe when he is near, and writing is per force suspended. As to the "poker," he pokes till there is neither heart nor heat in the fire, and then makes "a good blaze," if not with my "author's copy," at any rate with the "favorable notices" in the "*Guardian*" and the "*Observer*." My knitting pins emerged from Dorothy's saucepan the other day, and now—why now the "young master" has succeeded in smashing six bottles of "very superior ginger" wine, on the manufacture of which I especially pride myself. I must leave off scribbling and look to the fragments. Should any lady reader *out* of Laughton doubt the excellence of my vintage, I can only say, come next summer and taste a glass, and if a spinster, you will be doubly welcome to the author of these rambling "soliloquies."

Y. S. N.

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.—As to the style of polemics to be admitted, I agree with you that no violence should be allowed. But *you* wish a newspaper writer to be a "perfect gentleman;" and if I am not mistaken, this is an error on your part which may cause you endless trouble and anxiety. There is nothing more relative, nor to which universal propositions are less applicable, than *style*; pray consider this. The same man speaks differently in a drawing-room, in a book, in parliament, to a friend, or to a thousand listeners; to an assembly of students, or to a crowd. His feelings and opinions remain intrinsically the same, but the way in which he brings them forward, the degree of animation, his choice and turn of expression, are different. To one audience he tells the whole, to the other he leaves half to be inferred. A newspaper is a speech made from the window to the chance passers by in the street, amongst whom are to be found men of every degree of cultivation. To make your opinions reach their minds and affect them as you wish, some warmth is necessary; arguments must be obvious; important truths must be mixed up with common places; and the picture must be highly coloured, in order that it may be seen from a distance. How can this be helped? It is the appropriate style. These articles will certainly not be found among the works that posterity will read; they are intended to produce, by constant repetition, a temporary effect. I fear that your ideal of what the style of a newspaper should be is above all possibility of attainment. At least, I know of no example in any party, or country, or age. I also think that you greatly exaggerate the responsibilities of the undertaking. Public men, especially if absent, are responsible only as to the general tone of a paper; never for each separate article.....I own that we do not do all that we want to do; but political affairs must be treated in a political spirit, and not with the scrupulous refinement of private life. What combined movement ever fulfils the exact object of the individuals engaged in it, each of whom does a little more, a little less, and a little differently than if he stood alone? It is a necessary condition of all associations. If you are resolved not to submit to it, you undoubtedly retain your individuality intact; but you can do none of the good you wish to others, and your object in fact becomes selfish!—*Alexis de Tocqueville to Jas. Stuart Mill.*

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied,
Grew weary of bombarding.
The dark Redan in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belch'd its thunder.
There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."
They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn, and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.
They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."
Voice after voice caught up that song,
Until its tender passion,
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.
Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.
Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers;
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.
And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!
And Irish Norah's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him,
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."
Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest,
Your truth and valour wearing!
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

Fight of the Hermit-Crabs.

You doubtless know the Hermit-crab, by naturalists named *Pagurus*? Unlike other crabs, who are content to live in their own solid shells, *Pagurus* lives in the empty shell of some mollusc. He looks fiercely upon the world from out of this apparently inconvenient tub, the *Diogenes* of crustacea, and wears an expression of conscious yet defiant theft, as if he knew the rightful owner of the shell, or his relatives, were coming every moment to recover it, and he, for his part, very much wished they might get it. All the fore part of *Pagurus*, including his claws, is defended by the solid armour of crabs; but his hind parts are soft, covered only by a delicate membrane, in which the anatomist, however, detects shell-plates in a rudimentary condition. Now a gentleman so extremely pugnacious, troubled with so tender a back and continuation, would fare ill in this combative world, had he not some means of redressing the wrong done him at birth; accordingly he selects an empty shell of convenient size, into which he pops his tender tail, fastening on by the hooks on each side of his tail, and having thus secured his rear, he scuttles over the sea-bed a grotesque but philosophic marauder. You ask how it is that this tendency to inhabit the shells of molluscs became organised in the hermit-crab? Either we must suppose that the crab was originally so created—designed with the express view of inhabiting shells, to which end his structure was arranged; or—and this I think the more reasonable supposition—that the hermit-crab originally was furnished with shell-plates for the hinder part of his body, but that these have now become rudimentary in consequence of the animal's practice of inhabiting other shells—a practice originally resorted to, perhaps, as a refuge from more powerful enemies, and now become an organised tendency in the species.

Be this as it may, the hermit-crab will not live long out of an appropriated shell; and very ludicrous was the scene I witnessed between two taken from their shells. Selecting them nearly equal in size, I dropped them, "naked as their mother bare them," into a glass vase of sea-water. They did not seem comfortable, and carefully avoided each other. I then placed one of the empty shells (first breaking off its spiral point) between them, and at once the contest commenced. One made direct for the shell, poked into it an enquiring claw, and having satisfied his cautious mind that all was safe, slipped in his tail with ludicrous agility, and, fastening on by his hooks, scuttled away rejoicing. He was not left long in undisturbed possession. His rival approached with strictly dishonourable intentions; and they both walked round and round the vase, eyeing each other with settled malignity—like Charles Kean and Wigan in the famous duel of the *Corseican Brothers*. No words of mine can describe our shouts of laughter at this ludicrous combat—one combatant uneasy about his unprotected rear, the other sublimely awkward in his borrowed armour. For the sake of distinctness, I will take a liberty with two actors' names, and continue to designate our two crabs as Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan. C. K., although the blacker, larger, and stronger of the two, was at the disadvantage of being out of his shell, and was slow in coming to close quarters; at last, after many hesitations, approaches, and retreats, he made a rush behind, seized the shell in his powerful grasp, while with his huge claw he haled Wigan out, flung him discomfited aside, and popped his tail into the shell. Wigan looked piteous for a few moments, but soon, his "soul in arms and eager for

the shell," he rushed upon his foe; and then came the tug of crabs! C. K. had too firm a hold; he could not be dislodged. I poked his tender tail, which was exposed through the broken shell, and he vacated, leaving Wigan once more in possession. But not for long. Once more Wigan was clutched, haled out, and flung away. I then placed a smaller shell, but perfect, in the vase. Kean at once quitted his dilapidated roof, and ensconced himself in this more modest cottage, leaving Wigan to make himself comfortable in the ruin; which he did.

The fun was not over yet. I placed a third hermit-crab in the vase. He was much smaller than the other two, but his shell was larger than the one in which Kean was settled, as that unscrupulous crab quickly perceived, for he set about bullying the stranger, who, however, had a shell large enough to admit his whole body, and into it he withdrew. It was droll to see Kean clutching the shell, vainly waiting for the stranger to protrude enough of his body to permit of a good grasp and a tug; but the stranger knew better. He must have been worn out at last, however, for although I did not witness the feat, an hour afterwards, when I looked at them, I saw Kean comfortable in the stranger's house. I changed them again; but again the usurpation was successful. On the third day I find recorded in my journal: "The crabs have been fighting, and changing their abodes continually. C. K. is the terror of the other two, and Wigan is so subdued by constant defeats that he is thrown into a fluster if even an empty shell is placed near him; and although without a shell himself, which must make him very cold and comfortless in the terminal regions, he is afraid to enter an empty one. The terrors of the last two days have been too much for his nerves: one must almost question his perfect sanity; he is not only beside his shell, but beside himself. The approach of C. K. throws him into a trepidation, which expresses itself in the most grotesque efforts at escape."

I tried a new experiment. Throwing a good-sized whelk into the vase, I waited to see Kean devour the whelk in order to appropriate his shell; for the house he last stole, though better than the previous houses, by no means suited him. Mr. Bell, in his *History of British Crustacea*, conjectures that the hermit-crab often eats the mollusc in whose shell he is found—a conjecture adopted by subsequent writers, although Mr. Bell owns that he never witnessed the fact. My observation flatly contradicted the conjecture. Kean clutched the shell at once, and poked in his interrogatory claw, which, touching the operculum of the whelk, made that animal withdraw and leave an empty space, into which Kean popped his tail. In a few minutes the whelk, tired of his confinement in his own house, and all alarm being over, began to protrude himself, and in doing so, gently pushed C. K. before him. In vain did the intruder, feeling himself slipping, cling fiercely to the shell; with slow but irresistible pressure the mollusc ejected him. This was repeated several times, till at length C. K. gave up in despair, and contented himself with his former shell. Thus, instead of *eating* the whelk (which, I may remark in passing, the crab never does, even in captivity, where food is scanty), he had not even the means of getting him out of his shell, and the conjecture of our admirable naturalist must be erased from all hand-books.—*Lewer's Sea-side Studies*.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.—To love the world, it is not necessary to think that there is no evil in the world. On the contrary, it is the strong sense of the evil existing in the world that, by exciting the desire to remove it, has led to all the noblest enterprises of history.—*Professor Goldwin Smith*.

Over-Feeding.

How is it in that class in which every wife is the household cook, or, at least, the directress of the kitchen? How do the affairs of the table prosper in that substantial class which includes our farmers, country shopkeepers, and superior artisans? We are sorry to say—but physicians and tradesmen will testify to the fact—that the mortality of the country is increased by the habit of over-eating, which exists in thousands of households of this order. Not in all; and great honour is due to those who adopt a sensible diet, because it is apt to be stigmatised as meanness; but, as a general fact, the habit of over-eating destroys health and life to a grievous amount in that order of citizens, in which a gross table is regarded as a liberal and kindly mode of living. As to the true old-English farm-house, there is no better picture of its habits as to meals and hospitality, than one given by Mr. Howitt, in (if we remember right) his “*Rural Life in England*.” The quantity on the table at one time, the perpetual arrivals of more, the constant succession of meals all day, and the urgent persuasions of the guests to eat, and reproaches for not eating enough, are just like the experience of towns-people, who, sometime in their lives, were suddenly introduced into rural society. The ordinary mode of life on a Yorkshire grazing farm is abundantly surprising to persons who have doubted about taking luncheon while eating three meals a-day. Mistress and maid are stirring early to make the porridge for the household, breakfast being at seven; the vast bowls of porridge and quarts of milk being despatched, there is bare time for the chamber-work, before lunch has to be sent out to the fields—huge baskets of bread, oatcake, and cheese, with bottles of beer. This is from half-past nine to ten. At twelve, dinner smokes on the long board—great pieces of pork, beef, or mutton, or all three; or vast pies and puddings, and cheese, and rice-milk, and ale, and the board is pretty well cleared in half-an-hour. At three, the baskets go again into the field with the afternoon lunch—bread, cheese, and beer, as before. At five, all assemble for tea, which is porridge and milk, as at breakfast. At eight, there is supper—cold meat, hot potatoes, oatcake, and cheese. By that time, the women have done cooking for the day, and, the board being cleared, they sit down to mend stockings; the farmer reads the newspaper at his own round table, with his own candle; and the men nudge each other to keep awake, or nod forwards, or join to prick, or pinch, or punch, any particularly sleepy sinner, till nine o'clock strikes, and they slink off to bed. However strong the exercise taken by such a household, it is still subject to fever, liver complaints, diarrhoea, and rheumatism, besides that torpidity of brain which is in itself a preparation for disease. The strongest and most active brains resist disease the best, and the longest. Not the overwrought brains, be it observed, but the most generally exercised, which keep up the highest vitality over the widest range of human powers. One does not look for this kind of brain among rustics who eat five or six meals a-day, and know and care nothing about the world outside the farm fences.

But the small shopkeepers in towns are a very different class, from whom a higher intelligence might be expected; yet they are apt to eat twice as much as is good for them. Observe the master or mistress of the household at market. What a quantity of prime fish is bought! what ducks, geese, and

turkeys, besides joints, and odds-and-ends of dainties! What peas, and asparagus, and seakale! What vast cheeses, and cream cheeses, and curds, and gallons of fruit, and mounds of butter! But to come to particulars, here is an illustration.

A friend of mine—a surgeon's wife—was informed one day, about noon, that a patient desired to see her in the waiting-room. She answered this odd request by going there, when she found two persons in great alarm, and distressed that the surgeon was not expected home for two hours. The wife of a small shopkeeper was ill, and a friend had come with her, in hope of obtaining immediate relief. They could not explain what was the matter, but would be glad of any advice. The poor woman said she felt so miserable she did not know what to do, and her throat was quite unlike in shape to its usual state; and she could scarcely breathe, and had such an oppression, etc. The lady said immediately that it was a case of violent indigestion. She said that it was not her practice to prescribe for her husband's patients, but she could recommend a simple medicine for relieving the immediate oppression, which would pass the time till medical advice could be had. What she heard of the eating of that day and the preceding, astonished her; but in the evening her husband said she had not told him nearly all that had gone down the woman's throat, which was, as nearly as I can remember, this—perhaps more, certainly not less.

There was a large fine salmon in the case—a present. A friend came to pass the day, and the salmon was cooked for dinner, superseding a bullock's heart stuffed with onions. There was a pie, and there were puddings and other things at dinner; but the great salmon was the main feature. At tea, at five, there were hot buttered cakes, and buttered toast, and the heart stuffed with onions, and sweet cake of course; and at eight, there was supper, viz., fried soles and potatoes, an apple pie and custard, cheese and porter. At breakfast, next morning, the salmon was proceeded with; and the patient had partaken plentifully of it, and had also fortified herself with lunch before going to the doctor. If, as we are assured, this is only a fair specimen of the diet of thousands of families in England, it is no wonder that we suffer under that dreary collection of diseases that Adam saw going into hospital, by dismal anticipation, as related in *Paradise Lost*. If we set against these the consequences of under feeding, we may see how far we are from wisdom. On the subject of deficient food we will not enter. Nobody needs convincing of the horrors of it. The practical question is, whether any means can be found of saving the lives of young people, who have been brought up to overload their stomachs, (under the idea of fostering their strength and living generously), that there may be the more food left in the market for those who now have not enough. There are a few places within the United Kingdom, where instruction is given in regard to the constitution and management of the human frame. If there were schools enough to teach the girls of the middle classes the leading truths about diet, in relation to health, the next generation would be happier than the last. The well-to-do would have better health—quiet nights, easy and cheerful days, freedom from nightmare and indigestion, a longer life and a merrier one than now; and the poor people below them would have a better chance of keeping body and soul together, and being in an amiable mood towards God and man. Can one not imagine the surplus left over by a wise generation of farmers and shopkeepers, spread out in the wilderness for the poor? For it should be remembered, that food of all kinds, is one of the commodities, which is, at each particular time, limited in quantity; so that to waste it, is to deprive somebody. If this were fairly understood by those who eat meat three times a day, more persons would have it once.

One practical point, which would assist the due feeding of the under-fed, need not wait for a general advance in education. To enable the poorer classes to turn food to the best account, is much the same thing as putting more within their reach; and this could easily be done. It actually is done in a few places where cooking is taught on system in industrial schools; and there is no apparent reason why there should not be schools of cookery for poor children, as well as for young ladies, in London, and for soldiers in the camp. Why should we not all learn to cook? We have cookery-books for the great, and also for the million, but cookery books are of little value till there is some aptitude at the practice. Let half-a-dozen popular teachers like Soyer, (but who is like him?) travel through the country, each with a portable kitchen, and shew all the women and girls in town and country, the best way to make and cook the common preparations of food; and the benefit will be equal to a rise of wages to the labouring man at once. The mere secret of the stew—now rarely or never seen on the cottage table—would be as good as another shilling a-week in health and strength. It is difficult to stop here, on the verge of a great and enticing subject; but I can say only one thing more now—that there are literally thousands of mourning parents in England at this moment, whose manly young sons and once promising daughters are in their graves, because their fathers made mistakes in providing the family food, and their mothers did not know how to set it before them. The mind recoils from such a statement, but it is true, and it ought therefore to be set down plainly. The mind also recoils from the statement that the cholera is at Dantzic and Hamburg; (October, 1859) and not altogether absent from England; but it is true and ought to be told; and with it the further truth, that if every family in the kingdom sat down in pure air, in a state of personal cleanliness, to three meals a-day of good common food, well-cooked, and earned by fair work of body or mind, the cholera would be kept out more surely than by a wall of brass, or would fly over us like the first raven we hear of, and go back to its haunts, for want of some place whereon to alight. It will be some time before that can happen. Meanwhile, what can each of us do to save some of the thousands who are for ever dropping into well-known pitfalls around the threshold of adult life?—*Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft, by Harriet Martineau.*

A STERN WINTER.—One tradition, however, ought to be told concerning the terrible winter of 1787, still known in the forest as "the hard year." My informant, an old man, derived his knowledge from his father, who lived in the forest in a small lonely farmhouse. The storm began in the night, and when his father rose in the morning he could not, on account of the snow-drift, open the door. Luckily, a back room had been converted into a fuel-house, and his wife had laid in a stock of provisions. The storm still increased. The straggling hedges were soon covered; and by-and-bye, the woods themselves disappeared. After a week's snow a heavy frost followed. The snow hardened. People went out shooting, and wherever a breathing hole in the snow appeared, fired, and nearly always killed a hare. The snow continued on the ground for seven weeks; and when it melted, the stiffened bodies of horses and deer covered the plains. According to the *Journals of the House of Commons*, in that winter, 300 deer were starved to death in Bolderwood Walk.—*The New Forest, Hampshire, by Jno. R. Wise.*

Dr. Norton: or, Love in Death.

A SKETCH FROM A "LAW-STUDENT'S DIARY."

BY JAMES SKIPP BORLASE.

WHEN, after a four years' study of my profession in the country, I came to London in order to gain some knowledge of town practice, and acquire a familiarity with the courts, previous to going in for my examination, I had lost but little of that faith in the romantic and marvellous which was the marked feature of my boyhood. The dull pages of Blackstone, and the still drearier ones of Ayckbourn and Chitty, had not destroyed the results of those three years of illness, when, confined to my couch, I had revelled in all the glorious romances of Scott and Bulwer, and from them created an ideal world of my own. No; at three-and-twenty my creative fancy still invested everything unusual with the garb of romance, and in every one I met of strange mien or eccentric habits, I was prepared to discover a living mystery.

I and a friend, who was going in at the same time, and who, moreover, had been an acquaintance of childhood, resolved to lodge together, both for the sake of economy and the pleasures of mutual companionship and study, and we were not long before we found what we thought would suit us to a T. Our chosen apartments consisted of a handsome three-windowed drawing-room, tastefully furnished, on the first floor, and a large double-bedded room directly behind, and communicating therewith by means of folding doors. The house was situated in a quiet street on the Surrey side of the river, only a minute's walk from Westminster Bridge, and consequently in convenient proximity to the Houses of Parliament and the Law courts.

Think not, gentle readers, that I am going to weary you with a narrative of student life, which, with its unvaried monotony, could neither amuse nor interest. I am but about to tell you of a strange adventure which befel me during my stay in Theluson Street.

The only lodger in the house besides ourselves was a medical practitioner at a neighbouring hospital. He occupied the ground floor, and was familiarly spoken of by our landlady as "young Doctor Norton." With that rigid reserve that distinguishes all classes in London, and which countrymen so readily fall in with, we had occupied our apartments many weeks without making any attempt to escape an acquaintance with our fellow-lodger; while he, on his part, exhibited equal indifference. One evening, however, my friend having gone out to a dinner party, leaving me alone, I grew weary of my books, and made up my mind to while away a few hours at Astley's. Unable to find my latch-key, and Mrs. Sawson, the landlady, not having another, I ventured to send her to the downstairs lodger, to ask him, with my compliments, if he was not going out that evening, to lend me his. When she returned, she told me that Doctor Norton was very happy to lend me the key, and then added in a whisper, "I

suppose you will be back by twelve sir, for the doctor will want it again then?"

"Did he say so?" I asked.

"No sir, oh no; but then he always goes out at that hour and returns again about four. La, sir, I don't suppose he's missed doing so for the last three years."

Promising to be back before the time named, and to place the key on the little table in the hall, I went to the amphitheatre; but neither the attractions of the stage, nor the excitement of the arena, could fix my attention that night. I kept thinking of Dr. Norton, for the few words carelessly uttered by our landlady had exalted him in my brain to no less than a hero of romance, and satisfied my craving appetite with a theme for wonder and unravelment.

I was home long before twelve. My friend had not returned, and as the moon shone brightly, I did not light the gas, but drawing aside the curtains and pulling up the venetian blind, sat by the window and gazed into the street. Just as the clock on the staircase struck the hour, I heard Norton open his door, cross the hall, and then the front door closed gently behind him, and, muffled in great coat and wrapper, I saw him descend the street with a slow and thoughtful step, and turn sharply around the corner in the direction of Westminster Bridge.

His partiality for midnight strolls, to say nothing of Doctor Norton's appearance, in itself was sufficient to excite a curiosity such as mine. Young; he could scarcely have been thirty. Handsome and well formed, there was yet a wild wandering expression in his full and piercingly black eyes that seemed like a herald of approaching insanity. This, with his thin bloodless lips, and a face which stern in its intellectual beauty of chiselled feature was, nevertheless, pale as that of a corpse, ever reminded me of Bulwer's Eugene Aram. Not once in the many times we had met on the staircase or in the hall, had I seen him smile. A cloud of care seemed to rest on a brow which bore more lines than the youth of its possessor would authorize.

When talking over the matter at breakfast with my friend, next morning, I met little encouragement in my romantic ideas. "Pooh, Arnold, how you will make mountains out of molehills. Norton belongs to St. Saviour's; I suppose he goes to visit the wards."

"There, you must be wrong, Cammick, for that is the work of the surgeons who live in the hospitals," I replied; "besides, if t'was not so, they would not expect a poor devil to be out of his bed from midnight to four a.m. every night for three years."

"Well then our hero is a gay Lothario, walks the cafés, sups at Sally's, or Kate Hamilton's, waltzes at the Pic—you know it does not open until one a.m., and,"—

"Nonsense, Tom," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "if you have looked into the man's face once, you would know him to be no such character."

"Quite as likely at least to be that as any that you have selected for him. But make him Neapolitan refugee, French conspirator, housebreaker, resurrectionist, or what you will, only be silent, for I've got to grind up Smith's confounded chapter on 'Constructed Trusts' for class to-night, and I don't care a rap whether he's Nana Sahib or Louis Kossuth."

Cammick's badinage only stimulated my longing desire to unravel the mystery that surrounded the person of our fellow-lodger, and I resolved that on the very first opportunity I would follow and watch the proceedings of the doctor, be the result what it might. One evening, therefore, when a friend dropped in and persuaded Cammick to accompany him to the opera at Covent Garden, and afterwards to sup at Evans's; on the plea of a headache, I escaped making one of the party, and knowing what going to Evans's meant, and that

Tom would not see Theluson-street again till pretty well up in the small hours, I determined this very evening to put my plans into execution.

Taking a bottle of port from the cupboard, and placing it with a glass on the table, I wheeled the sofa towards the fire, lighted a cigar, threw myself amidst the cushions, and was soon fast asleep. My slumber must have lasted for hours, for I was roused by the clock on the staircase striking twelve. Springing to my feet, I threw off my dressing gown, and putting on my coat, cloak, and hat, I fished a short but strong oak stick from an obscure corner, and was prepared. I had only just time to toss off a couple of glasses of port, when, as usual, I heard the doctor's door open, his light springy footsteps cross the hall, and then the click of the patent lock, as the front door closed behind him. Turning down the gas, I sprang down the staircase, and gained the street in time to see Norton turn round the corner towards the river, as when last I watched him.

It was a clear frosty night, and, as I gained the bridge, keeping cautiously some twenty yards in the rear of him I followed, the unclouded moonlight streamed down on the stately Palace of Westminster, and flashed down from the gilded galleries of the great clock tower.

"Confound this, if the doctor looks back he can't help seeing me, and may guess my purpose," I muttered to myself, for not another being was in sight, and there was light enough to read by. But the doctor did not look back, but seemed almost to glide over the broad pavement from which he never raised his eyes.

The river crossed, he increased his pace, and darting into some low, intricate, third-class streets that lie huddled within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament, where I had some difficulty in keeping him in view, he at last came to a halt before the door of a house that stood in one even more wretched than the rest, and knocked twice. As he did so, he looked sharply both up and down the street, but I slipped within the shadow of a doorway on the opposite side, and so escaped observation. From this retreat, I saw the door slowly open, and the weird witch-like form of a very old woman appear in the aperture. Then, I noticed that neither did Norton address her, nor did she speak to him, but making way for him to pass, again closed the door.

As yet, all had gone well, but how was I to penetrate the mystery? Not certainly without danger; without discovery—impossible. I was resolved not to abandon it, however. In my present dress Norton would scarcely recognise me, even if we stood face to face. I would assume the character of a detective, which would account for my intrusion. So boldly crossing the street, I laid hold on the handle of the door through which the doctor had passed. It was unfastened, so I walked in and found myself in a sort of kitchen; in the broad fireplace sat the old woman who had unbarred the door for the doctor; she was smoking a short black pipe, and on the table beside her stood a guttering candle. She saw my entry, and was about to scream, but, crossing the room at a bound, I had my hand on her mouth, while I whispered in her ear, "Police, but no harm meant to you. Here's half-a-sovereign; pretend to sleep, when you wake you will find another. Where is the man you just let in?" The piece of gold had its usual effect; the old hag pointed to a trap-door at the other end of the room.

Once more warning her to be silent, I advanced towards it, and discovered that a long step ladder conducted to a cellar beneath, against the wall of which was thrown the reflection of a light, as though it came from an apartment beyond. Wrapping my cloak tighter around me, and drawing my hat over my eyes, I cautiously descended; and, when I gained the cellar, I discovered that my surmise was correct, for the rays of light came through a glass door

on the right, through which I could witness all that was passing within, without much risk of a discovery.

The room was of moderate size and whitewashed. Its furniture consisted of a table, a couch, a few chairs, and a large mirror. I could not see all the room nor could I see Norton, but I saw his reflection in the mirror, and that was enough. His hat, overcoat, and wrapper, were thrown aside, his hands were tightly clasped behind his back, and he appeared to be earnestly gazing at a large glass case which stood in a niche before him.

Whilst I was wondering what this case might contain, Norton stepped on one side, and I saw reflected in the mirror, the form of a lovely girl attired in the costume of a ballet dancer, with her hands crossed on her bosom. Although to all appearance in the full bloom of youth and beauty, there could be no doubt but that this creation of loveliness was a corpse, and I felt an icy chill of horror run through my veins, when I beheld the doctor draw a key from his pocket, unlock and throw back the lid of the glass sarcophagus, and again and again passionately press his lips to those of the dead girl. Indeed my horror became so great, that I involuntarily uttered an ejaculation loud enough to catch his ear.

Hastily closing the lid, he advanced towards the door. I had neither the strength nor the resolution to move; my courage and bravado had all left me, and when I felt his hand on my shoulder, and saw the lamp which he held in his hand flash full on my face, I could have sunk into the ground for very shame. Norton's whole countenance was working with strong emotion, and his voice was broken and harsh as he said, "I recognise the features of Mr. James Arnold, my fellow-lodger, and a gentleman whom I have heard highly spoken of by a mutual friend, Mr. John Taylor, who walked the hospitals with me, and who passed at the same time. I have heard of your love of the romantic and the unravelling of mysteries; I presume you thought you should discover one by tracking me hither to-night?"

"I confess, sir, that I did," I replied, regaining in some degree my composure, "but now that the first excitement is over, my heart tells me that I have acted improperly in trying to pierce a secret such as yours, and that I owe you an apology."

"Perhaps so; but, pray, don't make one; you acted from impulse. Had I been you, I might have done the same. I certainly wished to keep mine a secret from all men; but as you have witnessed so much, you shall know all. It will relieve my heart, and I know that you are a man of honour, who will keep my secret until my death. After that event, which can't be long, you may tell the tale to whom you will."

He took my hand as he spoke, and led me into the inner room, right up to the glass coffin. "Is she not beautiful?" he said, pointing to the corpse. "Look at her, Mr. Arnold, and I will then tell you my narrative."

And I did look; yee, looked until I was fascinated, even by the beauty of death. But it was not like death; no one would have thought that aught graver than a light and refreshing slumber closed the eyes of the lovely girl, who lay so cold and still. It was, indeed, an instance of wonderful embalming. The complexion was that of a fair brunette, and as clear as it could have been in life; the features were of the most chiselled beauty; the lips small and well-shaped, while the heavy glossy masses of her rich brown hair flowed over and below her white shoulders and the full and beautifully-formed bosom, which was partly uncovered by the rich ballet dress, in which her exquisitely proportioned form was clad, her round white arms displayed the firmness and elasticity of life itself, and her small hands and tapering fingers were crossed on her breast. Yee, while I gazed at her, I forgot that I was looking at a

corpses; I forgot the presence of Norton, and murmured to myself, "how lovely! beautiful as an angel!" and other unconscious expressions of admiration.

Suddenly the voice of the doctor recalled me to myself. I left the coffin, and placed a chair by his side. "Mr. Norton, I can half guess your story," I said; "nevertheless, if its narration will not call up too many painful memories, I should like to hear it from your lips; mine, you may rest assured, will keep it an inviolable secret."

"Sit down, then, and you shall hear it," was the reply. As I obeyed the request, the doctor began his tale.

"It is now some ten years ago since I came to London to walk the hospitals, and prepare for my medical examinations, as gay and thoughtless a youth as ever the sun shone on. My father, a country practitioner, of Stafford, in whose surgery I had passed the first three years of my studies, allowed me £100 a-year to cover all expenses, with an assurance that he could afford no more. Never shall I forget the poor old governor's last words, as we walked up and down the Stafford station waiting for the train. 'Always remember to go to church on a Sunday, it will go far to keep you in the right path during the week; and shun as you would destruction, those dens of infamy, the casinos and music halls. People who frequent them are all trotting down stairs as fast as they can go, and they will meet no friendly hand in their course, to turn them round and point upwards.'

"I promised obedience to these instructions, and, upon my arrival in London, I kept my word. Employing my every energy to the study of the profession to which I was passionately attached, I frequented no place of amusement but the theatre; and, it was while performing as columbine, in the pantomime, at the St. James's, that I first beheld one, whom to look upon was to love; my own Amalie. Ah! Mr. Arnold, had you seen her then, a light, airy, spiritual creation of beauty, you would not have wondered at my sudden passion. When, a few days later, I obtained an introduction to her from the manager, whom I had long been acquainted with, I discovered that these charms of form and face were allied with a perfect education, and a fascination of manner and deportment calculated to grace the very highest society. I need scarcely tell you, that after a short acquaintance we became engaged. I learnt that her real name was Jessie Wilton, and that her father and mother were both dead. The former was a captain in the army; her mother's father had been the same; but, though an only child, her parents had been able to lay aside but very little of their income, and upon the death of her mother, three years before I knew her, when only fifteen years of age, she had been driven to seek her own living, and, under the name of Amalie de Bourg, had found it on the stage.

"Never shall I forget the happiness of the first few months of our betrothal. Jessie, for I always called her by her real name, lived in quiet but humble lodgings, in Pimlico, from which my chambers were scarcely half a mile distant; and all through the lovely summer-time, we used to wander before breakfast in the parks, and in the evening I used to go down and take her to the theatre, then go home for a few hours to study, and ever be at the stage door when the ballet was over, to guard her to her abode. Yes, those were happy times; but yet I longed for the day to come when, with my examinations all passed, I might, as a duly qualified physician, offer Jessie a home as well as a heart, and obtain my father's sanction to our union. I had never yet broken the matter to him, for I knew that, like most country gentlemen, he had not an exalted opinion of the stage, and would consider my engagement as a delusion, a folly, and a step to be censured and condemned. It's no good telling him, now, I thought; I will stay until some opportunity occurs for him to see Jessie, then he cannot disapprove of my choice.

"Alas! Mr. Arnold, that opportunity never came. One evening, when I called to walk with her to the theatre, I learnt that she had already started, as she intended calling to see a sick ballet girl, a favourite of hers, on the way. That night I was at the stage door, anxiously awaiting the fall of the curtain. My Jessie did not come out first, as was her wont. I asked a danseuse whether Miss de Bourg was at the Theatre. She replied in the negative. Wildly I walked to her lodgings, dreading I knew not what, and here my terror was increased by learning that she had not returned. To shorten my tale, three days passed without bringing me any clue to aid me in the discovery of the lost one. My health and spirits gave way before so terrible an affliction, for I had used every endeavour to discover her without avail.

"But a more fearful ordeal was yet before me. On the fourth morning after the disappearance of Jessie, I walked into the dissecting room of the hospital, and Jack Lowe, a fellow chum of mine, who was smoking a short black pipe with his back to the fire exclaimed, 'Hallo! Norton, my boy, we are in luck's way. The most beautiful subject for dissection that I ever set eyes on. Poor girl, she was picked up in Duke-street last Friday night, and brought to the hospital at once, but, even our cleverest men could not save her, and she died last night. As no friends claimed her, of course, old Procter pounced upon the body for the dissecting room; and there it lies still warm. I think I never beheld aught that was human so beautiful before.'

"As he spoke, he pointed to the body, which, covered with a white cloth, lay on the green baize table. Smiling, in spite of all my inner torture, at Lowe's words, who ever dealt in superlatives, I advanced mechanically towards the table, and raised the covering. Oh heavens! my brain seemed suddenly on fire, for my eyes rested on the face of Jessie Wilton, calm as if in sleep! Never shall I forget that terrible agony. For a moment I gazed intently at the beloved features. The next, without a word or groan, I fell senseless on the floor.

"I have little more to add. When consciousness returned, I claimed the body as a friend, and obtained leave to remove it. I learnt that Jessie had been brought to the hospital in a swoon, and that when she awoke from it, she was delirious, and never recovered her senses, until a few minutes before she died. She was then too feeble to speak, but drew her last breath with a smile on her lips.

"Reason with myself as I would, I could not make up my mind to part with the body. Jessie looked so calm and beautiful in death, that the mere thought of the black coffin, and the hideous grave, were unbearable. Two years before I had learnt the wondrous art of Russian embalming, from a native of that country. I succeeded in obtaining the very columbine dress, in which she had first won my heart. You see she is clad in it now. A few leaves and simple spices preserve the body from the slightest vestige of decay. They have done so for three years. Their power would remain for ever, but it is not needed. While I live, I have my own Jessie by me, and every night I come to gaze upon her sweet face, but that will not be for long. My health is failing, in a few more weeks I shall come here to die; yes, to die with my arms clasping that sarcophagus; and I have requested in my will that we may be buried together.

"Mr. Arnold, you know my story. I am now going back to Theluson-street; perhaps you will accompany me." And, casting one more glance of affection at the corpse, he led the way from the room.

Arrived in the upper apartment, we found the old woman still pretending to sleep by the fire, and I managed to slip the promised piece of gold under the

candlestick, unperceived by my companion, while he was securing and locking the trap door. In another half-hour we were at home. Cammick had not yet returned; but, dispirited and sick at heart, I retired to my room, not to rest, but to ponder over all I had seen and heard of a fellow-being's despair.

And a few months later, poor Edward Norton did die beside the corpse of her he loved; and I, whom he had made his executor, saw that the wishes of his will were carried out. He and his beloved were conveyed to Stafford, and buried side by side beneath the great elm tree that shadowed the graves of both his parents.

And so ended the earthly career of our fellow-lodger. My promise of secrecy expired with his decease, and with a few changes of name and locale, you have his tragic history.

The Valley of the Ribble from "Red Scar."

PASSING the remains of the "Higher Hall," at Brockholes, a fine old Elizabethan building, now converted into a farm-house, the pedestrian, after mounting a steep and rugged path, which occasionally does double duty as a by-road and watercourse, stands upon the plateau overlooking the "Red Scar."

No single picture can do justice to this beautiful and unique scrap of English scenery. The whole is not presentable on canvas from any one given point of view. It contains, rather, within itself, a complete portfolio of sketches. It is a place to *ramble about in*, and not simply to *stand staring at*!

BEAUTIFUL NATURE!

Whence'er I gaze on thy untrained grace
My heart o'erflows once more with boyhood's gladness;
The guileless smile that lights thy varied face,
Re-germinateth Hope, and calms my bosom's sadness.

Truly an Eden spot! fashioned by bounteous Nature to dispel the fierce burning passion and choking heart-ache engendered by rude collision with the outward world.

The valley of the Ribble is generally about a mile in breadth, and the soil entirely river *debris*, or alluvial deposit. The table land rises between one and two hundred feet above this fertile plain. The river, playfully meandering amongst level green meadows and pasture lands studded with cattle, with a divided love, alternately courts the cooling shadows beneath the rugged "scars" and verdant woods which limit its domain on either hand. At the "Red Scar," a semicircular indentation has been scooped out of the northern bank, by some natural causation. This is so singularly perfect in its form, as to suggest, contrary to the fact, the possibility of Nature having been assisted by Art, in its formation. The river sweeps, from nearly the southern bank, entirely round the foot of this concave precipice, partially forming, in its erratic course, the figure of an ellipse. This is no ordinary or miniature feat of natural geometry, the longest diameter of the "horse shoe," as it is locally termed, being nearly a mile. The high and steep outer bank of the river is superbly robed with rich and varied forest foliage. On the western arm of the curve, the bank is so steep, that huge trees are continually being detached from the soil by the action of frost and rain, and projected by their own weight into the stream below. Others, bending over the precipice, like wounded warriors,

unable to conquer but unwilling to yield, cling tenaciously to the crumbling earth. The stream below is full of shallows and rapids. The subject is not quite wild and savage enough for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. It is more suggestive of trout and salmon fishing than of brigands and desperadoes. Our own Creswick would better enter into its sentiment. It would make a glorious picture under his masterly treatment. Owing to the thinness of the plantation at this spot, the best single view of the entire scene is obtained. The water in the opposite reach is still and smooth as a pond. Its transparent bosom reflects darkly the green, brown, and russet of the overhanging woods, with here and there a patch of clear blue sky, and the primrose tinted fringe of a passing sunny cloud. Were Diana a material existence, she would select this retired and sylvan nook as a favorite bath. The "yellow sands" of the inner beach are so smooth, the water so pellucid, and the spot so quiet and secluded, that at eventide, when the wind's gentle music gives a spirit voice to the forest choir, the poetic faculty may easily realise Shakspeare's beautiful vision of the "dainty Ariel," and the loveliest dell in Prospero's enchanted isle.

The river advances towards this seclusion, through the open plain, between irregularly broken rows of stately trees, and glitters like molten silver, as it almost imperceptible glides over the slight terraces of red sandstone rock, which form its bed. In the distance, Pendle Hill, famous in story, as the chief locale of the Lancashire witches of old, uplifts his broad shoulders to the sky above the heads of the lesser compeers, by whom he is surrounded. Amongst the latter, our old acquaintance, the half-rock, half-wooded height of Hoghton, with the remains of its stern grey embattled mediæval fortress mansion, like a lingering frown of the dead and mouldering Past upon the fair brow of the living Present, by contrast, heightens the beauty and interest of the scene. The spire of Mellor Church, crowns the summit of the neighbouring hill; whilst, in immediate contiguity, the ruined tower of a relatively modern windmill indicates, within a trifling distance, the site of a *specula*, or outlook, from which the Roman sentinels gazed upon several neighbouring stations, and warned their brethren in arms, when the brave though discomfited Celt, indignant beneath the yoke, spurned the conqueror's power, and futilely essayed "one blow more" for his rude, but cherished—and all the more cherished, because *lost*—liberty!

"Red Scar," the seat of Major Cross, a quaint Elizabethan mansion, with modern additions, is situated on the table land opposite the centre of the curve. It is no slight privilege to be permitted to ramble through the winding paths, shadowy vistas, and secluded dingles, musical with the voices of singing birds, and brooks, embosomed in the depths of these woods, from the lone quietude of which we occasionally catch a glimpse of the bright country beyond. Here are stately halls of nature's architecture, domed by the azure heaven, and paved in rich mosaic, lustrous with the bloom of the wild blue hyacinth, and flakes of golden sheen, flung at random by the bright attenuated fingers of stray sunbeams. Hanging leaves form verdant curtains with quivering fringe, so perfect yet picturesque in form, that sympathetic fancy denies that the rude east wind hath ever breathed upon them, or the eye of living being previously mirrored their beauty!

This little Eden is situated within about three miles of the manufacturing town of Preston, and yet few of its inhabitants ever visit the spot. Some animals, in dire extremity, are said to feed upon their own limbs. Doth the ravenous appetite for material wealth absorb that portion of the soul which rejoices and expands in the presence of the beautiful?—*History of Preston and its Environs, by Charles Hardwick.*

Our Clothing and its Materials.

BY W. AITKEN, P. PROV. G.M.

It has been observed that a remarkably good lesson in geography could be given by any intelligent father to his children, over the various articles laid before them at a breakfast table. Such, for instance, as the tea coming from China, the coffee from Arabia, sugar from the East and West Indies, or now desolate Louisiana. The wheat of which the bread is composed may have waved on the beautiful prairies of the far west, the shores of the Black or the Caspian Seas, anywhere on the continent of Europe, or in the southern counties of gay and merry England. Your butter may come from Holland, or from Ireland, and so on with all the component parts of crockeryware, spoons, and glass. But this article shall be devoted to *our cotton clothing*, the materials of which it is made, the busy hands and heads engaged in the making thereof, with other matters, which it is hoped will be alike pleasing and instructive.

As the writer lives in the heart of the manufacturing districts, he will commence with cotton, a trade that has risen to such gigantic proportions in the short space of a century, as to make the world deck it with imperial purple, and style it "*King Cotton*." Never in the world's history did so extensive a manufacture arise in so short a period; never was more money made in so short a time. Colossal fortunes have been realised, the ingenuity of man has been taxed through all the various ramifications of the cotton trade, in a manner that has never taken place before, till all the gigantic, as well as the delicate movements of the machinery on which cotton goods are made, are a marvel of man's cunning, and high reasoning intellectual powers.

Stricken down as that vast industry is just now, its looms and spindles motionless, its capital dwindling daily away, its sons and daughters flying from our shores to the antipodes or anywhere they can get to, as if fleeing from the city of a plague; living, as the people are, on the most unbounded charity the world has ever seen, aided scantily by poor-law boards, it may be said with sorrow, but with truth, that the cotton trade "has risen like a rocket, and fallen like its stick." There is hope in the minds of the thoughtful, and great reasons for that hope too, that when this desolating civil war in America is over, *our clothing trade*, so far as cotton is concerned, will again revive, Phoenix-like, out of its own ashes. The hope exists in the known fact, that nowhere in the world can cotton clothing be manufactured as cheaply and as well, as in Great Britain and Ireland. The vast amount of accumulated capital, the energy and skill of the manufacturers, the incomparable ingenuity and fertility of resources of our mechanics, our deep and extensive coal fields at the very doors of the mills, the known industry of the *cotton clothing* population, give hope to the far-seeing of the resuscitation of an industry, which has brought in its mighty train both blessings and curses. To moralise on the cotton trade, how it has affected mankind and womankind, is beyond the scope of this article; but certainly a great deal could be said on the subject.

To reason fairly on "*our clothing*," we must first take the raw material, and then proceed to the further investigation of its manufacture and all the circumstances attendant thereon. The facts and figures given here are taken from the most reliable sources, viz., from the returns of the Board of Trade and the Inspectors of Factories' reports, as ordered to be published by the House of Commons. As these documents do not come under the notice of one in every thousand of the readers of this magazine, the tales which the figures tell may be an incentive to many to study more attentively the wondrous facts connected with the great industry of our country.

In the year 1860, it is proved that the amount of cotton taken by the trade was 2,633,245 bales. This, at 410 pounds per bale, would give the astounding weight of one billion no hundred and seventy-nine millions, six hundred and thirty thousand, four hundred and fifty pounds. The mind almost becomes overwhelmed by these figures, which can only be equalled by those great calculations made by astronomers, when diving into the immensity of space. When we consider that this wonderful plant will only grow in two zones—the torrid, and not very far in the temperate—and reflect upon the millions of busy hands, bond and free, black and white, engaged in its planting, its gathering, and its transit over land, river, and ocean, we may form some faint idea of the extensive character of this branch of "*our clothing*" operations. When we consider that all these millions of pounds of cotton, gathered from the portion of the globe named above, are but simple vegetable pods, and comparatively as light as feathers, the truthfulness of the beautiful lines of Eliza Cook, on the power of unity, forcibly strikes the mind:—

"The river rolls, with its fleet of ships,
On its full and swelling tide;
But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
From a chinklet's dark and mossy lips,
That a pebble and dock-leaf hide."

In the contemplation of this subject of cotton, the mind wanders to both Indies, to Egypt, on the "*shores of the green old Nile*," to the Brazils in South America, to that mighty region of the sunny Southern States of North America, washed by 36,000 miles of river water, 12,000 miles more than the circumference of the globe.

It has been stated before, that the largest amount of cotton ever imported, or taken by the trade, was in the year 1860, and that was one billion no hundred and seventy-nine millions, six hundred and thirty thousand, four hundred and fifty pounds. The curious in figures will find that this amounts to within a very small fraction of 481,978 tons.

The shipping interest of this country is another of those great industries, the importance of which can only be comprehended by reading and studying the dry figures of the returns of the Board of Trade. To convey the cotton used by the manufacturers of this country, according to the calculations here given, would require, within a small fraction, 482 vessels of 1,000 tons burthen; and, if it takes twenty men to man and navigate such a vessel over the ocean, this gives employment to 9,660 of our hardy seamen. Thus does commerce, in its wonderful operations, bring the treasures of the world and pour them in our lap, for the sustenance, the benefit, and employment of mankind.

We have now brought the raw material of our clothing to our own shores, whence it has to be distributed over the whole of the manufacturing districts, in driplets, as "*brooks make rivers, and rivers run to seas*." The speculations, or pectulations in this article alone, in the port of Liverpool, has made the fortunes of some, and ruined others. Let us now look at the machinery by which all these bales and pounds of cotton are manufactured into *clothing*. In the

year 1862, when the last great statistical account was taken, there were in the United Kingdom, 1,142 spinning mills, and the number of spindles employed in preparing this cotton for the weaver was 30,387,467. The number of weaving mills in the kingdom was 779, and the number of power looms, 399,992. There are also in the United Kingdom mills that combine both spinning and weaving, and altogether there are 2,887 mills for preparing and making our cotton clothing. The number of people employed in this great branch of our national industry was, in 1862, children : males, 22,081 ; females, 17,703 ; while of adolescents and adults there were, males, 182,556 ; females, 269,103 ; giving a total of males and females employed of 451,569. It must not be considered that the above figures represent all that are employed to make our cotton clothing ; they only represent those engaged upon the textile fabrics themselves. There are the thousands of mechanics, engineers, and others, necessary to carry out the whole cotton industry, and whose skilled labour is as finely arranged as the ingenious machinery which converts the raw material into covering for denizens of every portion of the habitable globe.

Let us now glance at the mighty power that sets all these spindles, looms, jennies, and human beings to work. The fabled Cyclops, the Herculees, and giants of old, are but babes and sucklings compared to the immense powers that modern science and invention have brought to bear in the production of things for our comfort and benefit. The indicated horse-power of steam-engines working in 1862, amounted to 281,683 ; while the less complicated, more ancient, and more cheaply worked water-wheel, amounted to 12,467 horse-power. We have all of us been to fairs and seen a large collection of fine horses ; some of us have seen military reviews, where a thousand horses and men have made a charge, and have heard the sound of the horses' hoofs reverberate like approaching thunder ; but these and more are but minnows compared to the great Tritons who have been so usefully employed in aiding the manufacture of the cotton clothing of the world. If the reader will take the trouble to reckon the total horse-power of both steam and water, as given above, he will find a grand total of 294,130.

Suppose this gigantic power were veritable horses, and that each horse was two yards in length, and could be placed one behind another, then we should have a string of horses reaching 334 miles, 420 yards. This is equal to the breadth of England itself ; indeed it is about 14 miles more. All the strings of horses we have ever seen or dreamed of sink into insignificance compared to the horse-power required to manufacture our cotton clothing. In the preceding portion of this article it is stated, that there are in the United Kingdom 399,992 power looms, or, in round numbers, 400,000. To the initiated and practical in the matter of steam looms, it is known that a plain calico cut, of twenty-five yards, can be woven in a day from one loom. If the weaving population in the manufacturing districts of the United Kingdom work six days per week, and 360 days in a year, they would produce of the description of cloth here named, 864,000,000 yards ; or, 490,909 miles, 160 yards. This is the production of our own country ; but nearly all the continental states, as well as the people of the golden east and fertile west, manufacture immense quantities of cotton, concerning which neither I nor any other person possesses any reliable figures. We often hear of glutted markets, and over-production of the manufactured articles in cotton, but after these figures are given, and some that have to follow, the overstocking of our markets, it will be seen, does not arise from too many goods being produced, but from the want of the power of the people to purchase the necessary clothing to make them appear decent, and keep them comfortable. In proof of this, it may be stated, that there

are on the surface of the globe we inhabit, according to the calculations of modern geographers, about 1,000,000,000 of human beings. Although the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is most unquestionably the greatest manufacturing country in the world, all that we produce is not a yard of calico each, annually, for the inhabitants of the whole world! If any arguments were wanted by philanthropists and statisticians, to prove the great necessity of improving the social condition of the millions of the humbler classes throughout the world, it is furnished by the known fact, that we as a people do not produce on an average a yard of calico for each of the inhabitants of the earth.

We have now examined the cotton plant, the production, machinery the people employed, and several other things in connection with the producing of cotton clothing, let us now look at the money value of the cotton itself. No doubt it will be information for hundreds of thousands, to show the comparative value of cotton goods before the civil war broke out in America, and the value of the same now. We will take the original amount of cotton, as taken by the trade in 1860, viz., one billion, no hundred and seventy-nine million, six hundred and thirty thousand, four hundred and fifty pounds. The average price of that cotton when the rivers and ports of the world were all open, was about 8d. per pound; the average price is now 2s. per pound. The money value of the cotton in one year, at 8d. per pound, would be £35,987,681 13s. 4d. If the trade could get the cotton now (which it cannot) the value of the cotton would be £107,963,045 sterling, or a difference in the money value alone, of £71,975,360 6s. 8d. In like proportion has the manufactured article been acted upon; so that every person who has purchased a yard of cotton cloth, has had the price raised threefold, and has thus been a loser to that extent, by the war in America. After the great disparity here shown in the price of cotton now, and as it was before the American war, together with the fact, that we cannot get cotton to set our machinery all in motion, all those at a distance (aye, and even some of those nearer home), will see plainly, why the last annual meeting came to a conclusion to allow another memorial to go through the Unity, to raise money to aid in paying the contributions of the brethren still out of employment in the manufacturing districts.

We have hitherto examined the clothing without regard to bleaching and dyeing, but these latter branches of trade have also brought to bear a large amount of industry, power, and skill. In nothing scarcely has the science of chemistry been so successfully applied as in the various processes of bleaching and dyeing. There is not attainable the same reliable information on this branch of industry as the one we have just considered; but certain it is, that a very large number of the population, a vast amount of capital, and much of the genius and science of the age in which we live, are brought to bear in making our calicos whiter, and in discovering more beautiful colours to adorn the persons, and please the eyes of the fair maidens and gentle dames of every clime. No person can look into a draper's shop without being struck with the fertility of resources, the ingenuity of the draftsmen, the perfection of colouring there displayed, in the thousand and one patterns that meet the eye, suitable to the most refined tastes, as well as to those not so refined.

But if we cannot get the same exhaustive and precise figures on this head as we have upon the other, imagination can do much, even for dull comprehensions, to shew how grand and important is the subject of our cotton clothing.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, etc.

A FEMALE SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.—At the Thames Police Court, recently, Mrs. Catherine Jones, of No. 5, Three Mill Lane, Bromley, applied to Mr. Paget for a warrant against Mrs. Mary Ann Condon, the secretary of the Star of the East Total Abstinence Sisters of Progress, Tent No. 2, held at Union Cottage, Union Street, Whitechapel, for refusing to pay her 30s., and 2s. costs, or to reinstate her as a member. The applicant was a member of the society, consisting entirely of women, and she was excluded on very insufficient grounds. Mr. Paget ordered the secretary to reinstate her, or pay 30s., and 2s. costs; in default, Mrs. Condon was to be imprisoned seven days in the house of correction. Mrs. Jones, at a second hearing, stated that the secretary would not pay the money, or reinstate her as a sister, but was very insolent and obstinate, and said she would not obey the magistrate's order, but would go to prison for seven days. There had been a good deal of litigation in the society, and other members had been excluded at the caprice of the secretary. Mr. Paget said the law would be too strong for Mrs. Condon. He directed a minute of the order to be served on the secretary, and if it was not obeyed, a warrant would be issued.

FORGING A CERTIFICATE.—At the Suffolk summer assizes, before Mr. Baron Bramwell, Anthony Hurren was charged with forging a certain demand or request in writing for the payment of money, with intent to defraud the Loyal Ocean Pride Lodge, M.U. W. Garrad, the secretary, deposed that he paid the prisoner, £1 4s. for sick allowance, on his production of a paper purporting to be signed by a member named Nunn. Nunn swore that he had never signed such paper; and that he was not ill at the time referred to, but following his usual employment. The defending counsel objected to the "notice" being received as sufficient authority for payment. The prosecuting counsel contended that it was; and that through its being presented, the money was paid. His lordship said he thought the prisoner must be acquitted upon this indictment, and be charged with obtaining money by false pretences. He directed the jury to acquit the prisoner, which was done, but he was ordered to be detained in custody.

CAUTION TO SUBSCRIBERS TO AGENCY FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—At the Hull Police-court, June 16, a man named John Graham applied to the sitting magistrate, Mr. H. Blundell, for advice under the following circumstances: He had been for 18 months agent to the Royal National Friendly Society, which professed to provide against sickness and death, and had forwarded to the office, 6, Parker-street, Liverpool, the subscriptions which he had received until the end of March last, when he ceased to do so, having received no acknowledgment since the 2nd of January. He doubted the existence of the society, and desired to know who was responsible for the money. The magistrate perused the receipts, and said it appeared from them that the applicant had got more than 25 per cent. on all he had collected, so that out of every 1s. subscribed by the poor he would get 4d.—Applicant: The society was originally called the National Friendly Society, but five months

ago they changed it to the Royal.—Magistrate: yes; the Royal swindle. I think the best thing you could do would be, instead of taking the subscribers' money, to caution them.—The applicant said, on suspecting the society was not a *bona-fide* one, he had not taken any subscriptions.—The magistrate said he could not advise applicant further, and he accordingly withdrew.

PARISIAN RAG-GATHERERS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—The rag-pickers, as a class, live from hand to mouth; 'Tra-la-la' was an exception to the rule of *chiffonnier* life. But there is a stronger saving spirit even among these lively vagabonds than is to be found among corresponding classes in London. I remember a rag-picker's banquet that was held at the Pot Tricolor, near the Barriél de Fontainebleau, in 1856, to celebrate the annual meeting of the Rag-pickers' Mutual Benefit Society. The proceedings were conducted with the greatest decorum, and closed with a collection for the "poor!" The speeches were animated and friendly; and the toasts included that of "The Press," which, according to the president of the day, enlightened the world, and, by its large consumption of paper, helped rag-pickers to live! The society had been established some years, and provided its members with money during sickness.—*Blanchard Jerrold's Children of Lutetia.*

FRAUD ON A REGISTERED LODGE.—On Monday, August 15, at the Leeds Assizes, before Mr. Justice Keating, Joseph Brewerton was charged with forging receipts for sick pay, with intent to defraud the Loyal Milton Lodge, Bradford District, I.O.O.F.M.U. Friendly Society. The prisoner being a sick steward had obtained sums of money amounting altogether to nearly £20, by representing various members to be sick, and then signing forms which purported to acknowledge the receipts of the sick pay due for such sicknesses, and which were subsequently ascertained to be false. The prisoner pleaded guilty. Witnesses were called who gave the prisoner a good character up to the time he committed the fraud, and recommended him to the mercy of the court. His lordship said it was a very sad thing that these voluntary associations having the best of objects in view, the relief of members during sickness or death, took so little care to guard against fraud, such as had been committed by the prisoner, and that arose particularly from the necessities of the case, they could not afford to pay people highly to discharge the duties, and had to place confidence in persons who would discharge them gratuitously. A breach of that confidence, therefore, was always the more to be lamented. The prisoner had received a good character up to this time, and, therefore, a sentence of penal servitude would not be passed upon him. He would be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for fifteen months.—To show the importance of registration, as a protection to the funds of friendly societies, it may be observed, that when the officers applied for a warrant, the first question asked of them was, "are the rules of the lodge registered?" Had such not been the case, the magistrates' clerk stated that he could not have interfered. The officers deserve great praise for the promptness they displayed in the matter, as the prisoner had made every preparation for proceeding to America, and was only apprehended about an hour before he intended leaving Bradford for Liverpool.

COMPULSORY BENEFIT FUND IN FRANCE.—A regulation has been adopted by several builders and contractors for works which has created great sensation among the Paris mechanics. It states that the masters intend henceforth to stop one per cent. out of the wages of all workmen and clerks, for the purpose of forming a benefit fund for the workmen, to be managed by the employer. Two delegates, chosen by the men, are, however, to be permitted to examine into the management of the master, and to see in what manner the money is employed. Any operative or clerk dismissed from his employment, or who shall quit it voluntarily, is to forfeit his deposit, and it is to re-

main in the fund. A clause was originally inserted in the regulation by which the workmen renounced their right to apply to the tribunals for compensation for injuries received by accident during their employment. This article was contrary to the enactments of the civil code, and it was struck out. The regulation has been posted in several manufactories, and has created great dissatisfaction. The majority of the Paris operatives, it is said, are members of mutual benefit societies, and they cannot afford to make additional sacrifices for the benefit of a fund of which they should lose all the advantages whenever they quitted their employment either voluntarily or otherwise.

CORN AVERAGES FOR 200 YEARS.—A retrospect of the average price of corn in this country for the last 200 years is interesting. In that period the price has varied in an extraordinary manner, from 22s. 4d. to 122s. 8d. per quarter. The former was the average in 1687, and in 1743 and 1744 the average was only 22s. 1d., while in 1812 (during the war) it was 122s. 3d. per quarter. The first five years of the present century the average was successively—67s. 11d., 56s. 2d., 44s. 7d., 53s. 5d., and 64s. per qr. In 1839 the price was 70s. 6d., and 1854, 1855, and 1856 were years of high averages, being respectively 72s. 7d., 74s. 9d., and 69s. 2d. per qr. The lowest average in the present century was just before the highest—viz., in 1851, when it was 38s. 7d. per qr. The averages for the last five years have been as follows:—1859, 43s. 9d.; 1860, 53s. 1d.; 1861, 55s. 6d.; 1862, 56s. 5d.; and 1863, 44s. 9d. In 1822 it was 44s. 7d., and in 1849, 44s. 6d. per quarter.

STATISTICS OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY.—An Analysis of the "List of Lodges for 1864" (by a member of the Albion Lodge, 4867, Wigton District) showing the number of Districts, Lodges, and Members, and also the number of Lodges with their Members, in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies.

Country.	Number of			No. of Lodges consisting of the undermentioned No. of Members.															
	Districts.	Lo ^s ges.	Members.	No. Return	Under 10.	10 to 20.	20 to 30.	30 to 40.	40 to 50.	50 to 100.	100 to 200.	200 to 300.	300 to 400.	400 to 500.	500 to 600.	600 to 700.	700 to 800.		
England ..	361	2985	312,210	2	19	126	155	183	234	1017	927	242	59	12	7	1	1		
Wales	41	279	23,920	"	5	12	20	33	26	90	84	6	1	2	"	"	"		
Scotland ..	12	30	4,189	"	1	2	1	4	1	6	7	6	"	1	1	"	"		
Ireland ..	4	20	1,045	1	"	2	1	3	6	5	2	"	"	"	"	"	"		
Colonies &c	34	241	17,192	26	2	18	25	27	21	64	46	11	1	"	"	"	"		
Total 1864.	452	3555	358,556	29	27	160	207	250	288	1182	1066	265	61	15	8	1	1		
" 1862.	448	3433	335,175	22	26	167	197	263	254	1186	1017	222	59	14	4	1	1		

SUMMARY OF THE NUMBER OF DISTRICTS, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE NUMBER OF LODGES.

Number of Lodges in a District.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 70	70 to 80	Total.
No. of Districts, 1864.	48	43	51	52	47	35	28	19	17	74	23	8	2	4	1	452
" " 1862.	52	52	40	47	45	29	28	21	15	75	23	6	2	3	1	448

SUMMARY OF THE DISTRICTS, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE NUMBER OF MEMBERS.

No. of Districts.	No. of Members in a District.	No. Returns.																						Total.
		No. Returns.	Under 20	20 to 50	50 to 100	100 to 200	200 to 300	300 to 400	400 to 500	500 to 600	600 to 700	700 to 800	800 to 900	900 to 1,000	1,000 to 2,000	2,000 to 3,000	3,000 to 4,000	4,000 to 5,000	5,000 to 6,000	6,000 to 7,000	7,000 to 8,000	8,000 to 9,000	9,000 to 10,000	
1864.	2	5	4	24	49	58	44	32	30	32	22	24	17	75	21	7	3	1	1	0	0	1	452	
1862.	3	3	7	24	54	64	44	30	32	21	32	22	11	68	23	5	2	1	1	0	1	0	448	

Highest Number of Members in a District, 9,789. "North London."

Lowest " " 13. "Philadelphia."

Highest No. of Members in a Lodge, 765, No. 202, "Mechanics," Leeds Dis.

Lowest " " 4, "5,096, "Prince of Wales," Southampton District.

Lodges with upwards of 500 Members:—

No. 202...	"Mechanics"	Leeds District	765 Members.
" 1,282...	"Independent Victoria"	Hastings	687
" 1,871...	"Lawrence Sherriffs"	Rugby	561
" 2,612...	"St. Marnock"	Kilmarnock	556
" 1,489...	"Solway"	Whitehaven	548
" 118...	"Brunswick"	Brighton	545
" 2,776...	"Pride of Devon"	Plymouth	523
" 713...	"Bridgewater"	Ellesmere	509
" 1,183...	"Furness Abbey"	Ulverstone	504
" 242...	"Philanthropic"	Hull	500

COINAGE OF 1863.—There were coined at the Mint in the year 1863, 5,921,669 sovereigns, 1,371,574 half-sovereigns, 938,520 florins, 859,320 shillings, 491,040 sixpences, 4,158 fourpences, 954,888 threepences, 4,752 silver twopences, 7,920 silver pence, and of copper coins, 28,062,720 pence, 15,948,800 halfpence, and 1,433,600 farthings. There have been coined in the last ten years, 47,629,614 sovereigns, and 12,058,970 half-sovereigns; also 13,069,370 florins, 20,188,393 shillings, 16,787,520 sixpences, 1,837,694 groats, 41,580 fourpenny pieces, 18,495,796 threepences, 47,520 twopences, 79,200 pence, 479,870 threehalfpenny pieces, together in value, £3,002,287, and the cost of the silver metal was £2,957,900; also, 136,725,120 copper pence, 164,602,685 halfpence, 43,041,162 farthings, and 1,591,296 half-farthings, the value of the copper coin being £958,065, and the purchase value of the metal £466,543.

THE COMMAND OF WORDS.—A statistician has had the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7,000 different words, and those of Molière 8,000. Shakspere, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000; "Paradise Lost" only contains 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642.

Oddfellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ABARDARE.—At the district committee held on the 20th June, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "The members of this committee in respectfully but cordially hailing Dr. Price as Deputy Grand Master of the Order, beg to congratulate him on the triumphant majority obtained by him on his election to that distinguished and important office at the recently held A.M.C. In doing so, they feel that his appointment confers a dignity on the Abardare district which they could not have enjoyed, but for his assiduity, self-sacrifice, and the possession of those qualifications, which, in his career as a member of the order, as well as in other capacities, he has so frequently and so manifestly brought into action, to the advantage of those with whom he has been associated. That he may be blessed with a continuance of health and vigour, to sustain him in the discharge of his onerous additional duties, is their fervent prayer, as well as that of every member of the district, whose sentiments, they are confident, are avowed in this resolution." The Abardare district now numbers 38 lodges and 2,318 members.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—The anniversary of the Loyal True Anchor and Olive Branch Lodge was held on Wednesday evening, at the Town Hall Inn, when about 90 sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by Col. Mellor. P.G.M. Charles Hardwick responded to "Manchester Unity," in a lengthy address, in which he reviewed the great principles of Oddfellowship, and the marvellous progress which had been made by the Manchester Unity during the past few years. The Grand Master of the Order, Mr. F. Richmond, responded to the toast of the "G.M. and Board of Directors," and explained the constitution of the Order, and its practical adaptation to the requirements of the members. He likewise referred to Mr. Gladstone's "Annuities Bill," which he regarded as a step in the right direction, and as in no way interfering with free action of the Unity or other Friendly Societies. Mr. W. Aiken proposed the "Volunteers," to which Col. Mellor responded in a very appropriate and practical address. Mr. Councillor Hemmingway responded to the toast "Success to the True Anchor and Olive Branch Lodge," and sketched the history of the two branches, and their progress subsequent to amalgamation. When the two lodges joined together they numbered 49 members, and had a fund of about £300, and the average age of the members was 46 years. After the amalgamation, they sustained a loss of five members—three by exclusion, and two by death. Since then, however, they had admitted, within two years, 43 new members—(cheers)—and now he was proud to say that the average age of the members was only 36 years.—(Cheers.) And he might remark that as they had grown a great deal younger, they had also grown a great deal richer, as their funds now amounted to about £400. With regard to the amount of sickness the lodge had experienced, he might say that during the first year of amalgamation it averaged four days per member per annum, and two deaths. The last year's experience of sickness was 180 days, amongst 87 members, or a little over two days per member.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—The jubilee of the Platoff Lodge, No. 9, M.U. was held at the house of host James Kenworthy, the Eagle and Child, Old Street, on Aug. 29th. About 90 sat down to dinner, including several of the members' wives and daughters, as well as 14 widows, who were presented with free tickets. Mr. W. Aitken, P. Prov. G.M. and member of the Directory,

presided, and amongst those present were Mr. Charles Hardwick, editor of the *Oddfellows' Magazine*, Mr. Councillor Hemingway, etc. The chairman, in the course of an excellent opening address, said he would grant that in the early history of the society the older members knew little about the principles of finance, but with the improved information of the age in which they lived, they had always been ready and willing to take advantage of science. He thought this was the strongest proof he could possibly give them of the good faith and intelligence of the members of the lodge, that they intended to carry out the principles of the institution on a sound financial basis. There was only one individual remaining in the lodge, he believed, who was present at the opening, and that was their friend John Moss. It was fifty years since, last Saturday, that he was made a member, and he was still amongst them a good, and honorable, and distinguished, and kindly odd-fellow.—(Hear, hear.) P. Prov. G.M. Bower, in responding to the toast "The Platoff Lodge," gave a sketch of its career, and stated, that although now fifty years of age, it was in better circumstances than it was some years back; and that its members were determined to carry out the rules and principles of the order to the very letter. Mr. Hardwick responded to the toast of "The Unity" in a lengthy address, in which he traced the growth of the society from its germs, fifty years ago to the present time, and commented upon the various benefits which had accrued from its action, not only to working men, but to society at large. He attributed, to a large extent, the improved tone of the operative population in Lancashire, as shown during the cotton crisis, to the action of this and kindred societies, which sentiment was endorsed by the plaudits of the assembly. Mr. Hardwick likewise referred to the recent financial legislation of the order, as a proof that they possessed within themselves the necessary knowledge and integrity to adapt their laws to their requirements, as exhibited in the results of their past experience, the only true foundation on which the financial arrangements of any friendly society could rest. The chairman responded to the toast of "The G.M. and Directors," and fully entered into the constitution of the the unity and its principles of government.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND.—The twenty-third anniversary of the Loyal Lyne Side Lodge, Bolton-fellsend, was celebrated on Whit-Monday, by a procession to and from Kirklington church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. William Mills. After the sermon, the members returned to their lodge-room. After dinner, of which 150 partook, P. Prov. G.M. John Palmer was called to the chair. The vice-chair was taken by P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Stephenson. Bro. Thornburn replied to the toast, "The G.M. and Directors" in a long and interesting speech. William Routledge, permanent secretary, responded to the toast of the lodge, and read a balance sheet, from which it appears that the number of members on the 1st January, 1863, was 79; on the 31st December, 1863, they had increased to 94. During that time they had only one death among them. They had received interest for the same time £29 8s. 4d., and had paid to sick members £29 4s. They were in a very flourishing condition. After paying all those sick, etc., they had added to their stock not less than £74, and made a few young and healthy members since last year.

BRIGHTON.—On the 27th June, the members of the various lodges in the Brighton District held, at Arundel, their twenty-seventh annual fête. By the kindness of the Duchess of Norfolk, the Park was thrown open for the occasion. The amusements provided by the Committee comprised cricket, quoits, trap and bat, foot racing, rifle shooting, archery, dancing, etc. The Railway Company generously allowed the holders of fête tickets who could not make it convenient to go by the early special train, to travel by the

ordinary train, which leaves Brighton at a quarter to two o'clock. The total number conveyed was nearly 2,500.

BRIGHTON.—The Loyal Weald of Sussex Lodge of Odd-fellows, of the Brighton District, held their anniversary on Aug. 22nd, at Br. R. Gilburd's the, Hurst Arms Inn. Mr. J. Curtis occupied the chair. Mr. Attree, secretary, responded to the toast of the lodge. He stated that they had "invested in Savings Bank during the past year, £119 2s. The lodge has just completed an excellent investment of £500 of their capital on the purchase of debentures at 4 per cent. per annum on the town rates of Brighton; £348 12s. 1d. in the Horsham Savings Bank, at about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest; £100 on freehold property, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; £33 6s. 2d. in Treasurer's and Secretary's hands, making the total worth of the lodge up to July 21st, 1864, £981 13s. 3d., nearly £150 having been added to the capital account during the past year. Number of members initiated during the year, 9; left, 5; total number at present, 126." The reading of this statement was received with great applause.

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Loyal Olive Branch Lodge, Southwick, celebrated their 17th anniversary on the 18th July. After a procession to the parish church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rector, the Rev. F. B. Parkes, the members retired to a field adjoining the lodge house, where, under a capacious tent, 133 partook of dinner. Mr. William Feist, a member of the lodge, and Grand Master of the Brighton District presided. Some excellent after-dinner speeches were made, and Mr. White, the Secretary, reported the lodge as being in a most satisfactory condition. Later in the day the company were honored with the presence of Mr. V. R. Burgess, of London, ex-Grand Master of the Order.

BUCKINGHAM.—On July 20th, the members of the Grenville Lodge celebrated their anniversary. About 50 or 60 sat down to dinner. Sir Harry Verney, Bart., M.P., occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. W. F. Norris and S. M. Allen, Esq., Mayor; there were also present, Dr. Haslop, Henry Hearn, Esq., Richard Viccars, Esq., Richard Terry, Esq., etc. Mr. Robert French ably discharged the duties of vice-chairman. The chairman, in proposing "Success to the Lodge," said, he believed the principles of the society were thoroughly sound and good, as the members made a present sacrifice to secure some future advantage. Such a step taught them self-reliance and providence, and therefore he contended the society was worthy of their warmest support. Mr. Spencer, the secretary, read the half-yearly report, from which it appears, that the present number of members is 103; 11 members have experienced 247 days' illness, and have been paid the sum of £19 4s. The present state of the lodge is very satisfactory and encouraging, as the sum of £60 12s. 11½d. has been added to the funds during the half-year. The total capital of the lodge amounts to £1,167 10s. 3½d.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—The third anniversary of the Hand of Friendship Lodge was celebrated at the Horse Shoes Inn, Eye, on August 18th, by a public dinner. J. H. Jacon, Esq., occupied the chair. He introduced the proceedings by a short address upon the importance of well-managed friendly societies to the working community. They had met to enjoy themselves, and to receive and communicate important information in reference to social questions, and the general science of popular insurance. Suitable addresses were delivered during the evening by the chairman and other gentlemen. Mr. Farrow, of Leek, responded on behalf of the "G.M. and Board of Directors," and in a lengthy animated address, reviewed the general history of the order, distinguishing the various important men and measures to whom he attributed much of their success, in a financial respect. The speaker discussed at some length the leading principles of vital statistical

science necessary to be observed by every lodge, and concluded by detailing the social and other peculiarities of oddfellowship so much appreciated. The secretary, Mr. J. Rush, gave an abstract of the financial affairs of the lodge, which is in a prosperous state, and also informed the meeting that there were seven candidates for admission.

CAMBRIDGE.—On Tuesday evening, the 17th May, a meeting was held at the Black Swan Inn, Butcher Row, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. J. Wellimott, P.G. of the Earl Fitzwilliam Lodge. P. Prov. G.M. G. W. Curaley presided. There was a goodly number of brothers of the M.U. and members of other lodges and orders present on the occasion. The chairman made the presentation in a highly complimentary speech. The lodge had more especially benefitted by Bro. Wellimott's exertions in attempts he had made, and in which he had succeeded, in spite of considerable annoyance, in revising, and indeed, entirely re-modelling the rules, so as to make them clear, intelligible, and efficient. He had served the various offices of his lodge more than once, and had been a most active member of his lodge on almost all committees that have been appointed for various purposes for many years past. The testimonial consisted of a very beautiful scarlet sash, richly embroidered with the emblems of the Manchester Unity; a pair of coloured emblems of the order, with rich frames and inscriptions recording the event; and a very handsome bracket clock. Mr. Wellimott responded in suitable terms.

CAMBRIDGE.—A grand demonstration of friendly societies took place at Cambridge, on the 26th July last. There were fourteen societies represented by thirty-nine committee men, selected from the Manchester Unity, the London Order, the Ancient Shepherds, the Foresters, and other benefit societies. A grand procession took place, and a very appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. B. Hopkins, vicar of St. Peter's, Wisbeach. The dinner took place in a large room at the Guildhall. Upwards of 400 gentlemen sat down, and at the head table were the mayor (H. H. Harris, Esq.), who presided; F. Powell, Esq., M.P.; the Revs. F. J. Jameson (vicar of Coton), W. Beaumont and E. E. W. Kirby (fellows of Trinity), Captain Barlow, Mr. Ald. H. Smith, C. Balls, J. Hunt, R. Ginn (St. Ives), and C. Wagstaff, Esqrs.; Messrs. S. Ginn and H. Ingram. Mr. F. R. Hall, and Mr. H. Hall occupied the vice chairs. The proceedings were of a most satisfactory character. The chief toast of the evening, "Success to all Benefit Societies," was entrusted to Mr. Reuben Ginn, solicitor, St. Ives, who delivered an eloquent address on the objects of these institutions, and tendered some excellent practical advice to the members. He said, it cannot be supposed for one moment, that all these clubs are perfect in their regulations, especially in a financial point of view, for most of them have been established by that portion of the working classes who possess more heart than head. Still, of late years, great improvements have been made in this respect, and a graduated scale of contributions and benefits has been adopted in lieu of the once all-prevailing rule which took the same amount of subscription from every member, and granted one uniform rate of benefit, notwithstanding the age of the member. He need scarcely say to an intelligent audience like the one he addressed that such a system was not only unsafe, but actually unjust to the younger members. However, all this will soon be swept away, consequent upon the growing intelligence of the people. Br. Cursley replied on behalf of the Manchester Unity, and in the course of his observations stated, that in the Cambridge district (comprising 12 lodges), there had been expended in 1863, for sickness £1,228 11s., for funerals £332, for widows £190—total £1,750 11s. The capital belonging to the district was, for sick and funerals, £10,121 9s. 11d., widow and orphan fund,

£1,988 19s. 9d., making a total of £12,110 9s. 8d. Mr. Powell, M.P., in responding to "The Borough Members," said on behalf of himself and his colleague, he returned his sincere and cordial thanks for the manner in which their healths had been proposed and responded to. He then proceeded to make some remarks on the proceedings of the legislature regarding friendly societies. Mr. Macauley was absent. Several other toasts followed, and the company retired at an early hour. In the evening a ball took place, which was very numerously attended.

CHELTENHAM.—The members held their annual *fête*, on July 13th, on the New Cricket Ground, Hale's Road. A large tent, capable of seating 500 persons was set apart for the dinner, to which nearly 400 persons sat down, under the presidency of W. N. Skillicorne, Esq., supported by several influential local gentlemen. The corresponding secretary, Bro. Artus, ably responded to the "Unity." He referred to the financial improvement recently introduced, and his favourable comments thereon were received with loud cheers. Referring to the district, he said, it consisted of 11 lodges, numbering nearly 1,000 members. The Cheltenham Harmonic Lodge, of which he was a member, had had a valuation of their funds made by their respected secretary, Mr. H. Ratcliffe. The result showed that they had a surplus of £422 11s. 3d. over and above what was required to meet future claims and contingencies. Nearly the whole of the lodges in the district were, in fact, in equally as good a position. (Cheers.)

CHESTERFIELD.—Recently, the members of the Terra Firma Lodge met for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to P.G. W. H. Hatton, in appreciation of his past services. A large number of visitors were present. The G.M. of the district, Mr. G. J. Hunt, made the presentation in a very able speech, in which he enumerated the various services rendered, and commented upon Mr. Hatton's thoroughly honourable and independent spirit. The testimonial, a beautifully chased silver inkstand, bore, in a beautiful scroll, the following inscription:—"Presented to Past Grand William Hedges Hatton, by the Members of the Terra Firma Lodge, (Chesterfield District, M.U.), as an acknowledgment of his valuable services to the lodge. August 29th, 1864." Mr. Hatton responded in an appropriate address, in which he called upon the younger members especially to come forward and take the responsibilities of office, and aid in the consolidation and extension of the great principles of the society.

CHESTERTON.—On Tuesday, July 19, the members of the Miner's Lodge, numbering nearly 200, formed a procession and perambulated the village. At Chesterton church, a suitable discourse was delivered by the Rev. M. Jackson. From church the members proceeded to the Red Lion, where a large tent had been erected. After dinner, P.G. M. James Downing took the chair. Prov. C.S. Peter Bowers replied to the toast of the order, and made a few suitable remarks. This lodge has initiated upwards of 60 members during the past year, which now numbers about 212 members; and has added about £70 to its already accumulated funds.

CHICHESTER.—The members of the Rock Lodge celebrated their anniversary on the 30th Aug. A sermon was preached by the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester, (Dr. Hook) who has, during many years, taken an active interest in Oddfellowship. The dinner took place in the Assembly Room. The Dean presided, and among the company (which numbered nearly 160) were the Mayor of Chichester (W. Duke, Esq.), J. A. Smith, Esq., M.P., G. Raper, Esq., J. Powell, jun., Esq., M. G. Sowton, Esq., J. P. Benwell, Esq., Dr. Buckell (Lodge Surgeon), Mr. R. Gatehouse, Mr. W. Ballard, Mr. Gambling, Mr. Beaston, Mr. Boulter, etc., etc. Mr. James Curtis (Corresponding Secretary of the Brighton District) and Mr. W. Bennett (P. Prov. G.M. of the

Brighton District) were among the visitors. The chairman proposed "Prosperity to the Manchester Unity." He said it was not simply a benefit society; they did look to it for the future, and one of its objects was to save money against the time of old age, sickness, and death; but more than this they met in the lodges on terms of equality and friendship as brethren, and he thus regarded the society as one of great advantage, in bringing all classes together. It was a great blessing that such societies as these were in existence, for, by their operation they tended to break down the barriers of "class." In Oddfellowship, no one knew where one class ended and another began, for they all dovetailed into one another. Every order like the present, which thus brought men together, was deserving of support. Mr. Curtis responded in a very able speech; in which he contended that the efforts of the unity, in the procuration and dissemination of statistical knowledge had been productive of the best results.

DURHAM.—On May 30th, between thirty and forty members and friends of the Star of the North Lodge, assembled at the house of Mrs. Hall, Silver Street, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to P. Prov. G.M. John Dogherty. G. Robson, Esq., Mayor of Durham, filled the chair, the vice-chair being occupied by P. Prov. G.M. John Grey. For the past twenty years, Mr. Dogherty has taken an active part in promoting the success of Oddfellowship. The testimonial consisted of a handsome and valuable gold watch and chain, and an elegant silver tea-pot. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. John Dogherty, by the members of the Star of the North Lodge, (M.U.O.F.) Durham, and friends, for his many services to the lodge, and as a diligent advocate of friendly societies generally. 30th May, 1864." The tea-pot contained the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Prov. G.M. J. Dogherty, with an elegant gold watch and chain, by the members of the Star of the North Lodge of Odd-fellows and other friends, for valuable services. Durham, 30th May, 1864." The chairman made the presentation in a most eloquent speech, to which Mr. Dogherty responded in suitable terms.

EAST DEREHAM, NORFOLK.—The nineteenth anniversary of the Loyal Leicester Lodge was held on the 3rd Aug., at Wells. The brethren, in procession, attended divine worship, when an eloquent discourse was delivered by the Rev. E. H. Downing, rector of the parish, after which the brethren returned to the lodge room, the King's Arms Inn; where they partook of dinner, the Rev. Mr. Downing presiding. In the course of the evening the chairman delivered several excellent addresses. In proposing "Prosperity to the Manchester Unity," amongst other excellent practical observations, he said he took the chair with great pleasure on the present occasion, because he so highly approved of these societies, inasmuch as he always found them productive of very great good, not only in giving relief, but in producing unity and friendship for one another—(hear, hear,)—that there may be seasons when men may meet together in the bond of friendship, and throw aside all shades of rank, titles and honours, and meet brother so-and-so, and receive back brother in return. (Loud cheers.) This must not be a mere form, but an engraining principle, extending the right hand of friendship, not looking whether it is white or black, but grasping it with the firm heart and hand of an Englishman. (Loud cheers.) The rev. gentleman then alluded to the erroneous and ridiculous notions people entertained about certain signs, promises, etc., which members must take when initiated into the mysteries of these orders. He considered the rites were things of very great solemnity and importance, and not of ridicule, and it redounded to the credit of all men who belong to these societies that kept these secrets inviolate. He never knew or heard of a Freemason who was ever known to have divulged his secrets, and he believed it was the case with other societies.

ELLESMERE PORT.—Ellesmere Port, which is situated on the banks of the Mersey, about nine miles from Chester, was the scene of great gaiety on Tuesday last, the 26th July. The brethren of the Marquis of Westminster Lodge, Chester district, formed in procession, passed through the principal thoroughfares of the neighbourhood, and at last arrived at the lodge house, the Bull Inn, where an ample dinner was provided. The chair was taken by P. Prov. G.M. Gerrard, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, a valuable silver watch was presented to the Secretary of the Lodge, Mr. John Bradshaw. The following inscription was engraved on the inside of the watch: "Presented to P. Prov. G.M. Bradshaw, by the voluntary subscriptions of the members of the Loyal Marquis of Westminster Lodge, as a mark of their esteem." At the presentation, the chairman alluded to the long services of Brother Bradshaw, and to the benefits which the lodge had derived from his assistance, which, according to the balance sheet, shewed an increase of funds since 1859 of £258, although upwards of £400 had been paid to the sick and for funerals in the five years mentioned. The present value of the lodge funds is £660, with 132 members, of the average age of 21 years and 2 months. P. Prov. G.M. Bradshaw replied, in very feeling terms, that it should be his duty to still deserve the esteem and kindness of the members. The health of Mr. Moffat, a leading member of a kindred society, the Foresters, was then proposed and responded to in a hearty manner.

GARSTANG.—On the 31st May, about 90 of the members of the Adelaide Lodge dined at the King's Arms, under the presidency of Dr. Chapman. Mr. Benson, on behalf of the members, presented to P.G. Rooking, a valuable testimonial, in consideration of his great services to the lodge. He said, for many years the Loyal Adelaide Lodge was very indifferently managed, and the funds increased very slowly. The few members who agitated for certain changes were assailed with much ill-feeling; but in consequence of these changes, the lodge was rescued from a state of bankruptcy, and brought into as prosperous a condition as any in this part of the county. Mr. Rooking was one of the principals in the agitation for these changes, and without his assistance, matters would not have progressed so rapidly. The testimonial, a very handsome skeleton time-piece, bears the following inscription:—"Presented to P.G. Joseph Rooking, by the members and friends of the Loyal Adelaide Lodge, Garstang, number 516, M.U., I.O.O.F., as a small acknowledgment of their gratitude for his untiring zeal and exertion for the welfare of the above lodge and the Order generally. 31st May, 1864." Mr. Rooking thanked the members and friends in appropriate terms. He observed, that after the lodge had been founded 21 years, there were 196 members, and that the funds amounted to £1,158. In the year 1859, the funds amounted to £1,635, and in that year, new laws for the better government of the society were compiled and registered, and the management of the society improved, so that in the following four years, viz., to the end of the year 1863, the funds amounted to £2,295, and the number of members to 352, showing that the society had gained as much, or nearly so, in the last 11 years, as in the first 21 years.

GLOUCESTER.—The members of the Victoria Lodge met on Tuesday, July 12th, at their lodge-room, to celebrate their twenty-fourth anniversary. About 120 members and friends sat down to dinner. The chair was taken by Mr. Councillor Knight, an honorary member of the lodge, supported by the Mayor of Gloucester, James Peat Heawe, Esq., P. Prov. G.M. E. Brinnell, etc. The vice-chair being ably filled by Richard Warne, G.M. of the district. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the health of the chairman and the mayor were given and received with enthusiasm. The mayor responded in a very humorous speech, detailing his experience in connexion

with friendly societies for the past thirty years. The toast, "The Board of Directors and District Officers," was responded to by the vice-chairman, who passed in review the position of the Order, past and present. "Prosperity to the Victoria Lodge," was responded to by the secretary P.G. E. Richings, who gave a brief summary of the financial position of the lodge for the past year, showing that it was in a most satisfactory position, having 223 members, with a capital of £1,821 17s. 6d. Some excellent songs and recitations followed, among which "The Greek Bard," given by the mayor, elicited much applause.

HOLT, NORFOLK.—On Friday, May the 6th, the 13th anniversary of the Loyal Hastings Lodge, Hindolvestone, was celebrated. The chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord Hastings, arrived about 12 o'clock, in a carriage drawn by four beautiful horses with outriders. The members, numbering at least 100, headed by his lordship, walked in procession to church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. M. D. Owen, of Hindringham. After service, the procession returned to the lodge-room, where a special lodge was opened by his lordship, and the Rev. W. Homfray, of Bintry, and the Rev. R. Rackham, of Barney, were made honorary members. After dinner, his lordship occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. J. Fenwick, Rev. W. Homfray, Rev. R. Richardson, Rev. J. Ferrier, J. Saunders, Esq., J. Banks, Esq., J. Colman, Esq., C. Saunders, Esq., G. Watson, Esq., J. Sherringham, Esq., Mr. S. Daynes, etc., etc. The vice-chair was filled by George Wilkinson, Esq., G.M. of the Holt District. "The Manchester Unity," was responded to by Mr. S. Daynes, in a speech explanatory of the principles of the order. The meeting was addressed by many of the gentlemen present, all of whom expressed their hearty approval of the society as calculated to promote the interest of the working-classes. Mr. Aberdien, the secretary, gave a brief history of the lodge, which he said was established in the year 1851, by nine working men, and now numbered 100 subscribing, and 35 honorary members. During the 13 years, it had disbursed amongst its sick members, for funerals and medical attendance, the sum of £805 15s. 4d., and yet had a reserved capital of just £500 out on good security, bringing in 5 per cent. During the year 1863, the lodge had paid away, for sickness, etc., the unprecedented sum of £160, just £100 more than in 1861. A subscription list was handed round the meeting, and upwards of £20 was collected in behalf of the widow and orphan fund, Lord Hastings and his benevolent lady putting their names down for £5 each.

HOLT.—On June the 1st, the members of the Loyal Alexander Lodge celebrated their 21st anniversary. There was a large congregation at church, and a very practical sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Norris, of Briston. The dinner was held at the Odd-fellows' Hall. W. H. Scott, Esq., of Aylsham, occupied the chair. About 140 members and friends were present. Several very excellent speeches were delivered by the chairman and others. Mr. C. Baker said the lodge had increased both in numbers and funds, having now 400 members, with a fund of nearly £2,500. The payments for sickness had been very heavy during the past two years; but he was happy to say things had taken a turn, and the payments for the current half-year were comparatively small. It had been said the lodge was growing too large and cumbersome. He did not think so. He saw no more difficulty with their machinery in managing a lodge of 800 than of 400 members.

HULL.—The anniversary tea-party in connection with the Philanthropic Lodge, took place June 15, in the Odd-fellows' Hall, Lowgate. About 100 persons sat down to tea. After the tables had been cleared, a testimonial, consisting of a box of drawing instruments, an electro-plated teapot, a cruet stand, and twelve teaspoons, was presented to Mr. Newsome Anthony, P.G.,

as a token of esteem, by the members of the lodge. Mr. Stubbs made the presentation in an appropriate address, in the course of which he stated, P.G. Anthony had been a worthy member of the lodge during twenty-six years. Mr. Anthony replied in an effective practical speech. He referred to the progress made during the last few years, and expressed a hope that the unity would long continue to prosper.

KEARSLEY.—On Saturday, Aug. 20th, 1864, a new lodge, called the "Albert Victor," was opened at the house of Mr. William Lomax, Wheat Sheaf Inn, Pendlebury. A procession was formed at the Good Intent Lodge-house. The members of the various lodges mustered in very great force, and arrived at the new lodge-house about six o'clock. Upwards of 100 sat down to dinner. Afterwards, the new lodge was formally opened in accordance with the usual custom. The toast of "M.U. and Board of Directors," was proposed by the G.M. of the district, and responded to by P. Prov. G.M. Martin McCormick, who enlarged upon the benefits to be derived by working men by joining our benevolent institution. In responding to the toast "Prosperity to the Kearsley District," Prov. C.S. Jno. Unsworth detailed some of the operations connected with the district, which, coupled with the fact, that it possessed a fund of £4,000, showed it to be in a most satisfactory and prosperous condition.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Saturday, April 16th, the members of the Loyal Lord Ward Lodge, held at the Boar's Head Inn, Kidderminster, presented their surgeon, Dr. Freer (who was taking his leave of them) with a handsome gold ring, in token of their appreciation of his services during a period of many years. C.S. James Ainsworth occupied the chair. The chairman highly complimented Dr. Freer on his valuable services to the members of the lodge, to himself individually, and more than all, to the town at large, since he had been among them. He deeply regretted that he was about to leave them, but wished him prosperity wherever his lot might be cast. Dr. Freer, in returning thanks, expressed his sense of the honour done him by the lodge. He should value their gift far above its intrinsic value, as showing that his efforts had met with their approval. A number of officers and brothers from other lodges were present. Dr. Freer's loss will be considerable, and will be very much felt, especially by the poor.

LONDON SOUTH.—On Tuesday, August 2nd, on the occasion of Crystal Palace Fête of the metropolitan districts, the members from various lodges in Greenwich and Woolwich assembled at the Royal Oak Lodge-house, Trafalgar Road, East Greenwich. The procession moved off, headed by the conductor of the procession, supported by two military non-commissioned officers, one serjeant of marines, and a serjeant of the military train. They marched through the town, and then moved to the foot of Blackheath hill. Afterwards they moved down Blackheath Road, Broadway, Deptford, to the Brighton and South Coast Railway, where the procession terminated, and the members proceeded to the Crystal Palace, some by train, and others by conveyances engaged for the purpose. The Greenwich and Deptford Chronicle says, "Great praise is due to the society for such a respectable body of men, united together for such a good cause, to help a fellow-creature in sickness and distress."

LONDON SOUTH.—From the very elaborate report issued by the C.S., P.G.M. Burgess, we gather the following particulars:—The district is composed of 42 lodges, and the number of members in Dec., 1863, amounted to 4,718. 911 members were on the sick list during the year, and experienced sickness during 5,983 weeks and 2 days. The average sickness per member good on the books was 9 days 17 hours, and the cost amounted to 12s. 4d. per member. 54 members and 31 members' wives died during the year.

Their funeral grants amounted to £746 10s. The rate of mortality was 1.251 per cent., or one death out of every 80 members. The total amount of reserved capital (including sick and funeral, management, and widow and orphan funds) is £49,816 9s. 10½d.

MANCHESTER.—The Manchester District having determined to carry out at once the improved financial law, in its integrity, instructed the Prov. G.M. Thomas Flanagan, to report on the best method of procedure to attain that object. Mr. Flanagan has issued a very elaborate and valuable report, accompanied by forms of balance sheets and returns, which are well calculated to ensure accuracy in the keeping of the accounts, and render easy the collection of valuable statistical details. What Mr. Flanagan suggests to the Manchester District, is well worth the attention of the members of all others. He says:—"I would strongly recommend to this meeting the urgent necessity of taking the most immediate and effectual steps for the adoption of the best method of keeping the lodge-books and drawing out the balance-sheets; such method to be a uniform system, and, when approved of, to become imperative upon all the lodges. By that means we shall get our accounts in an intelligible form, and we shall then know how we are going on from time to time."

METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS.—The annual fête was held on Tuesday, Aug. 2, at the Crystal Palace, and the characteristics of a popular holiday at Sydenham were maintained in every respect, save, perhaps, the number of visitors. The returns at the latest time of admission showed a total of 23,486, which, deducting 1,699 as the number of season ticket holders, left 21,787 to represent the great mass of oddfellowship, which pleasantly disported itself in the grounds, or participated in the many delights of the building. A festival of the odd-fellows, whether at Sydenham or elsewhere, never was, and probably never will be, as populous a gathering of merry-makers as a foresters' day. Whatever the cause, it is indisputable, that the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows celebrated their anniversary in a quieter, not to say a duller fashion, than that which is always sure to mark the assemblage of the foresters at the Crystal Palace. If the company was fewer in numbers than the magnificent weather had led people generally to anticipate, it was unquestionably more select. The carriages in the road in front of the Crystal Palace would have borne sufficient evidence to the fact, that this fête was by no means monopolised by a society of the working classes. It was noticeable, besides, that the majority of those who actually represented the order, concerned in this festival, were decorous to an extent bordering on dulness. The fun and frolic in the grounds were rarely fast and never furious. The chief feature of the programme this year was a concert, previous to which the odd-fellows marched in procession through the grounds. The ladies and gentlemen who joined in the musical performances, in the centre transept, were Miss Poole, Madame Parepa, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Wells, Master Arlidge, Mr. Fielding, Mr. J. L. Hatton, and the Orpheus Glee Union.—*Abridged from the Daily Telegraph.*

NEW SOUTH WALES.—The officers and brothers of the Loyal True Briton Lodge, Deniliquin, branch of Goulbourn District, assembled at the lodge room, Brother John Taylor's, Royal Hotel, for the purpose of presenting P.G. J. W. Wilson with a handsome testimonial, subscribed for by the brothers. The chair was filled by George Raine, N.G., supported by V.G. M. P. Dowling. The testimonial consisted of a Silver Lever Watch, and Gold Guard, of the value of £16. The chairman expressed his great delight in having to discharge so agreeable a duty. He said the services P.G. Wilson had rendered to this lodge, and his conduct in every respect, proved him worthy of all the esteem and regard they could manifest towards him.

P. G. Wilson sincerely thanked the brethren for their highly prized present, which he should ever look upon with pride and gratitude. It became doubly valuable to him, when he reflected that the True Briton Lodge had only been opened seven months, and that it then numbered over 60 members.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Recently, the members of the North Shields District with their friends, to the number of between 500 and 600, left the Tynemouth Station of the Blyth and Tyne Railway by special train to Morpeth. The great majority of the excursionists "took off their several ways," groups of ladies and gentlemen being seen here, there, and everywhere, picnicing in the woods. Various places of interest in the locality were inspected, including the Collingwood Gardens, the Wansbeck Vale, the Cottonwood Asylum, etc. In the afternoon a number of gentlemen engaged in various games on the green sward in Mr. Charlton's gardens, while dancing was kept up with great spirit on the same place till about seven o'clock. A local newspaper says:—"The committee appointed to superintend the trip discharged their duties well; but we may add that from the great decorum which prevailed these duties were very light. It is pleasant to mark the growing favour with which this deserving order is being regarded in this neighbourhood, as was exemplified yesterday by the presence among them of several influential gentlemen belonging to North Shields, with their families."

NORWICH.—The 13th anniversary of the Loyal Lacon Lodge, Lowestoft, was celebrated on 23rd June, when about 70 members and friends of the order sat down to dinner at the Suffolk Hotel, under the presidency of P.G.M. Samuel Daynes; the vice-chair being occupied by E. J. Pipe, the N.G. of the lodge. P.G. Bly gave "The Manchester Unity and Board of Directors," coupling therewith the health of the chairman, P.G.M. Daynes, who was one of the ablest if not the most able man in the Unity, and had been honoured with the greatest number of votes at the elections of directors of the order for several years past. The chairman responded to the toast, and, in the course of a long and excellent speech, in which he defended the order from the attacks of its opponents, and stated that the Manchester Unity was at the present time in a more prosperous position than it had ever been before. P.G. Cann, the secretary, stated that the lodge was in a most prosperous position, increasing both in numbers and funds. Upon January 1st, 1863, it consisted of 110 members, with capital of £405 14s. 3d. The receipts during the year amounted to £172 9s. 8½d., and the disbursements £89 8s. 6½d., leaving a balance of £83 1s. 3½d. At the present time they numbered 134 members, with a reserved capital of £523 8s. 6½d., £400 of which is out on mortgage at five per cent., £104 1s. in savings bank, and the residue in treasurer's hands. The average age of the members is 27 years and three months.

OLDHAM.—On February 17, a *soiree* in aid of the educational fund connected with this district, was held in the Town Hall. Upwards of 480 persons sat down to tea on the occasion. After tea, the meeting was presided over by John Riley, Esq., the mayor. The platform was occupied by a number of gentlemen connected with the order, in addition to several friends who were evidently present with a view of showing their sympathy towards the noble institution in support of which the *soiree* had taken place. Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., responded at considerable length to the toast of "The Unity, and the Directors." He apologised for the unexpected absence of some of the members of the board, and explained that the business of the unity demanded their presence in Manchester, or a majority of them would have attended the meeting. Mr. Jno. Tetlow, in proposing "The Education Fund," said they had 800 or 400 widows in the Oldham District, and when they could not educate their children, the duty devolved on the committee. The children numbered 60, and he might just state that the colliery accident at Bardaley

had thrown several on the fund. He was happy to say that some of the best accountants in Oldham had received their education from the provision made by the Oldham District. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Partington explained that the fund was kept up by voluntary subscription; no portion of it came from the monthly payments contributed towards the sick and funeral funds. What was paid for education came voluntarily from the members of the various lodges. Their funds were now reduced, and would have been very much more so had it not been for the sermon kindly preached in its aid by the Rev. D. M. Alexander, during the last year, and which realised the sum of £27 19s. 10½d. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Gath, in speaking to the toast of "The Oldham District," said, during the last year they had received from their members, contributions to the extent of £2,450 6s. 1d.; and had received from the board of directors, from the fund provided for distressed members, £159 2s. 4d. They had paid for the last year, in the shape of sick gifts, £1,383 5s. 9d.; and for funerals, £805. They had relieved 642 travellers in search of employment with beds and money, at a cost of £18. (Hear, hear.)

OLDHAM.—The members of the British Crown Lodge, Lees, of the Oldham District, held a jubilee on the 29th of August, to celebrate their 50th anniversary. The members, with several of their friends from the various lodges in the district and the surrounding towns met. At noon they formed in procession, and marched through the principal streets of the borough. In the evening a party and ball was held in the Co-operative Hall, King-street, when upwards of 400 partook of tea. At the meeting after the repast, Frederick Richmond, Esq., G.M. of the order, occupied the chair. P.G.M. Woodcock responded for the Unity at some length. Mr. Wareing, C.S., in proposing "The British Crown Lodge," said he had seen it reported that a sick society could not live 50 years, but the anniversary they were celebrating that day demonstrated a different fact. (Applause.) Mr. T. Hanham responded. The British Crown Lodge had been in existence 50 years that day. It was established on the 20th August, 1814, with 14 members. He had been a member 36 years, but the oldest member—a friend and father of Oddfellowship—had belonged to the lodge 47 years. He recollected the founders of the lodge, how hard they worked to attain their object. In 1838 that society numbered 201 members, and was worth £142, or rather over 14s. per member. In 1849 the number of members was 160, with a fund amounting only to £9 15s., and it was at this time that they held a meeting of the most influential members to consider on the best means of enhancing its success. Men of strong minds came to the helm, who were determined not to see the lodge paralysed or die out. At the present time the lodge was worth £238 5s. 6d.; number of members, 97; worth per member, £2 9s. In the first 35 years they interred 14 members, and in the last 15 they interred 63, which made a total of 77; they had also interred during the last 15 years 46 members' wives and seven widows, which made a total during the last 15 years of 116, and from the commencement a total of 180. They had received in contributions since the lodge opened £5,236 15s. 6d., and expended in sick and funerals £4,998 10s., which left a balance of £238. 5s. 6d. Looking at the incalculable benefit the spending of that money had conferred on suffering humanity, he felt proud of being an Odd-fellow. (Applause.)

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday, July 18th, the members of the Oak Lodge of Odd-fellows, HARRISEAHEAD, celebrated their anniversary. Headed by the Rode band, they paraded the village and neighbourhood, and then proceeded to the Wesleyan Chapel, where a very appropriate sermon was preached. After which, about 50 members and friends partook of dinner at the Royal Oak, HARRISEAHEAD. Afterwards, Prov. C.S. Peter Bowers, who occupied the chair, related to the members the rise, progress, and present position of the Manchester Unity.

READING.—In July last, the members of the order enjoyed another characteristic *fête*, notwithstanding the rather unfavorable state of the weather. After a grand procession, the parties proceeded by railway to Bulmershe Court Park, which had been kindly lent for the occasion. About 4,000 persons were present. The usual entertainments on such occasions were provided, and in addition were several boat races, which created considerable excitement. A local newspaper says:—"It is gratifying to find that the enterprise has not been unrewarded, inasmuch as a great pleasure was afforded to some hundreds and thousands of persons, and it also added to the funds of a society which is doing an amount of good which it would almost be impossible to exaggerate."

ROTHERHAM.—The members of the Covenant Lodge held their anniversary on Monday, August 16th. A friendly game of cricket was played between twelve of the Covenanters and twelve members of the Foundation of Friendship Lodge, on the Clifton cricket ground, Rotherham, which resulted in favour of the former, with six wickets to fall. The members and friends then adjourned to the Red Lion Inn, Bridgegate, and partook of an excellent dinner. After the cloth had been drawn, Mr. Geo. Stather, G.M. of the district, was called to the chair, P.G. Crookes acting as vice. The secretary (Mr. Purnell) in replying to the toast of the evening, "Success to the Covenant Lodge," stated, that the lodge numbers 134 financial members, and was in a flourishing condition. He said, although considerable sickness had been experienced during the past year, there was a clear gain of £46. About 60 sat down to dinner, the district officers being specially invited. After dinner the company was considerably augmented by the presence of members of various lodges in the district.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On Tuesday evening, June 28th, the old members of the Loyal Victoria and Albert Lodge, Fareham, met at their lodge-room, King's Arms Tavern, West Street, for the purpose of presenting to their late honorary secretary, P.G. Parkes, a testimonial in recognition of past services rendered by him to the lodge for many years. It consisted of a beautiful Past Grand's sash, apron, and collar. The presentation was entrusted to P.G. James Tayler, who spoke in highly eulogistic terms of the services of P.G. Parkes. P.G. Parkes expressed thanks in a very suitable manner.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The brethren of the Earl of Harewood Lodge celebrated their twenty-first anniversary on Tuesday evening, Aug. 9th, when about sixty sat down to an excellent dinner at the Bedford Arms Hotel. Mr. S. P. Greenway, D.P.G.M., presided, supported by Dr. Griffin. Mr. Walton, the Grand Master of the lodge, who filled the vice-chair, announced that the Rev. Dr. Carey was unavoidably absent, but he had expressed his intention of becoming an honorary member, and of subscribing £1 annually to the widow and orphan fund. The chairman proposed "The Manchester Unity and Board of Directors," and "The Southampton District, and Widow and Orphan Fund," and said, with regard to the board of directors, they had done their duty very well, but he considered that they ought to have a change in the mode of election, so that some new blood might be infused into it. There was every reason to believe that the widow and orphan fund would be successful; they were now in a very good position, and had about £3000 in hand. Mr. Henning, in responding, said the Order was open to a great deal of amendment, but no doubt the thought and the intelligence of its members would, in the course of time, make it what it ought to be, and cause them to feel proud that they had had something to do with the working of such a great society. (Cheers.) The chairman introduced the principal business of the evening, the presentation of a beautiful breakfast service to P.G. Nives, in a highly complimentary and telling speech. He said, P.G. Nives had well earned the testimonial, for he had

been a trustee of the district for eight years. He took it at a time when it was in danger through the mismanagement and defalcations of the late corresponding secretary. It therefore required great diligence, zeal, and perseverance, and P.G. Nives carried out the duties without any expense, and to the entire satisfaction of the Southampton District, and to every member in the lodges belonging to it. The testimonial bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the officers and brethren of the Southampton District of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, to P.G. F. W. Nives, of the Earl of Harewood Lodge, for his meritorious services as trustee of the W. and O. Fund. Southampton, August 9th, 1864." Mr. Nives responded in appropriate terms. Mr. W. J. Dean, the secretary, said during the time he had been in office, the lodge had gone on progressing. The worth of it in June, was £1838 11s. 11d.; at the corresponding period of the previous year it was £1767 7s. 1d.; thus showing an increase of £71 4s. 10d. During the past year, they had paid £35 9s. to widows and orphans, and £142 19s. 9d. in sickness, making a total of £192 18s. 3d. The receipts had been £245 8s. 6d. The number of members was 189. The value per member was £13 6s. 5½d., and he considered they were in a highly prosperous and satisfactory state. (Cheers.)

SPALDING.—July 7th, the members of the Loyal Perseverance Lodge assembled at their lodge room, Black Bull Inn, for the purpose of presenting to P.G. William Turner, a testimonial of their regard and appreciation of his services to the lodge, of which he has been a most zealous and active member for many years. He has filled the different offices of both lodge and district, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all whom he had occasion to transact business with. The testimonial consisted of a handsome French marble time-piece, the following inscription being engraved on a silver plate:—"Presented by the Officers and Members of the Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 1514, I.O.O.F.M.U., to P.G. Turner, for 20 years faithful services to the lodge, 1864." The time-piece was presented by Henry Watkinson, Esq., in a very impressive address, and Bro. Turner responded in a speech, which called forth frequent bursts of applause.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The twenty-fourth anniversary of the Shakspeare Lodge, Birmingham District, was held at the Seven Stars, Stratford, on Thursday the twenty-fifth August. W. Greener, Esq., (honorary member) occupied the chair, faced by P.G. Henry Cranmer. The chairman gave the health of the Grand Master, and Board of Directors of the M.U., and in very eulogistic terms complimented that body of men upon the administrative efficiency they had attained. In the course of the afternoon, the chairman passed a very high compliment upon the treasurer, P.G. John Morgan, and alluded, in very feeling terms, to a domestic bereavement, which was the cause of his not being present. He was sure, from the respect he was held in, that he would receive the sympathy and condolence of every one who knew him. The health of the chairman was given by R. Gibbs, Esq., in a very complimentary speech, which was very suitably acknowledged. The vice-chairman, in acknowledgment for the enthusiastic manner in which his health had been given, as one of the auditors of this lodge, spoke of the importance of a society of this kind being well officered, the rules strictly but judiciously enforced, and the inculcation of principles of due economy, so that the funds may always be available for every legitimate claim. The secretary, in giving a statement of the accounts, said that he could speak more confidently this year of their position, as, within the last few months, a valuation had been made by an actuary of the order; and his report showed their assets to exceed the liabilities by nearly £500; three-fourths of which he recommended the lodge to appropriate in some way for the greater benefit of the members, and the remaining one-fourth to be kept as a reserve fund

for future contingencies—the Grand Master and Board of Directors having sanctioned such appropriation. The amount of funds last year was, £1,371 7s. 9d.; at the present time £1,448 16s. 6½d.; £77 8s. 9½d. being saved during the year. Almost the whole of the funds were invested in very good securities, and were realising a very good rate of interest.

WEST DERBY.—On the 16th July, the members of the Benevolent Lodge celebrated their anniversary. After marching in procession and attending the parish church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by Bro. the Rev. J. F. Redhead, the members dined at the Lamb Inn. E. Swinden, Esq., surgeon to the lodge, occupied the chair. Mr. Sykes, C.S. of Birkenhead, responded to "The Unity and Board of Directors," and expressed his pleasure that the good work of financial reform had been so gloriously consummated at Birkenhead. From the annual report, it appears that the lodge numbers 419 members; and the reserved fund amounts to £3,864 5s. 3d., which shows a gain of £276 14s. 7½d. during the year. On the same day, the members of the Good Intent Lodge celebrated their anniversary at the Coffee House Inn. After dinner, P.G.M. Charles Hardwick occupied the chair. During the afternoon, the chairman entered into a lengthy exposition of the new financial law, and warmly advocated the principles on which it was founded.

WHITEHAVEN.—The anniversary of the Earl of Egremont Lodge was celebrated on Monday, August 1. The members, to the number of about 180, with about 100 members of the juvenile branch of the society in the Egremont District, assembled at the Blue Bell Inn, and they formed a procession, which proceeded first to Park House, the residence of Captain Stirling, and afterwards to Ehen Hall, the residence of Jno. Lindow, Esq., to "the Fiosh," the residence of Thomas Ainsworth, Esq., and to Gillfoot, the residence of Thomas Hartley, Esq., the grounds of the whole of which were inspected, by the kind permission of the respective proprietors. The procession afterwards arrived at Egremont church, where an impressive and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Leech. After dinner, a meeting was held in the Odd-fellows' Hall. The chair was taken by T. W. Chapman, Esq., and the vice-chair by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Carlyle, of Whitehaven, responded to the toast of the district, and eloquently expatiated on the principles of oddfellowship. Mr. Gaythwaite responded to the toast of the "Egremont Lodge." He stated the balance in hand amounted to £253 2s. 5d.; they had 250 members good on the books, being an increase of 45, since the 2nd January, 1862.

WIGTON.—Recently, the members of the Heart of Oak Lodge celebrated their anniversary in the new Odd-fellows' Hall. The chair was occupied by Mr. Stamper, solicitor, and the vice-chair by the Rev. J. Halifax. The latter gentleman, in proposing "The Manchester Unity," observed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been down on such societies as this. He had been down upon them because some societies had been rather badly managed, and others had not been conducted so well as they might or ought to have been. There had been an attempt on the part of the Government to break up every society conducted as this one is. He thought as Englishmen they should never submit to any such attempt. Mr. Barnes, of Silloth, responded in a very excellent practical address. The chairman, in proposing "The Heart of Oak Lodge," said, with regard to what had been said about the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Bill, as far as he understood it, he hoped there was not the slightest thought of rivalry between what he intended to do, and what this society, at present, carried out. He was satisfied, that neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor any other man in office, could devise a better scheme than that now practised, in regard to the paying of the sick. This sentiment was heartily endorsed by the meeting.

WISBEACH.—On the 26th July, the Neptune and Anchor of Hope Lodges celebrated their anniversaries together. Shortly before two p.m., a procession, headed by the mayor (Wm. Hutchinson, Esq.) and Mr. Alderman Bays, was formed in the market place, and proceeded to a field on the Lynn Road. Cricket and other games were arranged for in the field, and the weather being very fine, were much enjoyed. Afterwards, about 130 of the members and their friends sat down to dinner in the noted Wisbeach tent. The mayor presided, supported by Mr. Alderman Bays, T. S. Watson, Wm. Groom, J. C. M. Maynard, T. Berry, J. Gardiner, Esqrs., etc., etc. The "Manchester Unity" was proposed by Mr. Alderman Bays, and responded to by the Prov. C. S. Mr. J. Balding. The amusements in the field, including dancing to the military band, were kept up till a late hour. By making a charge for admission to the field, a sum nearly sufficient to cover the expenses was raised. On the Sunday previous, the brethren attended church, when an excellent sermon was preached by Bro. the Rev. W. B. Hopkins, B.D., who was absent on the Tuesday, he having previously engaged to preach the sermon to the Amalgamated Friendly Societies in Cambridge on that day. The lodges in Wisbeach are in a very prosperous condition, and enjoy a large amount of patronage from the clergy and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, nearly fifty of whom are honorary members.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On the 11th of July, the members of the various lodges in the Wolverhampton District, held a grand demonstration and *fête* in the Molineux grounds, kindly lent to them for the occasion by the present occupier, Mr. J. Tyrer. After a grand procession to the collegiate church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Willetts, about 600 dined in a spacious marquee, under the presidency of the Mayor, J. Hawksford, Esq., who was supported by Councillors Sidney and Le Cronier, the Rev. G. Donaldson, the Rev. F. Willetts, Mr. E. Hyatt, Mr. Bunch, surgeon, the Rev. H. Hampton, Mr. Councillor Willcock, Mr. H. Vaughan, etc. Several very interesting addresses were delivered, Mr. T. Collins, P. Prov. G.M., especially enforcing the claims of the Manchester Unity to the attention and support of all classes in society. Mr. Dolman, the G.M. of the district said they had increased their funds during the past year by the sum of £1,075. They had a member living who, as a sufferer from rheumatism, had been upon their funds for the last eighteen years, and had received as sick pay, no less a sum than £259 10s.; and he would tell them that the society was as proud of that unfortunate member as if he had never received a penny from their funds, for he was a practical illustration of the great object of the order, which was to help one another in distress. Upwards of 7,000 persons were admitted into the grounds during the day. The profits were divided equally between the South Staffordshire Hospital and the Widow and Orphan Fund of the unity.

Obituary.

BARBADOES.—On Thursday, 26th May last, at his late residence in Mason Hall Street, Bridgetown, Barbadoes, aged 64 years, P.V.G. Samuel Nightingale, only brother of H. P. Nightingale, merchant, of the same city. Through his manly deportment, sincerity, and kindness of heart, with many other social and christian virtues, the deceased won for himself the respect and esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The St. Michael's Lodge, in which he was initiated in 1843, then just launched into

existence, required of its members, energy, perseverance, talents, and character, to ensure success. Brother Nightingale, whilst in life, possessed many of these qualities, and brought them to bear actively in the cause of oddfellowship. He was unanimously appointed treasurer of the lodge on the death of the late P. Prov. G.M. W. S. Wilkey, who held the appointment from the formation of the lodge; and which office the late Brother Nightingale held also until his failing health compelled his resignation. He contented himself with filling repeatedly the minor offices, when health permitted him, and after being much pressed by members, he allowed himself to be nominated as V.G., to which office he was unanimously elected. He has left a widow, son, and daughter, to lament an irreparable, serious, and painful loss. The deceased had the satisfaction of seeing his son, Jos. H. Nightingale made an Odd-fellow in the year 1851, who, exhibiting zeal for the interests of the order not inferior to that of his father, has attained the high and honourable degree of P. Prov. G.M.

BRADFORD.—On July 4th, in the 49th year of his age, P. Prov. G.M. John Pickard, of the Faith, Hope, and Charity Lodge, into which he was initiated March 4th, 1836. During the whole of his connection, he was an active and useful member of his lodge and district. He held the office of treasurer of his lodge up to the time of his death. He was Prov. D.G.M. in 1848, and G.M. in 1849, and represented the district at the A.M.Cs. of Southampton and Blackburn. In 1854, he assisted in forming the Past Grands' lodge. He was district visitor to the odd-fellow's ward in the infirmary, and most assiduous in his duties to the brethren who were patients in that institution. He was followed to the grave by a great number of members of the order; and at a summoned meeting of his lodge since his death, his brethren unanimously passed a vote of condolence to his widow and family.

JERSEY.—In July last, Martin Peter Bourke, G.M. of the Cæsarea Lodge. He was only 28 years of age, but his character and talents had so endeared him to his brethren, that between 80 and 90 members attended his funeral at the St. Thomas' French Roman Catholic chapel. After the priest had finished the service, P.G. Humby read the second part of the odd-fellows' funeral ceremony, and each member cast upon the coffin the piece of thyme which he had worn. A Jersey paper says:—"The late Mr. Bourke, who was a young man of many estimable qualities, had for a few years been a teacher of mathematics in New Street. He was initiated a member of the Loyal Cæsarea Lodge on the 21st of August, 1862."

WORCESTER.—We record with regret the demise of P. Prov. G.M. James Neal, of Worcester, which took place on the 14th of August, after a protracted and very painful illness. The deceased, who was in his 51st year, had been a member of the Sir John Moore Lodge upwards of 20 years, and always took the most lively interest in the general business of the district, more especially that of the widow and orphan fund, of which he had been president between five and six years, and it is mainly owing to his perseverance and assiduous attention, that that fund is now in so flourishing a condition. The members of the district indicated their appreciation of his services, by presenting him, in November last, with a valuable watch and chain, and two beautifully-framed emblems of the order. In testimony of the great respect and esteem in which he was held, about 60 of the brethren followed his remains to their final resting-place at the New Cemetery. The funeral service was impressively read by the Rev. B. Smart, curate of St. Nicholas' Church. It is the intention of the brethren to erect a stone to his memory, the expense to be defrayed by voluntary contribution among themselves.



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